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PLAYS AND POEMS

VOLUME THREE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITOR'S NOTE

Born in 1564, the son of a glover of Stratford-on-Avon, a husband and father at nineteen, a seeker after fortune in London when he was twenty-three—such are the few recognised facts of Shakespeare's early life: a life of which we would fain know every detail. It is not until 1592 that anything definite is further recorded of him, and then it is a reference to "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers," by a brother playwright who suggests that Shakespeare—then an actor as well as playwriter—has been poaching on his literary preserves.

That he commenced his work as an adapter of earlier plays is beyond question, but it is equally certain that his own genius soon asserted itself and gained for him the wondering esteem—nay, veneration—of all his contemporaries. Take into account, too, a charming personality, a capacity for the enjoyment of life to the full, combined with a supreme kindliness and gentleness of nature, and no explanation is then necessary for bluff Ben Jonson's endearing "Gentle Shakespeare," and "Sweet Swan of Avon." "I loved the man," he wrote, "and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any."

When worldly success came to Shakespeare his mind reverted immediately to his loved Stratford, and his savings were invested in property in and around the town. On April 23, 1616, came the termination of this great life, with honoured burial in the chancel of the parish church of his birthplace.

THE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

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THE TRAGEDY OF
KING RICHARD THE SECOND

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING RICHARD THE SECOND
JOHN OF GAUNT, *Duke of Lancaster* } *uncles to the King*
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, *Duke of York* }
HENRY BOLINGBROKE, *Duke of Hereford, son to John of Gaunt, afterwards King Henry IV*
DUKE OF AUMERLE, *son to the Duke of York*
THOMAS MOWBRAY, *Duke of Norfolk*
DUKE OF SURREY
EARL OF SALISBURY
LORD BERKLEY
BUSHY }
BAGOT } *servants to King Richard*
GREEN }
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND
HENRY PERCY, *his son*
LORD ROSS
LORD WILLOUGHBY
LORD FITZWATER
Bishop of Carlisle
Abbot of Westminster
Lord Marshal, and another lord
SIR PIERCE OF EXTON
SIR STEPHEN SCROOP
Captain of a band of Welshmen

Queen to King Richard
DUCHESS OF GLOSTER
DUCHESS OF YORK
Lady attending on the Queen

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—*Dispersedly in England and Wales*

THE TRAGEDY OF
KING RICHARD THE SECOND

ACT ONE

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace

Enter KING RICHARD *and* JOHN OF GAUNT, *with other Nobles, and Attendants*

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aimed at your highness,—no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence: face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accuséd freely speak.—
[*Exeunt some Attendants*
High-stomached are they both and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE *and* NORFOLK

Boling. May many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First,—Heaven be the record to my speech!—
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—

Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well ; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,
Too good to be so, and too bad to live,
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat,
And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,
What my tongue speaks my right-drawn sword may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal :
'T is not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain :
The blood is hot that must be cooled for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
As to be hushed and nought at all to say.
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,
Which else would post until it had returned
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him,
Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain :
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,
And meet him were I tied to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except :
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop.
By that and all the rites of knighthood else
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Nor. I take it up ; and by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I 'll answer thee in any fair degree
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial :
And when I mount, alive may I not light
If I be traitor or unjustly fight !

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge ?

It must be great that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
Boling. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true:—
That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detained for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,
Or here, or elsewhere, to the farthest verge
That ever was surveyed by English eye,
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrivéd in this land
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say, and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Gloster's death,
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.
K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?
Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.
K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, our kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son,
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialise
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.
Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserved I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.
Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's death,—
I slew him not; but to mine own disgrace
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—

For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grievéd soul ;
But, ere I last received the sacrament,
I did confess it, and exactly begged
Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault : as for the rest appealed,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor :
Which in myself I boldly will defend ;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chambered in his bosom.
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.
K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me.
Let 's purge this choler without letting blood :
This we prescribe, though no physician ;
Deep malice makes too deep incision :
Forget, forgive ; conclude, and be agreed ;
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;
We 'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.
Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age :—
Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.
K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.
Gaunt. When, Harry, when ?
Obedience bids I should not bid again.
K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid ; there is no boot.
Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame :
The one my duty owes ; but my fair name,
Despite of death that lives upon my grave,
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgraced, impeached, and baffled here ;
Pierced to the soul with slander's venomed spear ;
The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood
Which breathed this poison.
K. Rich. Rage must be withstood.
Give me his gage :—lions make leopards tame.
Nor. Yea, but not change his spots : take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times barred-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life, both grow in one :

Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;
In that I live, and for that will I die.
K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage : do you begin.
Boling. O, God defend my soul from such deep sin !
Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight ?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this out-dared dastard ? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.
[*Exit Gaunt*
K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command :
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day :
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate.
Since we cannot atone you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.—
Marshal, command our officers-at-arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [*Exeunt*

Scene II.—The Same. A Room in the Duke of Lancaster's Palace

Enter Gaunt *and* Duchess of Gloster

Gaunt. Alas ! the part I had in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me than your exclaims
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of Heaven ;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.
Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur ?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire ?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root :
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut ;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is cracked, and all the precious liquor spilt ;
Is hacked down, and his summer leaves all faded,

By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! that bed, that womb,
That mettle, that self mould, that fashioned thee,
Made him a man, and though thou liv'st and breath'st
Yet art thou slain in him. Thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughtered
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we entitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts:
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloster's death.
Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
His deputy anointed in His sight,
Hath caused his death: the which, if wrongfully,
Let Heaven revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm against His minister.
Duch. Where then, alas, may I complain myself?
Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.
Duch. Why then, I will.—Farewell, old Gaunt:
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast,
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom
That they may break his foaming courser's back
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometimes brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.
Gaunt. Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee as go with me!
Duch. Yet one word more:—grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—Ah, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see
But empty lodgings and unfurnished walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?

Therefore commend me, let him not come there
To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere.
Desolate, desolate will I hence, and die:
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—Gosford Green, near Coventry

Lists set out, and a throne. Heralds, etc., attending

Enter the Lord Marshal and AUMERLE

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford armed?
Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.
Aum. Why then, the champions are prepared, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish. Enter KING RICHARD, *who takes his seat on his throne;* GAUNT; BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, *and others, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter* NORFOLK, *in armour, preceded by a Herald*

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms,
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel.
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thine oath;
And so defend thee Heaven and thy valour!
Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk:
Who hither come engagéd by my oath,
(Which God defend a knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king, and his succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me,
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!

Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *in armour, preceded by a Herald*

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally according to our law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what 's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee Heaven!
Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove by God's grace, and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he 's a traitor foul and dangerous
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!
Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold
Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.
Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty.
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.
Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.
K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight.
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.
Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear.
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;—
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat
And furbish new the name of John o' Gaunt
Even in the lusty haviour of his son.
Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution,

And let thy blows, doubly redoubléd,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy :
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.
Boling. Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive !
Nor. However God or fortune cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage and embrace
His golden uncontrolled enfranchisement
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years ;
As gentle and as jocund as to jest
Go I to fight : truth hath a quiet breast.
K. Rich. Farewell, my lord : securely I espy
Virtue with valour crouchéd in thine eye.—
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.
Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance ; and God defend the right !
Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry Amen.
Mar. [*To an Officer*] Go bear this lance to Thomas,
Duke of No .
First Her. Harry f Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himsel
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and l im ;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.
Sec. Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of
Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal ;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.
Mar. Sound, trumpets ; and set forward, combatants.
[*A charge sounded*
Stay, stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.
K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again.—
Withdraw with us ; and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—
[*A long flourish*
Draw near,
And list what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soiled

With that dear blood which it hath fosteréd ;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds ploughed up with neighbours' swords ;
And for we think the eagle-wingéd pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep ;
Which so roused up with boisterous untuned drums,
With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood ;
Therefore, we banish you our territories :—
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
Till twice five summers have enriched our fields
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done : this must my comfort be,—
The sun that warms you here shall shine on me ;
And those his golden beams to you here lent
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce ;
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile.
The hopeless word of " never to return "
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlooked for from your highness' mouth.
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deservéd at your highness' hands.
The language I have learned these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego ;
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringéd viol, or a harp ;
Or like a cunning instrument cased up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaoled my tongue,
Doubly portcullised with my teeth and lips,
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now ;
What is thy sentence then but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath ?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate :
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. [*Retiring*
K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banished hands;
Swear by the duty that ye owe to God,—
Our part therein we banish with yourselves—
To keep the oath that we administer:
You never shall, so help you truth and God,
Embrace each other's love in banishment,
Nor never look upon each other's face,
Nor never write regreet, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advisèd purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.
Boling. I swear.
Nor. And I, to keep all this.
Boling. Norfolk, so far, as to mine enemy:
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wandered in the air,
Banished this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banished from this land:—
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.
Nor. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life
And I from heaven banished, as from hence.
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewell, my liege.—Now no way can I stray:
Save back to England, all the world's my way. [*Exit*
K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grievèd heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banished years
Plucked four away.—[*To Bolingbroke*] Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.
Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.
Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile,
But little vantage shall I reap thereby:
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.
Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give :
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow !
Thou canst help Time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage ;
Thy word is current with him for my death ;
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy me breath.
K. Rich. Thy son is banished upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave.
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower ?
Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urged me as a judge ; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild.
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroyed.
Alas, I looked when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away ;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
Against my will to do myself this wrong.
K. Rich. Cousin, farewell ;—and, uncle, bid him so :
Six years we banish him ; and he shall go.

[*Flourish. Exeunt King Richard and Train*

Aum. Cousin, farewell : what presence must not know,
From where you do remain let paper show.
Mar. My lord, no leave take I ; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.
Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends ?
Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.
Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.
Gaunt. What is six winters ? they are quickly gone.
Boling. To men in joy ; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.
Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforcéd pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.
Boling. Nay rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me what deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages ; and in the end,

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief ?
Gaunt. All places that the eye of Heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, it was the king did banish thee,
But thou the king ; woe doth the heavier sit
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the king exiled thee ; or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
Suppose the singing birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strewed,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure, or a dance ;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.
Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast ?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?
O, no : the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites but lanceth not the sore.
Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way.
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.
Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell ; sweet soil, adieu,
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banished, yet a true-born Englishman. [*Exeunt*

Scene IV.—The Court

Enter King Richard, Bagot, *and* Green, *at one door :* Aumerle *at another*

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way ?
Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.
K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed ?
Aum. 'Faith, none for me ; except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,

Awaked the sleeping rheum and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.
K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted with him ?
Aum. " Farewell " :
And, for my heart disdainéd that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief
That words seemed buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word " farewell " have lengthened hours
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells ;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.
K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin ; but 't is doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observed his courtship to the common people,
How he did seem to dive into their he 'ts
With humble and familiar courtesy ;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 't were to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With—" Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends ; "—
As were our England in reversion his
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.
Green. Well, he is gone ; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland,—
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage and your highness' loss.
K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war :
And, for our coffers, with too great a court
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are enforced to farm our royal realm ;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters,
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold
And send them after to supply our wants ;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY

Bushy, what news ?
Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,

Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste
To entreat your majesty to visit him.
K. Rich. Where lies he?
Bushy. At Ely House.
K. Rich. Now put it, God, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
Come, gentlemen, let 's all go visit him:
Pray God we may make haste and come too late!

[*Exeunt*

ACT TWO

SCENE I.—London. A Room in Ely House

GAUNT *on a couch; the* DUKE OF YORK *and others standing by him*

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth!
York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
Gaunt. O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listened more,
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends marked than their lives before:
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
York. No: it is stopped with other flattering sounds,
As praises of his state: then there are fond
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
So it be new, there 's no respect how vile,
That is not quickly buzzed into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him whose way himself will choose:
'T is breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.
Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspired,
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:—

His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves ;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes :
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder :
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise ;
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war ;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands ;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home—
For Christian service and true chivalry—
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son ;
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, 's now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds :
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death !

Enter KING RICHARD *and* QUEEN ; AUMERLE ; BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT ; ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY

York. The king is come : deal mildly with his youth ;
For young hot colts being reined do rage the more.
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster ?
K. Rich. What comfort, man ? how is't with aged Gaunt ?
Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition !
Old Gaunt, indeed ; and gaunt in being old :
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast ;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt ?
For sleeping England long time have I watched ;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon

Is my strict fast, I mean my children's looks ;
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.
K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names ?
Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself.
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.
K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live ?
Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter those that die.
K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatter'st me.
Gaunt. O, no ; thou diest, though I the sicker be.
K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.
Gaunt. Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill ;
Ill in myself to see, in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick ;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Committ'st thy 'nointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee.
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head,
And yet, incagéd in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possessed,
Which art possessed now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease ;
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so ?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king :
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law,
And—
K. Rich. And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence.
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.
Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son.
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapped out, and drunkenly caroused.
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,—

Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!—
May be a precedent and witness good
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood.
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crookéd age,
To crop at once a too-long withered flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live that love and honour have.
[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants*

K. Rich. And let them die that age and sullens have:
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. Beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry, Duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you say true: as Hereford's love, so his;
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing: all is said.
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom where no venom else,
But only they, hath privilege to live.
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and movables
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possessed.

York. How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first;

In war was never lion raged more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplished with the number of thy hours;
But when he frowned, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleased
Not to be pardoned, am content withal:
Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
The royalties and rights of banished Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow, then, ensue to-day;
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God,—God forbid, I say true!—
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters-patents that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offered homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will: we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while. My liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit*

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight:
Bid him repair to us to Ely House,
To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 't is time, I trow:
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England;
For he is just, and always loved us well.—

Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[*Flourish. Exeunt King, Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green, and Bagot*

North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.
Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.
Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.
North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.
Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere 't be disburdened with a liberal tongue.
North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!
Willo. Tends that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.
Ross. No good at all that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now, afore God, 't is shame such wrongs are borne
In him, a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
Ross. The commons hath he pilled with grievous taxes
And lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fined
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are devised,—
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what;
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?
North. War hath not wasted it, for warred he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achieved with blows:
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.
Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.
Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth o'er him.
Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdensome taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banished duke.
North. His noble kinsman:—most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
Ross. We see the very wrack that we must suffer;

And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wrack.
North. Not so: even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.
North. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, received intelligence,
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,
All these well furnished by the Duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If, then, we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemished crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,—
Away with me in post to Ravenspurg;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.
Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.
Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—The Same. An Apartment in the Palace

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promised, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.
Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard. Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles; at some thing it grieves
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so.
For sorrow's eye, glazéd with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed upon,
Show nothing but confusion,—eyed awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief more than himself to wail;
Which looked on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not,—more's not seen;
Or if it be, 't is with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me otherwise: howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad, so heavy sad,
As—though, in thinking, on no thought I think—
Makes me, with heavy nothing, faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'T is nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'T is nothing less: conceit is still derived
From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'T is in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 't is nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN

Green. God save your majesty!—and well met, gentlemen.—
I hope, the king is not yet shipped for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 't is better hope he is,
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipped?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retired his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land.
The banished Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arrived
At Ravenspurg.

Queen. Now, God in heaven forbid!

Green. Ah, madam, 't is too true: and that is worse,
The Lord Northumberland, his son, young Henry Percy,
The Lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaimed Northumberland
And the rest of the revolted faction traitors?

Green. We have: whereupon the Earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resigned his stewardship,

And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gasping new-delivered mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow joined.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope,—he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck.
O, full of careful business are his looks.—

Enter YORK

Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:
Comfort 's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a Servant

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was?—Why, so.—Go all which way it will!—
The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Sirrah,
Get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.—
Hold; take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:
To-day, as I came by, I called there;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is 't, knave?

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

York. God for His mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to God,—
So my untruth had not provoked him to it,—
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—
What! are there no posts despatched for Ireland?—

How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister,—cousin, I'd say: pray, pardon me.—
[*To the Servant*] Go, fellow, get thee home; provide some carts,
And bring away the armour that is there.— [*Exit Servant*
Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I
Know how, or which way t' order these affairs,
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:—
The one 's my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again
He is my kinsman, whom the king hath wronged,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do. Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you.—Go muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley Castle.—
I should to Plashy too,
But time will not permit.—All is uneven,
And everything is left at six and seven.
[*Exeunt York and Queen*

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power
Proportionable to the enemy
Is all unpossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons; for their love
Lies in their purses, whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemned.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol Castle;
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No;
I will to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke, the task he undertakes
Is numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry:
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Bagot. Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—The Wilds in Glostershire

Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Forces*

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?
North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Glostershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways
Draw out our miles and make them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company·
Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess;
And hope to joy is little less in joy
Than hope enjoyed: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.
Boling. Of much less value is my company
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HARRY PERCY

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—
Harry, how fares your uncle?
Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learned his health of you.
North. Why, is he not with the queen?
Percy. No, my good lord: he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispersed
The household of the king.
North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolved when last we spake together.
Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.
North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?
Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.
North. Then learn to know him now: this is the duke.
Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,

Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approvéd service and desert.
Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.
North. How far is it to Berkley? and what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?
Percy. There stands the castle, by yond tuft o' trees,
Manned with three hundred men, as I have heard
And in 't are th' Lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;
None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter Ross *and* Willoughby

North. Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.
Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot, your love pursues
A banished traitor: all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enriched,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.
Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.
Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.
Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty.—But who comes here?

Enter Berkley

North. It is my Lord of Berkley, as I guess.
Berk. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.
Boling. My lord, my answer is to Lancaster,
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue
Before I make reply to aught you say.
Berk. Mistake me not, my lord: 't is not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out.
To you, my lord, I come,—what lord you will,—
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-borne arms.

Enter York, *attended*

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you:
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle!

[*Kneels*

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle—
York. Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word "grace"
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banished and forbidden legs
Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then more, why,—why have they dared to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war,
And ostentation of despiséd arms?
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!
Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:
On what condition stands it, and wherein?
York. Even in condition of the worst degree,
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banished man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time
In braving arms against thy sovereign.
Boling. As I was banished, I was banished Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive: O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemned
A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties
Plucked from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patents give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrained and sold;
And these, and all, are all amiss employed.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law. Attorneys are denied me,

And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.
North. The noble Duke hath been too much abused.
Ross. It stands your grace upon, to do him right.
Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.
York. My lords of England, let me tell you this:
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And laboured all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.
North. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!
York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;—
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.
Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol Castle, which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonweaith,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.
York. 'T may be I'll go with you;—but yet I'll pause;
For I am loth to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress are now with me past care. *Exeunt*

Scene IV.—A Camp in Wales

Enter Salisbury *and a Captain*

Cap. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stayed ten days
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore, we will disperse ourselves: farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:
The king rests all his confidence in thee.
Cap. 'T is thought the king is dead: we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all withered,

And meteors fright the fixéd stars of heaven;
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-looked prophets whisper fearful change.
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war.
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assured Richard, their king, is dead. [*Exit*

Sal. Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind
I see thy glory like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit*

ACT THREE

Scene I.—Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Percy, Willoughby, Ross; *Officers behind, with* Bushy *and* Green, *prisoners*

Boling. Bring forth these men.—
Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls—
Since presently your souls must part your bodies—
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 't were no charity; yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigured clean:
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stained the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love
Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Have stooped my neck under your injuries,
And sighed my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Disparked my parks, and felled my forest woods,
From mine own windows torn my household coat,

Razed out my impress, leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions and my li[illegible]ng blood,
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This and [illegible] more, much more than twice all this,
Condemn [illegible]ou to the death.—See them delivered
To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is, that Heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them despatched.
[*Exeunt Northumberland and others, with Bushy and Green*

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be delivered.

York. A gentleman of mine I have despatched
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, my lords, away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices:
Awhile to work, and after holiday. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view

Flourish: drums and trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, *and Soldiers, with colours*

K. Rich. Barkloughly Castle call they this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my good lord. How brooks your grace the air,
After late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder.

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armèd soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord: that power that made you king,
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
The means that Heaven yields must be embraced,
And not neglected; else, if Heaven would,
And we will not, Heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffered means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance, and in friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not
That when the searching eye of Heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders and in outrage bloody here;
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being plucked from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revelled in the night,
Whilst we were wandering with the Antipodes,—
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face.
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath pressed
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in Heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for Heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY

Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm. Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,

Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth :
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men :
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state ;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege ! why looks your grace so pale ?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled ;
And till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead ?
All souls that will be safe fly from my side ;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege ! remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself. Am I not king ?
Awake, thou sluggard majesty ! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name forty thousand names ?
Arm, arm, my name ! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king : are we not high ?
High be our thoughts. I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here ?

Enter SCROOP

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him !

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepared :
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost ? why, 't was my care ;
And what loss is it to be rid of care ?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we ?
Greater he shall not be ; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects ? that we cannot mend ;
They break their faith to God, as well as us.
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay :
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so armed
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores
As if the world were all dissolved to tears,
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White beards have armed their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty : boys with women's voices
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints

In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they 've made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damned without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes in my heart-blood warmed, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? Terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
Again uncurse their souls: their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, graved in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire, dead?

Scroop. Ay, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father, with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where;—of comfort no man speak:
Let 's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let 's choose executors and talk of wills:
And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed,
All murdered:—for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,

Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchise, be feared, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable; and humoured thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends,
Subjected thus, how can you say to me,
I am a king?

Bishop. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight:
And fight and die is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power; inquire of him;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well.—Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is to win our own.—
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.
Your uncle York is joined with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By Heaven, I 'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint Castle: there I 'll pine away;

A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge ; and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none.—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.
Aum. My liege, one word.
K. Rich. He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers : let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day. [*Exeunt*

Scene III.—Wales. A Plain before Flint Castle

Enter, with drum and colours, Bolingbroke *and Forces ;* York, Northumberland, *and others*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispersed ; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.
North. The news is very fair and good, my lord :
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.
York. It would beseem the Lord Northumberland,
To say King Richard :—alack, the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head !
North. Your grace mistakes me ; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.
Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.
York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mistake : the heavens are o'er your head.
Boling. I know it, uncle ; and I not oppose
Myself against their will.—But who comes here ?

Enter Percy

Welcome, Harry : What, will not this castle yield ?
Percy. The castle royally is manned, my lord,
Against thy entrance.
Boling. Royally ?
Why, it contains no king ?
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king : King Richard lies
Within the limits of yond lime and stone,
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop ; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.
North. O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. [*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.] Noble lord,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle,
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruined ears,
And thus deliver :—Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand,
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person ; hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that my banishment repealed,
And lands restored again, be freely granted.
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
Rained from the wounds of slaughtered Englishmen :
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,
That from the castle's tattered battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perused.
Methinks, King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I 'll be the yielding water :
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters,—on the earth and not on him.—
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

A parley sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the walls KING RICHARD, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, *and* SALISBURY

Boling. See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
York. Yet looks he like a king : behold his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show !
K. Rich. [*To Northumberland*] We are amazed ; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king :

And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismissed us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends,
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, for yond, methinks, he stands,
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason: he is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The King of Heaven forbid our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rushed upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin
Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbéd steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say thus the king returns:—
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplished without contradiction.

With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
[*Northumberland retires to Bolingbroke*
[*To Aumerle*] We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my Lord: let's fight with gentle words.
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God, O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth? O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name,
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be deposed?
The king shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,
My figured goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carvéd saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave;
Or I 'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live,
And buried once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st; my tender-hearted cousin!—
We 'll make foul weather with despiséd tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus;—to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—"There lies
Two kinsmen, digged their graves with weeping eyes."
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty

Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay.
North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you; may 'st please you to come down?
K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistering Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!
For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.
[*Exeunt from above*
Boling. What says his majesty?
North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

Enter KING RICHARD, *and his Attendants, below*

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.—
My gracious lord,— [*Kneeling*
K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my heart might feel your love
Than my unpleased eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up: your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.
Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.
K. Rich. Your own is yours; and I am yours, and all.
Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.
K. Rich. Well you deserve: they well deserve to have
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London:—Cousin, is it so?
Boling. Yea, my good lord.
K. Rich. Then I must not say no.
[*Flourish. Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—Langley. The DUKE OF YORK'S Garden

Enter the QUEEN *and two Ladies*

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
First Lady. Madam, we 'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'T will make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
First Lady. Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.
First Lady. Madam, we will tell tales.
Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?
First Lady. Of either, madam.
Queen. No, of neither, girl;
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy;
For what I have, I need not to repeat,
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
First Lady. Madam, I'll sing.
Queen. 'T is well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.
First Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could sing, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let 's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change: woe is forerun with woe.

[*Queen and Ladies retire*

Enter a Gardener and two Servants

Gard. Go, bind thou up yond dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and like an executioner
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.—
You thus employed, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.
First Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm state,
When our sea-walléd garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruined,
Her knots disordered, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffered this disordered spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seemed in eating him to hold him up,
Are plucked up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.
First Serv. What, are they dead?
Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seized the wasteful king.—O, what pity is it
That he hath not so trimmed and dressed his land
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have lived to bear, and he to taste,
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.
First Serv. What, think you then, the king shall be deposed?
Gard. Depressed he is already; and deposed,
'T is doubt, he will be. Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.
Queen. O, I am pressed to death through want of speaking. [*Coming forward*
Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh-rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of curséd man?
Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? Speak, thou wretch.
Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I
To breathe these news, yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weighed:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light:
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.
Queen. Nimble mischance that art so light of foot,

Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go
To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What! was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?—
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.
[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies*

Gard. Poor Queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she fall a tear; here, in this place,
I 'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace;
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exeunt*

ACT FOUR

Scene I.—London. Westminster Hall

The Lords Spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords Temporal on the left; the Commons below

Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Surrey, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, *another Lord, the* Bishop of Carlisle, *the* Abbot of Westminster, *and Attendants. Officers behind, with* Bagot

Boling. Call forth Bagot.—
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death,
Who wrought it with the king, and who performed
The bloody office of his timeless end.
Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.
Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.
Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath delivered.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—" Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?"
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.
Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?

Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement ?
Either I must, or have mine honour soiled
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell : I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.
Boling. Bagot, forbear ; thou shalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath moved me so.
Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine.
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest ;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forgéd, with my rapier's point.
Aum Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.
Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.
Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damned to hell for this.
Percy. Aumerle, thou liest ; his honour is as true
In this appeal as thou art all unjust ;
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.
Aum. An if I do not may my hands rot off
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe !
Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle ;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun. There is my honour's pawn :
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
Aum. Who sets me else ? by Heaven, I'll throw at all.
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.
Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.
Fitz. 'T is very true : you were in presence then ;
And you can witness with me, this is true.
Surrey. As false, by Heaven, as Heaven itself is true.
Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.
Surrey. Dishonourable boy !
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge
Till thou the lie-giver and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.

In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn :
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse !
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies. There is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.
Besides, I heard the banished Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.
Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage.
That Norfolk lies, here do I throw down this,
If he may be repealed to try his honour.
Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repealed : repealed he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restored again,
To all his lands and signories ; when he's returned,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.
Bishop. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banished Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens ;
And, toiled with works of war, retired himself
To Italy, and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.
Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead ?
Bishop. As surely as I live, my lord.
Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham !—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, *attended*

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-plucked Richard, who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
And long live Henry, of that name the Fourth !
Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.
Bishop. Marry, God forbid !—
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence

Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard: then true noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judged, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crownéd, planted many years,
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forfend it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refined
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirred up by God, thus boldly for his king.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king;
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be called
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O, if you raise this house against this house,
It will the wofullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this curséd earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you—woe!

North. Well have you argued, sir; and for your pains,
Of capital treason, we arrest you here.
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.—
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit*

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.—
[*To the Bishop*] Little are we beholding to your love,
And little looked for at your helping hands.

Re-enter YORK, *with* KING RICHARD, *and Officers bearing the crown, etc.*

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts

Wherewith I reigned? I hardly yet have learned
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, All hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if Heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Harry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown.—Here, cousin, seize the crown;
Here, cousin,
On this side my hand, and on that side, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine.
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is loss of care, by old care done:
Your care is gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself:—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty's rites:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;

My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, that swear to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,
And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved!
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit!
God save King Henry, unkinged Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!—
What more remains?

North. [*Offering a paper*] No more, but that you read
These accusations, and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily deposed.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weaved-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,—
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—
Marked with a blot, damned in the book of Heaven.—
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity, yet you Pilates
Have here delivered me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, despatch: read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see;
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base, and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
Nor no man's lord: I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the font,—
But 't is usurped—Alack, the heavy day!
That I have worn so many winters out
And know not now what name to call myself.
O, that I were a mockery king of snow
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke

To melt myself away in water drops!—
Good king,—great king,—and yet not greatly good,
An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an Attendant*

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Re-enter Attendant with a glass

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me. Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
That like the sun did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that faced so many follies
And was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;

[*Dashes the glass against the ground*

For there it is, cracked in a hundred shivers.—
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyed
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
'T is very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. 'Fair cousin'? I am greater than a king:

For, when I was a king my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.
Boling. Yet ask.
K. Rich. And shall I have it?
Boling. You shall.
K. Rich. Why then, give me leave to go.
Boling. Whither?
K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.
Boling. Go, some of you; convey him to the Tower.
K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.
[*Exeunt King Richard and Guard*
Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.
[*Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle, and Aumerle*
Abbot. A woful pageant have we here beheld.
Bishop. The woe's to come: the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.
Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your heart of sorrow, and your eyes of tears:
Come home with me to supper: I will lay
A plot, shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt*

ACT FIVE

SCENE I.—London. A Street leading to the Tower

Enter QUEEN *and Ladies*

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemnéd lord
Is doomed a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter KING RICHARD *and Guards*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,

And wash him fresh again with true-love tears,—
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb
And not King Richard, thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favoured grief be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-house guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awaked, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transformed and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke deposed
Thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpowered; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell the tales
Of woful ages long ago betid;
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why the senseless brands will sympathise
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended*

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed:
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you:
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,

The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urged, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deservéd death.
North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith.
K. Rich. Doubly divorced!—Bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 't was made.
Part us, Northumberland: I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France,—from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adornéd hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.
Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?
K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.
Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.
North. That were some love, but little policy.
Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off than near, be ne'er the near.
Go, count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.
Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.
K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part:
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [*They kiss*
Queen. Give me mine own again; 't were no good part
To take on me, to keep and kill thy heart.
[*They kiss again*
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.
K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu;—the rest let sorrow say.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the DUKE OF YORK'S Palace

Enter YORK *and his* DUCHESS

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave?
Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgoverned hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.
York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seemed to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—"God save thee, Bolingbroke!"
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once,—
"Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!"
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—"I thank you, countrymen:"
And thus still doing, thus he passed along.
Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard: no man cried, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steeled
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But Heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.
Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.
York. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.

I am in parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Enter AUMERLE

Duch. Welcome, my son. Who are the violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not;
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.
York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropped before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those jousts and triumphs?
Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.
York. You will be there, I know.
Aum. If God prevent me not, I purpose so.
York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.
Aum. My lord, 't is nothing.
York. No matter then who sees it:
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me.
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.
York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—
Duch. What should you fear?
'T is nothing but some bond that he is entered into
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.
York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me: I may not show it.
York. I will be satisfied: let me see it, I say.
[*Snatches it, and reads*
Treason! foul treason!—Villain! traitor! slave!
Duch. What is the matter, my lord?
York. Ho! who is within there?

Enter a Servant

Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy! what treachery is here!
Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say: saddle my horse.—
[*Exit Servant*
Now, by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.
Duch. What's the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman.
Duch. I will not peace.—What is the matter, Aumerle?
Aum. Good mother, be content: it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer ?
York. Bring me my boots ; I will unto the king.

Re-enter Servant, with boots

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amazed,—
Hence, villain : never more come in my sight.—
[*Exit Servant*
York. Give me my boots, I say.
Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do ?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own ?
Have we more sons, or are we like to have ?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time,
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name ?
Is he not like thee ? is he not thine own ?
York. Thou fond, mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy ?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands
To kill the king at Oxford.
Duch. He shall be non
We'll keep him here : then, what is that to him ?
York. Away, fond woman ! were he twenty times
My son, I would appeach him.
Duch. Hadst thou groaned for him,
As I have done, thou 'dst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind : thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed ;
And that he is a bastard, not thy son.
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind ;
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman ! [*Exit*
Duch. After, Aumerle ! Mount thee upon his horse :
Spur, post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I 'll not be long behind ; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York :
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardoned thee. Away ! be gone.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—Windsor A Room in the Castle

Enter BOLINGBROKE *as King ;* PERCY, *and other Lords*

Boling. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son ?
'T is full three months since I did see him last.
If any plague hang over us, 't is he.

I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unconstrainéd loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes
And beat our watch and rob our passengers;
While he, young wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute as desperate; yet through both
I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.—
But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.—
[*Exeunt Percy and Lords*
What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
[*Kneels*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.

Boling. Intended or committed was this fault?
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire.
[*Aumerle locks the door*

York. [*Within*] My liege, beware! look to thyself:
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing*

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand: thou hast no cause to fear.

York. [*Within*] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king:

Shall I for love speak treason to thy face ?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[*Bolingbroke unlocks the door, and afterwards locks it again*

Enter YORK

Boling. What is the matter, uncle ? speak ;
Recover breath : tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past :
I do repent me ; read not my name there ;
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'T was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king :
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy !—
O loyal father of a treacherous son !
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current, and defiled himself !
Thy overflow of good converts to bad ;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold ;
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies :
Thou kill'st me in his life ; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [*Within*] What, ho ! my liege ! for God's sake let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager cry ?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king ; 't is I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door :
A beggar begs that never begged before.

Boling. Our scene is altered from a serious thing,
And now changed to " The Beggar and the King."—
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in :
I know she 's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.
This festered joint cut off, the rest rests sound ;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter DUCHESS

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man:
Love, loving not itself, none other can.
York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?
Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege.
[*Kneels*
Boling. Rise up, good aunt.
Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.
[*Kneels*
York. Against them both my true joints bended be.
[*Kneels*
Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!
Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his f... ;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast;
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy which true prayers ought to have.
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.
Duch. Nay, do not say—stand up;
But "pardon" first, and afterwards "stand up."
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
"Pardon" should be the first word of thy speech.
I never longed to hear a word till now;
Say "pardon," king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like "pardon" for kings' mouths so meet.
York. Speak it in French, king: say, *pardonnez-moi.*
Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the word!
Speak "pardon" as 't is current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee "pardon" to rehearse.
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.
Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.
Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.
Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.
Duch. A god on earth thou art.
Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law, and the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear;
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell, and cousin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath prayed, and prove you true.
Duch. Come, my old son: I pray God make thee new.
[*Exeunt*

Scene IV

Enter Sir Pierce of Exton *and a Servant*

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?
"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?"
Was it not so?
Serv. Those were his very words.
Exton. "Have I no friend?" quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urged it twice together, did he not?
Serv. He did.
Exton. And, speaking it, he wistly looked on me,
As who should say,—I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let 's go:
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt*

Scene V.—Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle

Enter King Richard

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world:
And for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it;—yet I'll hammer 't out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;

My soul the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermixed
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word:
As thus,—"Come, little ones;" and then again,—
"It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye."
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,
That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endured the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,—
And so I am: then, crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I kinged again, and, by-and-by,
Think that I am unkinged by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing.—But whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleased till he be eased
With being nothing.—[*Music*] Music do I hear?
Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet music is
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disordered string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
For now hath time made me his numbering clock:
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar
Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now for the sound that tells what hour it is
Are clamorous groans that strike upon my heart,

Which is the bell: so sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.—
This music mads me; let it sound no more;
For though it hath holp madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 't is a sign of love, and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom

Groom. Hail, royal Prince!
K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how com'st thou hither now;
Where no man never comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?
Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes master's face.
O, how it yearned my heart, when I beheld
In London streets that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,—
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dressed!
K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?
Groom. So proudly, as if he disdained the ground.
K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down—
Since pride must have a fall—and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be awed by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse,
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-galled, and tired, by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish

Keep. [*To the Groom*] Fellow, give place, here is no longer stay.
K. Rich. If thou love me, 't is time thou wert away.
Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit*
Keep. My lord, will 't please you to fall to?
K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton,
Who late came from the king, commands the contrary.
K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [*Beats the Keeper*
Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter SIR PIERCE OF EXTON, *and Servants, armed*

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.
[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
[*He kills another: then Exton strikes him down*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stained the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [*Dies*
Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I spilt;—O, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear:—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.—Windsor. An Apartment in the Castle

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* YORK, *with Lords and Attendants*

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is that the rebels have consumed with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NOTHUMBERLAND

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?
North. First, to
Thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent.
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discourséd in this paper here.
[*Presenting a paper*
Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,

Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.
Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, *with the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE

PERCY. The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.
Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:—
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, *with Attendants bearing a coffin*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear; herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.
Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head and all this famous land.
Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.
Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murderéd.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shades of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.—
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent.
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.—
March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt*

THE TRAGEDY OF
KING RICHARD THE THIRD

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V* } *sons to the King*
RICHARD, *Duke of York* }
GEORGE, *Duke of Clarence* } *brothers to the King*
RICHARD, *Duke of Gloster, afterwards King Richard III* }
A young son of Clarence
HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII*
CARDINAL BOURCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury*
THOMAS ROTHERHAM, *Archbishop of York*
JOHN MORTON, *Bishop of Ely*
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
DUKE OF NORFOLK
EARL OF SURREY, *his son*
EARL RIVERS, *brother to Elizabeth*
MARQUIS OF DORSET, *and* LORD GREY, *sons to Elizabeth*
EARL OF OXFORD
LORD HASTINGS
LORD STANLEY
LORD LOVEL
SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF
SIR JAMES TYRREL
SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN
SIR WILLIAM CATESBY
SIR JAMES BLOUNT
SIR WALTER HERBERT
SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant of the Tower*
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a priest. Another Priest*
TRESSEL *and* BERKELEY, *attending on Lady Anne*
Lord Mayor of London.
Sheriff of Wiltshire

ELIZABETH, *queen to King Edward IV*
MARGARET, *widow of King Henry VI*
DUCHESS OF YORK, *mother to King Edward IV*
LADY ANNE, *widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, son to King Henry VI, afterwards married to Richard*
A young Daughter of Clarence (MARGARET PLANTAGENET)

Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III., Lords, and other Attendants; a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Soliders, etc.

SCENE.—*England*

THE TRAGEDY OF
KING RICHARD THE THIRD

ACT ONE

SCENE I.—London. A Street

Enter RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOSTER, *solus*

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that loured upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruiséd arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged War hath smoothed his wrinkled front:
And now, instead of mounting barbéd steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;—
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determinéd to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mewed up,
About a prophecy, which says that G

Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.—
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY

Brother, good day: what means this armèd guard
That waits upon your grace?
Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.
Glo. Upon what cause?
Clar. Because my name is George.
Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:
O, belike his majesty hath some intent
That you shall be new-christened in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?
Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these
Have moved his highness to commit me now.
Glo. Why, this it is, when men are ruled by women.—
'T is not the king that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 't is she
That tempts him to this harsh extremity.
Was it not she and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is delivered?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.
Clar. By heaven, I think, there 's no man is secure
But the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?
Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I 'll tell you what, I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men and wear her livery:
The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,
Since that our brother dubbed them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.
Brak. Beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge

That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.
Glo. Even so; an 't please your worship, Brakenbury.
You may partake of anything we say:
We speak no treason, man;—we say the king
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;—
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?
Brak. With this, my lord, myself have naught to do.
Glo. Naught to do with Mistress Shore! I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best he do it secretly, alone.
Brak. What one, my lord?
Glo. Her husband, knave: wouldst thou betray me?
Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me, and withal
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.
Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.
Glo. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.
Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.
Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
Meantime, have patience.
Clar. I must perforce. Farewell.
[*Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard*
Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return.
Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-delivered Hastings?

Enter LORD HASTINGS

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!
Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your lordship brooked imprisonment?
Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevailed as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mewed,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.
Glo. What news abroad?
Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home;
The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.
Glo. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And overmuch consumed his royal person:
'T is very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?
Hast. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit Hastings*
He cannot live, I hope; and must not die
Till George be packed with post-horse up to heaven.
I 'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steeled with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I 'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I killed her husband and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns:
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [*Exit*

Scene II.—The Same. Another Street

Enter the corpse of King Henry the Sixth, *borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen with halberds to guard it, among them* Tressel *and* Berkeley; Lady Anne being the *mourner*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,—
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
[*The bearers set down the coffin*
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be 't lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,

Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son,
Stabbed by the selfsame hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
O, curséd be the hand that made these holes!
Curséd the heart that had the heart to do it!
Curséd the blood that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venomed thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspéct
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him
As I am made by my poor lord and thee!
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interréd there;
And still, as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

Enter GLOSTER

Glo. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.
Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I 'll make a corse of him that disobeys.
Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.
Glo. Unmannered dog! stand thou, when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I 'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.
[*The bearers set down the coffin*
Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power o'er his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.
Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.
Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Filled it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds

Open their congealed mouths and bleed afresh!—
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 't is thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-governed arm hath butcheréd!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposéd evils to give me leave
By circumstance but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy curséd self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand excused
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say that I slew them not?

Anne. Why, then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provokéd by her slanderous tongue,
Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provokéd by thy bloody mind,
Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too

Thou mayst be damnéd for that wicked deed!—
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!
Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.
Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Glo. Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.
Anne. Some dungeon.
Glo. Your bed-chamber.
Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!
Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.
Anne. I hope so.
Glo. I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method,—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
Anne. Thou art the cause, and most accursed effect.
Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.
Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheerèd by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.
Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!
Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be revenged on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be revenged on him that loveth you.
Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be revenged on him that slew my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Glo. He lives that loves thee better than he could.
Anne. Name him.
Glo. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was he.
Glo. The selfsame name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glo. Here. [*She spits at him*
Why dost thou spit at me?
Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!
Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect my eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.
Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
No, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedashed with rain: in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
My proud heart sues and prompts my tongue to speak.
[She looks scornfully at him
Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[He lays his breast open: she offers at it with his sword
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry,—
But 't was thy beauty that provokéd me.
Nay, now dispatch; 't was I that stabbed young Edward,—
But 't was thy heavenly face that set me on.
[She lets fall the sword
Take up the sword again, or take up me.
Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.
Anne. I have already.
Glo. Tush, that was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.
Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'T is figured in my tongue.
Anne. I fear me both are false.
Glo. Then never man was true.
Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.
Glo. Say, then, my peace is made.
Anne. That shall you know hereafter.
Glo. But shall I live in hope?
Anne. All men, I hope, live so.
Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.
Anne. To take is not to give.
Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted suppliant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
Anne. What is it?
Glo. That it would please thee leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby Place;
Where, after I have solemnly interred,
At Chertsey monastery this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
Anne. 'T is more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.
[*Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkeley*
Glo. Sirs, take up the corse.
Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?
Glo. No, to Whitefriars; there attend my coming.
[*Exeunt all but Gloster*
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I 'll have her;—but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that killed her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no thing to back my suit withal
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!
Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabbed in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
That cropped the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt and am unshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I 'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain some score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I 'll turn yon fellow in his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit*

Scene III.—The Palace

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Lord Rivers, *and* Lord Grey

Riv. Have patience, madam: there 's no doubt his majesty
Will soon recover his accustomed health.
Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.
Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me?
Riv. No other harm but loss of such a lord.
Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harm.
Grey. The heavens have blessed you with a goodly son
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Q. Eliz. Oh, he is young, and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?
Q. Eliz. It is determined, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter Buckingham *and* Stanley

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.
Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!
Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Stanley,
To your good prayers will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she 's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accused in true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.
Riv. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Stanley?
Stan. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.
Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?
Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.
Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?
Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.
Q. Eliz. Would all were well!—but that will never be:
I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and* DORSET

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure 't:
Who are they that complain unto the king
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?
Riv. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?
Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal person,—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.
Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter.
The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provoked by any suitor else,
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred
Which in your outward actions shows itself

Against my kindred, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send ; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.
Glo. I cannot tell : the world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch :
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.
Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster ;
You envy my advancement, and my friends' :
God grant we never may have need of you !
Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you :
Our brother is imprisoned by your means,
Myself disgraced, and the nobility
Held in contempt ; whilst many fair promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.
Q. Eliz. By him that raised me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoyed,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
Riv. She may, my lord, for—
Glo. She may, Lord Rivers ! why, who knows not so ?
She may do more, sir, than denying that :
She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What may she not ? She may, yea, marry, may she,—
Riv. What, marry, may she ?
Glo. What, marry, may she ! marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too :
I wis your grandam had a worser match.
Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs :
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
With those gross taunts I often have endured.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorned, and stormed at :

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, *behind*

Small joy have I in being England's queen.—
Q. Mar. [*Aside*] And lessened be that small, God, I beseech thee !
Thy honour, state and seat is due to me.—

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
'T is time to speak,—my pains are quite forgot.—
Q. Mar. [*Aside*] Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou slew'st my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.—
Glo. Ere you were queen, yea, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends:
To royalise his blood I spilt mine own.—
Q. Mar. [*Aside*] Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.
Glo. In all which time you and your husband Grey
Were factious for the house of Lancaster:
And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.—
Q. Mar. [*Aside*] A murderous villain, and so still thou art.—
Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick;
Yea, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—
Q. Mar. [*Aside*] Which God revenge!—
Glo. To fight on Edward's party for the crown;
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mewed up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's;
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world.—
Q. Mar. [*Aside*] Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave the world,
Thou cacodemon! There thy kingdom is.
Riv. My Lord of Gloster, in those busy days
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We followed then our lord, our lawful king:
So should we you, if you should be our king.
Glo. If I should be! I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it!
Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.—
Q. Mar. [*Aside*] As little joy enjoys the queen thereof:
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient. [*Advancing*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pilled from me!
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?

If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels?
O gentle villain, do not turn away!
Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?
Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marred;
That will I make, before I let thee go.
Glo. Wert thou not banishéd on pain of death?
Q. Mar. I was;
But I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou ow'st to me;—
And thou a kingdom;—all of you allegiance:
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.
Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout
Steeped in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.
Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.
Hast. O, 't was the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!
Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.
Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.
Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.
Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!
If not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward thy son, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Decked in thy rights, as thou art stalled in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthened hours of grief
Die, neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—

Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,—
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings,—when my son
Was stabbed with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlooked accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful withered hag!

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-marked, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast sealed in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathéd issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha!

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then, for I had thought
That thou hadst called me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but looked for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse!

Glo. 'T is done by me, and ends in "Margaret."

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breathed your curse against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The time will come when thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-backed toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all moved mine.

Riv. Were you well served, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!

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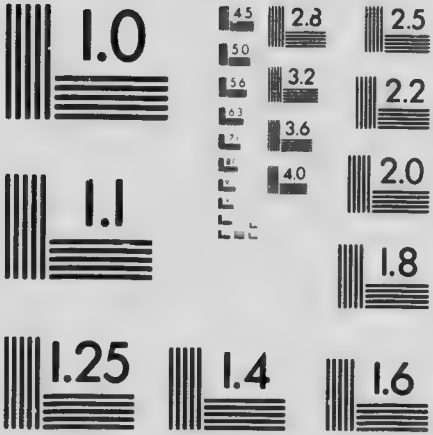

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Dor. Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.
Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess, you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 't were to lose it and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.
Glo. Good counsel, marry: learn it, learn it, marquess.
Dor. It toucheth you, my lord, as much as me.
Glo. Yea, and much more: but I was born so high,
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.
Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade; alas! alas!
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest.
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!
Buck. Peace, peace! for shame, if not for charity.
Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me:
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butchered.
My charity is outrage, life my shame;
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!
Buck. Have done, have done.
Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I 'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.
Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.
Q. Mar. I 'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.
Glo. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.
Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow.
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess!—
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit*
Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.
Riv. And so doth mine: I muse why she 's at liberty.
Glo. I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.
Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.
Glo. But you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is franked up to fatting for his pains;
God pardon them that are the cause of it!
Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.
Glo. So do I ever: [*Aside*] being well advised,
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.

Enter CATESBY

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.
Q. Eliz. Catesby, we come. Lords, will you go with us?
Riv. We wait upon your grace.
[*Exeunt all but Gloster*
Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Hastings, Stanley, Buckingham;
And say it is the queen and her allies
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now, they believe it; and withal whet me
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh; and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends stolen out of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.
But, soft! here come my executioners.

Enter two Murderers

How now, my hardy, stout, resolvéd mates!
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?
First Murd. We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. Well thought upon;—I have it here about me.
[*Gives the warrant*
When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.
First Murd. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers: be assured
We come to use our hands and not our tongues.
Glo. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears:
I like you, lads;—about your business straight;
Go, go, dispatch.
First Murd. We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Tower

Enter CLARENCE *and* BRAKENBURY

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
Clar. O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days,—
So full of dismal terror was the time!
Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.
Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand fearful times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,—
As 't were in scorn of eyes,—reflecting gems,

That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.
Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast and wandering air,
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?
Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthened after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul,
Who passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud, "What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanished: then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud,
"Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence;
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!"
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howléd in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,—
Such terrible impression made the dream.
Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid methinks to hear you tell it.
Clar. O Brakenbury, I have done those things
Which now bear evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!—
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone,
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!—
Keeper, I prithee, sit by me awhile;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.
Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest!—
[*Clarence sleeps*
Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,

They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles and low name
There 's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers

First Murd. Ho! who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

First Murd. I would speak with Clarence and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

Sec. Murd. 'T is better, sir, than to be tedious. Let him see our commission; talk no more.

[*Brakenbury reads it*

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands:
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys,—there sits the duke asleep:
I 'll to the king; and signify to him
That thus I have resigned my charge to you.

First Murd. You may, sir, 't is a point of wisdom: fare you well.

[*Exit Brakenbury*

Sec. Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

First Murd. No; then he will say 't was done cowardly, when he wakes.

Sec. Murd. When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgment-day.

First Murd. Why, then he 'll say we stabbed him sleeping.

Sec. Murd. The urging of that word "judgment" hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

First Murd. What, art thou afraid?

Sec. Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damned for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend us.

First Murd. I thought thou hadst been resolute.

Sec. Murd. So I am, to let him live.

First Murd. I 'll back to the Duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

Sec. Murd. Nay, I prithee, stay a little; I hope my holy humour will change; 't was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

First Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

Sec. Murd. Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

First Murd. Remember our reward when the deed's done.

Sec. Murd. Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

First Murd. Where 's thy conscience now?

Sec. Murd. In the Duke of Gloster's purse.

First Murd. So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

Sec. Murd. 'T is no matter, let it go; there 's few or none will entertain it.

First Murd. What if it come to thee again?

Sec. Murd. I 'll not meddle with it:—it is a dangerous thing: it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 't is a blushing shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and to live without it.

First Murd. 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

Sec. Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

First Murd. I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me.

Sec. Murd. Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

First Murd. Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

Sec. Murd. O excellent device! make a sop of him.

First Murd. Soft, he wakes.

Sec. Murd. Strike!

First Murd. No, we 'll reason with him.

Clar. [*waking*]. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

Sec. Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

Sec. Murd. A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

Sec. Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

Sec. Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both. To, to, to—

Clar. To murder me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

First Murd. Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconciled to him again.
Sec. Murd. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.
Clar. Are you called forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? What 's my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.
First Murd. What we will do, we do upon command.
Sec. Murd. And he that hath commanded is our king.
Clar. Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings
Hath in the tables of his law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder: will you, then,
Spurn at his edict and fulfil a man's?
Take heed: for he holds vengeance in his hands
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.
Sec. Murd. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.
First Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.
Sec. Murd. Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.
First Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?
Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be revengéd for this deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publicly:
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course
To cut off those that have offended him.
First Murd. Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?
Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.
First Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.
Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you be hired for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster,
Who shall reward you better for my life
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

Sec. Murd. You are deceived, your brother Gloster hates you.

Clar. O, no. he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

Both. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Blessed his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charged us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think of this, and he will weep.

First Murd. Ay, millstones; as he lessoned us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

First Murd. Right,
As snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself:
'T is he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugged me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

Sec. Murd. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

First Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul.
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

Sec. Murd. What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life?

First Murd. Relent! 't is cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish,—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress:
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

Sec. Murd. Look behind you, my lord.

First Murd. Take that, and that: if all this will not do, [*Stabs him*
I 'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[*Exit with the body*

Sec. Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately dispatched!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter First Murderer

First Murd. How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?
By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou art!
Sec. Murd. I would he knew that I had saved his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit*
First Murd. So do not I: go, coward as thou art!
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Until the duke take order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and here I must not stay. [*Exit*

ACT TWO

Scene I.—London. A Room in the Palace

Enter King Edward *led in sick*, Queen Elizabeth, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, *and others*

K. Edw. Why, so; now have I done a good day's work:—
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have set my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.
Riv. By heaven, my heart is purged from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.
Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!
K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your king;
Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.
Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!
Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!
K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,
Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.
Q. Eliz. There, Hastings; I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him;—Hastings, love lord marquess.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be unviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [*They embrace*

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. [*To the Queen*] Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assuréd that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me!—this do I beg of God,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours. [*They embrace*

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER

Glo. Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incenséd peers.

Glo. A blesséd labour, my most sovereign liege.—
Amongst this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'T is death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service,—
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodged between us;—
Of you, Lord Rivers,—and Lord Grey, of you,—
That all without desert have frowned on me;—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen;—indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds

More than the infant that is born to-night:
I thank my God for my humility.
Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:—
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.
Glo. Why, madam, have I offered love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the noble duke is dead?
[*They all start*
You do him injury to scorn his corse.
Riv. Who knows not he is dead! Who knows he is?
Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!
Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?
Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no one in this presence
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.
K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? The order was reversed.
Glo. But he, poor soul, by your first order died,
And that a wingéd Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buriéd.
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter STANLEY

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!
K. Edw. I pray thee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.
Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness grant.
K. Edw. Then speak at once what is it thou demand'st.
Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.
K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother killed no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my rage,
Kneeled at my feet, and bade me be advised?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field by Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said, "Dear brother, live, and be a king"?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments, and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb cold night?

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully plucked, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—
But for my brother not a man would speak,—
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
On me and you, and mine and yours for this!
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Ah!
Poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt King and Queen, Hastings, Rivers, Dorset and Grey*

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness!—Marked you not
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Looked pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O, they did urge it still unto the king!
God will revenge it.—But come, let us in,
To comfort Edward with our company.

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—Another Room in the Palace

Enter the DUCHESS OF YORK, *with a Son and Daughter of* CLARENCE

Boy. Tell me, good grandam, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Boy. Why do you wring your hands, and beat your breast,
And cry "O Clarence, my unhappy son!"

Girl. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us wretches, orphans, castaways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loth to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow to wail one that 's lost.

Boy. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With daily prayers all to that effect.

Girl. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caused your father's death.

Boy. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provoked to 't by the queen,
Devised impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kissed my cheek;
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous vizor hide foul guile!
He is my son; yea, and therein my shame;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it.—Hark! what noise is this?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, *with her hair about her ears;* RIVERS *and* DORSET *after her*

Q. Eliz. O, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I 'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence:
Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And lived by looking on his images:
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are cracked in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatched my husband from mine arms,
And plucked two crutches from my feeble hands,—
Edward and Clarence. O, what cause have I,—
Thine being but a moiety of my grief,—
To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries!

Son. Good aunt, you wept not for our father's death!
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daughter. Our fatherless distress we left unmoaned;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;

I am not barren to bring forth complaints :
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being governed by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world !
Ah for my husband, for my dear lord Edward !
Chil. Ah for our father, for our dear lord Clarence !
Duch. Alas for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence !
Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward ? and he 's gone.
Chil. What stay had we but Clarence ? and he 's gone.
Duch. What stays had I but they ? and they are gone.
Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss !
Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss !
Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss !
Alas, I am the mother of these moans !
Their woes are parcelled, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I ;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she :
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I ;
I for an Edward weep, so do not they ;
Alas, you three, on me, threefold distressed,
Pour all your tears ? I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.
Dor. Comfort, dear mother : God is much displeased
That you take with unthankfulness his doing :
In common worldly things, 't is called ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.
Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son : send straight for him ;
Let him be crowned ; in him your comfort lives :
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, *and others*

Glo. Madam, have comfort : all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star ;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy ;
I did not see your grace :—humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.
Duch. God bless thee ; and put meekness in thy mind,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !
Glo. Amen ; [*Aside*] and make me die a good old man !—
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing :
I marvel that her grace did leave it out.
Buck. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,

Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splintered, knit, and joined together,
Must gently be preserved, cherished, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetched
Hither to London, to be crowned our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-healed wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the state's green and yet ungoverned;
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the king made peace with all of us;
And the compáct is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urged:
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam,—and you, my mother,—will you go
To give your censures in this business?

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloster*

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home;
For, by the way, I 'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talked of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, like a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we 'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt*

Scene III.—London. A Street

Enter two Citizens, meeting

First Cit. Good morrow, neighbour, well met: whither away so fast?

Sec. Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?

First Cit. Ay,—that the king is dead.
Sec. Cit. Ill news, by 'r lady ; seldom comes the better :
I fear, I fear 't will prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen

Third Cit. Neighbours, God speed !
First Cit. Give you good morrow, sir.
Third Cit. Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death ?
Sec. Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true ; God help, the while !
Third Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.
First Cit. No, no ; by God's good grace his son shall reign.
Third Cit. Woe to that land that 's governed by a child !
Sec. Cit. In him there is a hope of government,
That, in his nonage, Council under him,
And in his full and ripened years himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.
First Cit. So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crowned in Paris but at nine months old.
Third Cit. Stood the state so ? No, no, good friends, God wot ;
For then this land was famously enriched
With politic grave counsel ; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.
First Cit. Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.
Third Cit. Better it were they all came by his father,
Or by his father there were none at all ;
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloster !
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud :
And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
First Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst : all will be well.
Third Cit. When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks ;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand ;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well ; but, if God sort it so,
'T is more than we deserve, or I expect.
Sec. Cit. Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear ;
Ye cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of dread.
Third Cit. Before the days of change, still is it so :
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger ; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God.—Whither away ?

Sec. Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.
Third Cit. And so was I: I 'll bear you company.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, *the young* DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, *and the* DUCHESS OF YORK

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince:
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.
Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.
York. Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.
Duch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.
York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talked how I did grow
More than my brother: "Ay," quoth my uncle Gloster,
"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:"
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.
Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a-growing and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.
Arch. Why, madam, so, no doubt, he is.
Duch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remembered,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touched mine.
Duch. How, my pretty York? I prithee, let me hear it.
York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:
'T was full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.
Duch. I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurse.
Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wert born.
York. If 't were not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Q. Eliz. A parlous boy:—go to, you are too shrewd.
Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.
Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.
Arch. Here comes a messenger.

Enter a Messenger

What news?
Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince ?
Mess. Well, madam, and in health.
Duch. What is thy news then ?
Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Duch. Who hath committed them ?
Mess. The mighty Dukes
Gloster and Buckingham.
Q. Eliz. For what offence ?
Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclosed ;
Why or for what these nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.
Q. Eliz. Ay me, I see the downfall of our house !
The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind ;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and awe'ess throne :—
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre !
I see, as in a map, the end of all.
Duch. Accurséd and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld !
My husband lost his life to get the crown ;
And often up and down my sons were tossed,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss :
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves ; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self : O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damnéd spleen ;
Or let me die, to look on death no more !
Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy ; we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewell.
Duch. Stay, I will go with you.
Q. Eliz. You have no cause.
Arch. My gracious lady, go ;
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I 'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep ; and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours !
Come, I 'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt*

ACT THREE

Scene I.—London. A Street

The trumpets sound. Enter the young Prince, *the* Dukes of Gloster, *and* Buckingham, Cardinal Bourchier, Catesby, *and others*

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.
Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign :
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle ; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :
I want more uncles here to welcome me.
Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit ;
Nor more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show, which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous ;
Your grace attended to their sugared words,
But looked not on the poison of their hearts :
God keep you from them, and from such false friends !
Prince. God keep me from false friends ! but they were none.
Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his train

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days !
Prince. I thank you, good my lord ;—and thank you all.
I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way :
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no !
Buck. And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Enter Lord Hastings

Prince. Welcome, my lord: what, will our mother come ?
Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary : the tender Prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.
Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers ! Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently ?
If she deny,—Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.
Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Expect him here ; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blesséd sanctuary ! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.
Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional :
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.

The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claimed it nor deserved it;
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.
[*Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings*
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not registered,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 't were retailed to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. [*Aside*] So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters fame lives long.
[*Aside*] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralise two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I 'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I 'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

Glo. [*Aside*] Short summers lightly have a forward spring.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, *and the* CARDINAL

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?
York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.
Prince. Ay, brother,—to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.
Glo. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?
York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
Glo. He hath, my lord.
York. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.
York. Then is he more beholding to you than I.
Glo. He may command me as my sovereign;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.
York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.
Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
Being but a toy, which is no grief to give.
Glo. A greater gift than that I 'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift! O, that 's the sword to it.
Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
York. O, then, I see, you 'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you 'll say a beggar nay.
Glo. It is too heavy for your grace to wear.
York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.
Glo. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk:
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.
Buck. [*Aside to Hasting*] With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning and so young is wonderful.
Glo. My lord, will 't please you pass along!
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.
York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.
York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, what should you fear?
York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:
My grandam told me he was murdered there.
Prince. I fear no uncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.
[*A Sennet. Exeunt all but Gloster, Buckingham, and Catesby*
Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incenséd by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 't is a parlous boy:
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:
He 's all the mother's, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby.
Thou 'rt sworn as deep to effect what we intend
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way;
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?
Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.
Buck. What think'st thou, then, of Stanley? will not he?
Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
Buck. Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and show him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off your talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employed.
Glo. Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.
Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.
Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.
Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.
Glo. At Crosby Place, there shall you find us both.
[*Exit Catesby*
Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots ?
Glo. Chop off his head, man—somewhat we will do :—
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and the movables
Whereof the king my brother stood possessed.
Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hands.
Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt*

Scene II.—Before Lord Hastings' House

Enter a Messenger

Mess. My lord ! my lord !
Hast. [*Within*] Who knocks ?
Mess. One from the Lord Stanley.
Hast. What is 't o'clock ?
Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Hastings

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights ?
Mess. So it appears by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble self.
Hast. What then ?
Mess. Then certifies your lordship that this night
He dreamt the boar had razéd off his helm :
Besides he says there are two councils held ;
And that may be determined at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—
If presently you will take horse with him
And with all speed post with him towards the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.
Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord ;
Bid him not fear the separated councils :
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby ;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance :
And for his dreams, I wonder he 's so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers :
To fly the boar before the boar pursues
Were to incense the boar to follow us
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.

Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.
Mess. I 'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.
[*Exit*

Enter CATESBY

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!
Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?
Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And I believe 't will never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.
Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?
Cate. Ay, my good lord.
Hast. I 'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders
Ere I will see the crown so foul misplaced.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?
Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news,—
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.
Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries:
But, that I 'll give my voice on Richard's side
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death.
Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they who brought me in my master's hate
I live to look upon their tragedy.
I tell thee, Catesby,—
Cate. What, my lord?
Hast. Ere a fortnight make me older,
I 'll send some packing that yet think not on it.
Cate. 'T is a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared and look not for it.
Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 't will do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I, who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.
Cate. The princes both make high account of you;—
[*Aside*] For they account his head upon the bridge.
Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserved it.

Enter LORD STANLEY

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man!
Fear you the boar and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow;—good morrow, Catesby:—
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.
Hast. My lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never in my life I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 't is now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?
Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and supposed their state were sure,—
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!—
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.
Hast. Come, come, have with you. Wot you what, my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.
Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads
Than some that have accused them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let us away.

Enter a Pursuivant

Hast. Go on before; I 'll talk with this good fellow.
[*Exeunt Stanley and Catesby*
How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?
Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask.
Hast. I tell thee, man, 't is better with me now
Than when I met thee last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee—keep it to thyself—
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.
Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content!
Hast. Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for me.
[*Throws him his purse*
Purs. God save your lordship! [*Exit*

Enter a Priest

Priest. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.
Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.
I 'm in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.
[*He whispers in his ear*

Enter BUCKINGHAM

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;

Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.
Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talk of came into my mind.—
What, go you toward the Tower?
Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:
I shall return before your lordship thence.
Hast. 'T is like enough, for I stay dinner there.
Buck. [*Aside*] And supper too, although thou know'st it not.—
Come, will you go?
Hast. I 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt*

Scene III.—Pomfret Castle

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, *with halberds, carrying* Rivers, Grey, *and* Vaughan *to death*

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
Grey. God bless the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.
Vaug. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.
Rat. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.
Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the Second here was hacked to death;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.
Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,
For standing by when Richard stabbed her son.
Riv. Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she Buckingham,
Then cursed she Richard. O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!
And for my sister and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.
Rat. Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.
Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us all embrace:
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt*

Scene IV.—London. A Room in the Tower

Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, *the* Bishop of Ely, Ratcliff, Lovel, *with others, at a table*

Hast. My lords, at once: the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation.
In God's name, speak:—when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things fitting for that royal time ?
Stan. It is, and wants but nomination.
Ely. To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein ?
Who is most inward with the noble duke ?
Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.
Buck. We know each other's faces ; for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours,
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well ;
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he delivered
His gracious pleasure any way therein :
But you, my noble lords, may name the time ;
And in the duke's behalf I 'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he 'll take in gentle part.
Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Enter GLOSTER

Glo. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper ; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.
Buck. Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.
Glo. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder ;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there :
I do beseech you send for some of them.
Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. [*Exit*
Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[*Drawing him aside*
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
As he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's son, as worshipful he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.
Buck. Withdraw you hence, my lord, I 'll follow you.
[*Exit Gloster, Buckingham following*
Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden ;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be were the day prolonged.

Re-enter BISHOP OF ELY

Ely. Where is my lord the Duke of Gloster ?
I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day;
There 's some conceit or other likes him well
When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.
I think there 's ne'er a man in Christendom
That can less hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any likelihood he showed to-day?
Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damnéd witchcraft, and that have prevailed
Upon my body with their hellish charms?
Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders, whatsoe'er they be:
I say, my lord, they have deservéd death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of this ill:
See how I am bewitched; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, withered up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have markéd me.
Hast. If they have done this thing, my gracious lord,—
Glo. If! thou protector of this damnéd strumpet,
Tellest thou me of "ifs"? Thou art a traitor:
Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear
I will not dine until I see the same.
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done:
The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt all but Hastings, Ratcliff, and Lovel*

Hast. Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm;
But I disdained it, and did scorn to fly:
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And startled, when he looked upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I want the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As 't were triúmphing at mine enemies,
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butchered,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!
Rat. Dispatch, my lord; the duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hopes in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.
Lov. Come, come, dispatch; 't is bootless to exclaim.
Hast. O bloody Richard! miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath looked upon.
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—The Tower-walls

Enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured*

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin again, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?
Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak and look back, and pry on every side.
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforcéd smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?
Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.
Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.

Enter the Mayor and CATESBY

Lord Mayor,—
Glo. Look to the drawbridge there!
Buck. Hark! a drum.
Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.
Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you—
Glo. Look back, defend thee,—here are enemies.
Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!
Glo. Be patient, they are friends,—Ratcliff and Lovel.

Enter LOVEL *and* RATCLIFF, *with* HASTINGS' *head*

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.
Glo. So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breathed upon this earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded

The history of all her secret thoughts :
So smooth he daubed his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—
He lived from all attainder of suspect.
Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st sheltered traitor
That ever lived.
Would you imagine, or almost believe,—
Were 't not that, by great preservation,
We live to tell it you,—the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloster ?
May. What, had he so ?
Glo. What, think you we are Turks or infidels ?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England and our persons' safety,
Enforced us to this execution ?
May. Now, fair befall you ! he deserved his death ;
And you, my good lords, both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never looked for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.
Glo. Yet had not we determined he should die
Until your lordship came to see his end ;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, have prevented :
Because, my lord, we would have had you hear
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treason ;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue us in him and wail his death.
May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen and heard him speak :
And doubt you not, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.
Glo. And to that end we wished your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.
Buck. But since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend :
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.
[*Exit Lord Mayor*
Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post :—
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children :
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,

Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown ; meaning indeed his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was terméd so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust ;
Which stretchéd to their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his lustful eye or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :—
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that unsatiate Edward, noble York
My princely father then had wars in France ;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot ;
Which well appearéd in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father :
But touch this sparingly, as 't were far off ;
Because you know, my lord, my mother lives.

Buck. Fear not, my lord, I 'll play the orat
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself : and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle ;
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learnéd bishops.

Buck. I go ; and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords. [*Exit*

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw,—
[*To Cate.*] Go thou to Friar Penker ;—bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.
[*Exeunt all but Gloster*
Now will I in, to take some privy order,
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight ;
And to give notice, that no manner person
Have any time recourse unto the princes. [*Exit*

Scene VI.—The Same. A Street

Enter a Scrivener, with a paper in his hand

Scriv. This is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings ;
Which in a set hand fairly is engrossed,
That it may be this day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together :—
Eleven hours I spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me ;
The precedent was full as long a-doing :
And yet within these five hours Hastings lived,
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here 's a good world the while ! Why who 's so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device ?
Yet who 's bold, but says he sees it not ?

Bad is the world ; and all will come to naught,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought. [*Exit*

SCENE VII.—Court of Baynard's Castle

Enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *at several doors*

Glo. How now, how now ! what say the citizens ?
Buck. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.
Glo. Touched you the bastardy of Edward's children ?
Buck. I did ; with this contract with Lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France ;
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives ;
His tyranny for trifles ; his own bastardy,—
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the duke :
Withal I did infer your lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind ;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility ;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpose
Untouched, or slightly handled, in discourse :
And when mine oratory grew toward end,
I bid them that did love their country's good
Cry " God save Richard, England's royal king ! "
Glo. And did they so ?
Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word ;
But, like dumb statuas or breathing stones,
Stared each on other, and looked deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them ;
And asked the mayor what meant this wilful silence :
His answer was, the people were not wont
To be spoke to but by the recorder.
Then he was urged to tell my tale again,
" Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferred ; "
But nothing spake in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end of the hall, hurled up their caps,
And some ten voices cried " God save King Richard ! "
And thus I took the vantage of those few,
" Thanks, gentle citizens and friends," quoth I ;
" This general applause and loving shout
Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard : "
And even here brake off, and came away.
Glo. What tongueless blocks were they ! would they not speak ?

Buck. No, by my troth, my lord.
Glo. Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?
Buck. The mayor is here at hand: intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand betwixt two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I 'll build a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our request:
Play the maid's part,—still answer nay, and take it.
Glo. I go; and if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we 'll bring it to a happy issue.
Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks.
[*Exit Gloster*

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter from the Castle CATESBY

Here comes his servant: how now, Catesby,
What says he?
Cate. My lord, he doth entreat your grace
To visit him to-morrow or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be moved
To draw him from his holy exercise.
Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs and matters of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.
Cate. I 'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit*
Buck. Ah, ah, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtesans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof:
But, sure, I fear, we shall not win him to 't.
May. Marry, God forbid his grace should say us nay!
Buck. I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again.

Re-enter CATESBY

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?
Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled

Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warned thereof before:
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.
Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him;
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace. [*Exit Catesby*
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 't is hard to draw them thence,—
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER *aloft, between two Bishops.* CATESBY *returns*

May. See, where he stands between two clergymen!
Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornament to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ears to our request;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.
Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology:
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.
But leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?
Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungoverned isle.
Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please your grace,
At our entreaties, to amend that fault!
Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?
Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The sceptered office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemished stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts–
Which here we waken to our country's good—
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defaced with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shouldered in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land;—

Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain ;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.
Glo. I cannot tell if to depart in silence
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof
Best fitteth my degree or your condition :
If not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So seasoned with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I checked my friends.
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due by birth ;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatness,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smothered.
But, God be thanked, there is no need of me,
And much I need to help you, if need were ;—
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellowed by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,—
The right and fortune of his happy stars ;
Which God defend that I should wring from him !
Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace ;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son :
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife ;
For first he was contract to Lady Lucy—
Your mother lives a witness to his vow,—
And afterwards by substitute betrothed
To Bona, sister to the King of France.

These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-crazed mother of a many children,
A beauty-waning and distressèd widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduced the pitch and height of his degree
To base declension and loathed bigamy:
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffered benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derivèd course.

May. Do, good, my lord; your citizens entreat you,

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffered love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!

Glo. Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:—
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kin,
And egally indeed to all estates,—
Yet whether you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leave you.—
Come, citizens: zounds, I 'll entreat no more.

Glo. O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.

[*Exit Buckingham with some of the Citizens*

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit.
If you deny them all the land will rue it.

Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Call them again. [*Catesby goes to the Mayor, etc., and then exit.*] I am not made of stones,
But penetrable to your kind entreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM *and* CATESBY, *the Mayor, etc, coming forward*

Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God He knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this kingly title:
Long live King Richard, England's worthy king!

May. and Cit. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crowned?

Glo. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace:
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy task again.—
Farewell, good cousin;—farewell, gentle friends. [*Exeunt*

ACT FOUR

Scene I.—London. Before the Tower

Enter, on one side, Queen Elizabeth, Duchess of York, *and* Marquess of Dorset; *on the other,* Anne, Duchess of Gloster, *leading* Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's *young Daughter*

Duch. Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet.
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she 's wandering to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender princes.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

Anne. No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks: we 'll enter all together.
And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.

Enter Brakenbury

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath straitly charged the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who 's that?

Brak. I mean the lord protector.
Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?
Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them.
Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.
Brak. No, madam, no,—I may not leave it so:
I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [*Exit*

Enter STANLEY

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker on, of two fair queens.
[*To Anne*] Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
There to be crownéd Richard's royal queen.
Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace in sunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news!
Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!
Dor. Be of good cheer:—mother, how fares your grace?
Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence!
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell:
Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.
Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.—
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.
Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—
O my accurséd womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice hast thou hatched to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous.
Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.
Anne. And I in all unwillingness will go.—
I would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can say, God save the queen!
Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why?—When he that is my husband now
Came to me, as I followed Henry's corse,
When scarce the blood was well washed from his hands
Which issued from my other angel husband
And that dead saint which then I weeping followed;
O, when, I say, I looked on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—"Be thou," quoth I, "accursed,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife—if any be so mad—
As miserable by the life of thee
As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!"
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And proved the subject of mine own soul's curse,
Which ever since hath kept mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Have I enjoyed the golden dew of sleep,
But have been waked by his timorous dreams.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than from my soul I mourn for yours.

Q. Eliz. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Duch. [*To Dorset*] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!
[*To Anne*] Go thou to Richard, and good angels guard thee!
[*To Queen Eliz.*] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!
I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wrecked with a week of teen.

Q. Eliz. Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower.—
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes
Whom envy hath immured within your walls,
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—London. A Room of State in the Palace

Sennet. *Enter* RICHARD, *crowned;* BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, *a Page, and others*

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—

Buck. My gracious sovereign?

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. [*Ascendeth the throne.*] Thus high, by thy advice

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated:
But shall we wear these honours for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. Still live they and for ever let them last!
K. Rich. O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed:—
Young Edward lives: think now what I would speak.
Buck. Say on, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.
Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice renowned liege.
K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'tis so:—but Edward lives.
Buck. True, noble prince.
K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live! "True, noble prince!"—
Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plain?—I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly performed.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly; be brief.
Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.
K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes:
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?
Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord,
Before I positively speak herein:
I will resolve your grace immediately. [*Exit*
Cate. [*Aside to a stander-by*] The king is angry: see, he bites the lip.
K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools
[*Descends from his throne*
And unrespective boys: none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes:
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—
Boy!—
Page. My lord?
K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?
Page. My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.
K. Rich. What is his name?
Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.
K. Rich. I partly know the man: go, call him hither.
[*Exit Page*
The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:
Hath he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath?—Well, be it so.

Enter STANLEY

How now! what news with you?

Stan. My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset 's fled
To Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas
Where he abides. [*Stands apart*

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby ! Rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick ;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter ;—
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—
Look, how thou dream'st !—I say again, give out
That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die :
About it ; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.
[*Exit Catesby*
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her !
Uncertain way of gain ! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin :
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL

Is thy name Tyrrel ?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed ?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine ?

Tyr. Ay, my lord ;
But I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, there thou hast it : two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon :—
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I 'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel :
Go, by this token :—rise, and lend thine ear : [*Whispers*
There is no more but so :—say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. 'Tis done, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere we sleep ?

Tyr. Ye shall, my lord. [*Exit*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that pass. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear that news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son :—well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawned ;
Th' earldom of Hereford and the moveables
The which you promiséd I should possess.
K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife : if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.
Buck What says your highness to my just demand ?
K. Rich. As I remember, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king !—perhaps,—
Buck. My lord !—
K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him ?
Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—
K. Rich. Richmond !—when last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy showed me the castle,
And called it Rougemont : at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
Buck. My lord !—
K. Rich. Ay, what 's o'clock ?
Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promised me.
K. Rich. Well, but what 's o'clock ?
Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.
K. Rich. Well, let it strike.
Buck. Why let it strike ?
K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.
Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.
K. Rich. Thou troublest me ; I am not in the vein.
[*Exeunt all but Buckingham*
Buck. Is it even so ? rewards he my true service
With such contempt ? made I him king for this ?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit*

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Palace

Enter TYRREL

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,—
The most arch act of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
Although they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,

Melting with tenderness and kind compassion,
Wept like two children in their deaths' sad story.
"Lo thus," quoth Dighton, "lay those tender babes:"
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost changed my mind;
But O! the devil"—there the villain stopped;
Whilst Dighton thus told on:—"We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature
That from the prime creation e'er she framed."
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloody king:—
And here he comes.

Enter KING RICHARD

All health, my sovereign liege!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then. [*Exit Tyrrel*
The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I matched in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her I go, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY

Cate. My lord,—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord: Ely is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, backed with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
T' in Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come,—I have learned that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Come, muster men: my counsel is my shield;
We must be brief when traitors brave the field. [*Exeunt*

Scene IV.—Before the Palace

Enter Queen Margaret

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurked,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.—
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?

Enter Queen Elizabeth *and the* Duchess of York

Q. Eliz. Ah, my young princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air
And be not fixed in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. [*Aside*] Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimmed your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have crazed my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. [*Aside*] Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt Thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst Thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. [*Aside*] When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurped,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, [*Sitting down*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou wouldst as well afford a grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but I?
[*Sitting down by her*

Q. Mar. [*Coming forward*] If ancient sorrow be most reverend,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine :—
I had an Edward, till a Richard killed him ;
I had a Harry, till a Richard killed him :
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard killed him ;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard killed him.
Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him ;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.
Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard killed him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death :
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood ;
That foul defacer of God's handiwork ;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galléd eyes of weeping souls,—
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank Thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan !
Duch. O Harry's wife, triúmph not in my woes !
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.
Q. Mar. Bear with me ; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that stabbed my Edward ;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward ;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss :
Thy Clarence he is dead that killed my Edward ;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smothered in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls
And send them thither :—but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end :
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly conveyed away.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead !
Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-backed toad !

Q. Mar. I called thee then, vain flourish of my fortune,
I called thee then poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant;
One heaved a-high, to be hurled down below;
A mother only mocked with two sweet babes;
A dream of what thou wert; a breath, a bubble;
A sign of dignity, a garish flag
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues to thee, and cries, "God save the queen"?
Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art:
For happy wife, a most distressèd widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For queen, a very caitiff crowned with care;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For one that scorned at me, now scorned of me;
For one being feared of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obeyed of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheeled about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burdened yoke:
From which even here I slip my weary neck,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance:—
These English woes will make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skilled in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies!

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse:
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O, quicken them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit*

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart

Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.
Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let 's smother
My damnéd son, that thy two sweet sons smothered.
I hear his drum :—be copious in exclaims.

Enter KING RICHARD, *marching, with drums and trumpets*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?
Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accurséd womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!
Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?
Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?
Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?
Duch. Where is kind Hastings?
K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say!—
[*Flourish. Alarums*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Duch. Art thou my son?
K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.
Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.
K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Duch. O, let me speak!
K. Rich. Do then; but I 'll not hear.
Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.
K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.
Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stayed for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.
K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,
Thy age confirmed, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous,
More mild, but yet more harmful,—kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever graced me in thy company?

K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that called your grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.
Strike up the drum.
Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.
K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.
Duch. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.
K. Rich. So.
Duch. Either thou 'lt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory,
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit*
Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me; I say amen to all. [*Going*
K. Rich. Stay, madam; I must speak a word with you.
Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,—
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.
K. Rich. You have a daughter called Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.
Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I 'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarred of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.
K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.
Q. Eliz. To save her life, I 'll say she is not so.
K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.
Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.
K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.
Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.
K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.
Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
My babes were destined to a fairer death,
If grace had blessed thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.
Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozened
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
Till that my nails were anchored in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.
K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours
Than ever you or yours were by me wronged!
Q. Eliz. What good is covered with the face of heaven,
To be discovered, that can do me good?
K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.
Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?
K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of honour,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.
Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?
K. Rich. Even all I have; yea, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.
Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.
K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.
Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.
K. Rich. What do you think?
Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul:
So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.
K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.
Q. Eliz. Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?
K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen: who else should be?
Q. Eliz. What, thou?
K. Rich. Even I: what think you of it, madam?
Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That would I learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.
Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?
K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engraven
"Edward and York;" then haply will she weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steeped in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies,
And bid her dry her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement force her not to love,
Send her a story of thy noble deeds;
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; yea, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.
K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.
Q. Eliz. There's no other way;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.
Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.
K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have killed the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter:
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans
Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:

The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repaired with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transformed to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chastisèd
The petty rebel, dull-brained Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title "ever" last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. So long as heaven and nature lengthen it.

Q. Eliz. So long as hell and Richard like of it.

K. Rich. Say I, her sovereign, am her subject love.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their grave.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam ; that is past.
Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.
K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—
Q. Eliz. Profaned, dishonoured, and the third usurped.
K. Rich. I swear—
Q. Eliz. By nothing ; for this is no oath:
The George, profaned, hath lost his holy honour ;
The garter, blemished, pawned his knightly virtue ;
The crown, usurped, disgraced his kingly glory.
If something thou wilt swear to be believed,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wronged.
K. Rich. Now, by the world—
Q. Eliz. 'T is full of thy foul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father's death—
Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonoured.
K. Rich. Then, by myself—
Q. Eliz. Thyself is self misused.
K. Rich. Why then, by God—
Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou hadst feared to break an oath by Him,
The unity the king thy brother made
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain :
If thou hadst feared to break an oath by Him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy brow,
Had graced the tender temples of my child,
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, too tender bedfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now ?
K. Rich. The time to come.
Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast ;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wronged by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughtered,
Ungoverned youth, to wail it in their age ;
The parents live, whose children thou hast butchered,
Old withered plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come ; for that thou hast
Misused ere used, by time misused o'erpast.
K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms ! myself myself confound !
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours !
Day, yield me not thy light ; nor, night, thy rest !
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter !
In her consists my happiness and thine ;

Without her, follows to this land and me,
To thee, herself, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin and decay:
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, dear mother,—I must call you so—
Be the attorney of my love to her:
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I'll bury them:
Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell.
[*Exit Queen Elizabeth*
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY *following*

How now! what news?

Rat. My gracious sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarmed, and unresolved to beat them back:
'T is thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:—
Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Fly to the duke:—[*To Ratcliff*] Post thou to Salisbury:
When thou com'st thither,—[*To Catesby*] Dull, unmindful villain,
Why stand'st thou still, and go'st not to the duke?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O true, good Catesby: bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,

And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.
Cate. I go. [*Exit*
Rat. What may it please you I shall do at Salisbury?
K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?
Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.
K. Rich. My mind is changed.

Enter STANLEY

Stanley, what news with you?
Stan. None good, my lord, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad, but it may be told.
K. Rich. Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?
Stan. Richmond is on the seas.
K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-livered runagate, what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.
K. Rich. Well, as you guess?
Stan. Stirred up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.
K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unswayed?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossessed?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's king but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?
Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.
K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.
Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.
K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?
Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.
K. Rich. Cold friends to Richard, what do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?
Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:
Please it your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace
Where and what time your majesty shall please.
K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:
I will not trust you, sir.
Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful:
I never was nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Well,
Go muster men. But, hear you, leave behind
Your son, George Stanley: look your faith be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.
Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you. [*Exit*

Enter a Messenger

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advértiséd,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter a second Messenger

Sec. Mess. My liege, in Kent the Guildfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter a third Messenger

Third Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—
K. Rich. Out on you, owls! nothing but songs of death? [*He striketh him*
Take that until thou bring me better news.
Third Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scattered;
And he himself wandered away alone,
No man knows whither.
K. Rich. O, I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-adviséd friend proclaimed
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?
Third Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter a fourth Messenger

Fourth Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis Dorset,
'T is said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea or no;
Who answered him they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hoist sail and made away for Brittany.
K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Re-enter CATESBY

Cate. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,—
That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder tidings yet they must be told.
K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost:—
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me.
[*Flourish. Exeunt*

SCENE V.—LORD DERBY'S House

Enter STANLEY *and* SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:—
That in the sty of this most bloody boar
My son George Stanley is franked up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?
Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west in Wales.
Stan. What men of name resort to him?
Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot and Sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many more of noble fame and worth:
And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.
Stan. Return unto thy lord; commend me to him:
Tell him the Queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind. [*Giving letters*
Farewell.
[*Exeunt*

ACT FIVE

SCENE I.—Salisbury. An Open Place

Enter the Sheriff, and BUCKINGHAM, *with halberds, led to execution*

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?
Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.
Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarriéd
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,—
If that your moody discontented souls

Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction !—
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not ?
Sher. It is, my lord.
Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day that, in King Edward's time,
I wished might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children or his wife's allies ;
This is the day wherein I wished to fall
By the false faith of him I trusted most ;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
Is the determined respite of my wrongs :
That high All-Seer that I dallied with
Hath turned my feignéd prayer on my head
And given in earnest what I begged in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms :
Now Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
" When he," quoth she, " shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess."—
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame ;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[*Exeunt*

Scene II.—The Camp near Tamworth

Enter, Richmond, Oxford, Sir James Blunt, Sir Walter Herbert, *and others, with Forces, marching*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we marched on without impediment ;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoiled your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowelled bosoms, this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn :
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.
Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against this guilty homicide.
Herb. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.
Blunt. He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,
Which in his dearest need will shrink from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt*

Scene III.—Bosworth Field

Enter King Richard, *and Forces, the* Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Surrey, *and others*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.—
My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk,—
Nor. Here, most gracious liege.
K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent! [*Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent.*] Here will I lie to-night;
But where to-morrow? Well, all 's one for that.
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse party want.—
Up with the tent!—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—
Call for some men of sound direction:—
Let 's want no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day.

[*Exeunt*

Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, *and others. Some of the Soldiers pitch* Richmond's *tent*

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—
Give me some ink and paper in my tent:
I 'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.—
My Lord of Oxford,—you, Sir William Brandon,—
And you, Sir Walter Herbert,—stay with me.—
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:—
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me,—

Where is Lord Stanley quartered, do you know?
Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,—
Which well I am assured I have not done,—
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.
Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful scroll.
Blunt. Upon my life, my lord I 'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!
Richm. Good night, good Captain Blunt. [*Exit Blunt*
Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business:
In to my tent; the air is raw and cold.
[*They withdraw into the tent*

Re-enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, CATESBY, *and others*

K. Rich. What is 't o'clock?
Cate. It 's supper-time, my lord;
It 's nine o'clock.
K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.
Give me some ink and paper.
What, is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.
K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit*
K. Rich. Catesby!
Cate. My lord?
K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night. [*Exit Catesby*
Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch.—
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.—
Ratcliff,—
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?
Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.
K. Rich. So, I am satisfied.—Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have. [*Wine brought*

Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?
Rat. It is, my lord.
K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me, Ratcliff,
About the mid of night come to my tent
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.
[*Exeunt Ratcliff and the other Attendants*

Enter STANLEY *to* RICHMOND *in his tent, Lords and others attending*

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!
Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?
Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief,—for so the season bids us be,—
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may—that which I would I cannot,—
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sundered friends should dwell upon:
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu: be valiant, and speed well!
Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I 'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt all but Richmond*
O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise Thee in the victory!
To Thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still! [*Sleeps*

The Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, *son to* HENRY VI., *rises between the two Tents*

Ghost of P. E. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury:—despair, therefore, and die!—
[*To Richmond*] Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wrongéd souls
Of butchered princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of HENRY VI. *rises*

Ghost of K. H. [*To Richard*] When I was mortal, my anointed body
By thee was punchéd full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower and me:—despair, and die!
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die!—
[*To Richmond*] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in sleep: live thou, and flourish!

The Ghost of CLARENCE *rises*

Ghost of C. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
I, that was washed to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword:—despair, and die!—
[*To Richmond*] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wrongéd heirs of York do pray for thee:
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!

The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *rise*

Ghost of R. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
Rivers, that died at Pomfret!—despair, and die!
Ghost of G. [*To Richard*] Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!
Ghost of V. [*To Richard*] Think upon Vaughan, and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance:—despair, and die!
All. [*To Richmond*] Awake, and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him! awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of HASTINGS *rises*

Ghost of H. [*To Richard*] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on Lord Hastings: so—despair, and die!—
[*To Richmond*] Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise

Ghosts of the two P. [*To Richard*] Dream on thy cousins smothered in the Tower:
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die:—
[*To Richmond*] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of QUEEN ANNE *rises*

Ghost of Q. A. [*To Richard*] Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword:—despair, and die!
[*To Richmond*] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
Dream of success and happy victory!
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM *rises*

Ghost of B. [*To Richard*] The first was I that helped thee to the crown;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!—
[*To Richmond*] I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid:
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismayed:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out of his dream

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? Myself? There 's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes; I am,
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why,—
Lest I revenge myself upon myself.
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?

O, no! alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself!
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all,—"Guilty! guilty!"—
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?

Re-enter RATCLIFF

Rat. My lord,—
K. Rich. Who 's there?
Rat. My lord, 't is I. The early village-cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.
K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dreamed a fearful dream!
What thinkest thou,—will our friends prove all true?
Rat. No doubt, my lord.
K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—
Methought the souls of all that I had murdered
Came to my tent, and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.
Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.
K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armèd in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I 'll play the eaves-dropper,
To see if any mean to shrink from me. [*Exeunt*

Enter the Lords to RICHMOND, *sitting in his tent*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond!
Richm. Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.
Lords. How have you slept, my lord?
Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams
That ever entered in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murdered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victory:
I promise you, my soul is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.
Richm. Why, then 't is time to arm and give direction. [*He advances to the troops*
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on: yet remember this,—
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wrongéd souls,
Like high-reared bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One raised in blood, and one in blood established;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice ward you as His soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets, boldly, cheerfully;
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory! [*Exeunt*

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendants and Forces*

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was never trainéd up in arms,
K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?
Rat. He smiled and said, "The better for our purpose."
K. Rich. He was in the right; and so indeed it is. [*Clock striketh*
Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—
Who saw the sun to-day?
Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for by the book
He should have braved the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.—
Ratcliff,—
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.
K. Rich Come, bustle, bustle;—caparison my horse.—
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered:
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we ourself will follow
In the main battle, that on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st thou, Norfolk?
Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning. [*Giving a scroll*
K. Rich. [*Reads*] "Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."
A thing devised by the enemy.
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls:
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell:
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
[*To his soldiers*] What shall I say more than I have inferred?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, runaways,
A scum of Bretons and base lackey peasants
Whom their o'ercloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assured destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest;
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
They would distrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,

Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost ?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow ?
Let 's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again ;
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
These famished beggars, weary of their lives,
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hanged themselves.
If we be conquered, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretons ; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobbed, and thumped,
And on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands ? lie with our wives ?
Ravish our daughters ?—[*Drum afar off*] Hark ! I hear
their drum.—
Fight, gentlemen of England ! fight, bold yeomen !
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head !
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves !

Enter a Messenger

What says Lord Stanley ? will he bring his power ?
Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.
K. Rich. Off with his son George's head !
Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh :
After the battle let George Stanley die.
K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom :
Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !
Upon them ! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt*

Scene IV.—Another Part of the Field

Alarum : excursions. Enter Norfolk *and Forces fighting ; to him* Catesby

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue !
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger :
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost !

Alarums. Enter King Richard

K. Rich. A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !
Cate. Withdraw, my lord ; I 'll help you to a horse.
K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die :

I think there be six Richmonds in the field ;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse ! [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter RICHARD *and* RICHMOND ; *they fight.* RICHARD *is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter* RICHMOND, STANLEY *bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces*

Richm. God and your arms be praised, victorious friends ;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.
Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.
Lo, here, this long-usurpéd royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I plucked off, to grace thy brows withal :
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.
Richm. Great God of heaven, say Amen to all !
But, tell me now, is young George Stanley living ?
Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town ;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.
Richm. What men of name are slain on either side ?
Stan. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.
Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births :
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us :
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the White Rose and the Red :
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frowned upon their enmity !
What traitor hears me, and says not Amen ?
England hath long been mad, and scarred herself ;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughtered his own son,
The son, compelled, been butcher to the sire :
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !
And let their heirs,—God, if Thy will be so,—
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days !
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood !
Let them not live to taste this land's increase
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace !
Now civil wounds are stopped, peace lives again :
That she may long live here, God say Amen ! [*Exeunt*

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre*

BIRON
LONGAVILLE } *lords attending on the King*
DUMAIN

BOYET
MERCADET } *lords attending on the Princess of France*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard*
SIR NATHANIEL, *a curate*
HOLOFERNES, *a schoolmaster*
DULL, *a constable*
COSTARD, *a clown*
MOTH, *page to Armado*
A Forester

PRINCESS OF FRANCE

ROSALINE
MARIA } *ladies attending on the Princess*
KATHARINE

JAQUENETTA, *a country wench*

Officers and others, Attendants on the King and Princess

SCENE.—*Navarre*

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

ACT ONE

SCENE I.—Navarre. A Park, with a Palace in it

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registered upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Birón, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are passed; and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are armed to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolved: 't is but a three years' fast:
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified:
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over:
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances:
As, not to see a woman in that term,—
Which, I hope well, is not enrolléd there:

And, one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside,—
The which, I hope, is not enrolléd there;
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day,—
When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day,—
Which, I hope well, is not enrolléd there.
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,—
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

King. Your oath is passed to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please:
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Birón, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.—
What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barred, you mean, from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

Biron. Come on, then; I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know;
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know.
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain;
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look.
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks:
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights
That give a name to every fixéd star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he 's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

King. Birón is like an envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am: why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in an abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out; go home, Birón: adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And, though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I 'll keep what I have swore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper: let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I 'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron. [*Reads*] "*Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court.*"—Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let 's see the penalty. [*Reads*] "*On pain of losing her tongue.*"—Who devised this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility! [*Reads*] "*Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.*"—
This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak,—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore, this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admiréd princess hither.
King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.
Biron. So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'T is won as towns with fire,—so won, so lost.
King. We must of force dispense with this decree:
She must lie here on mere necessity.
Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space;
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might mastered, but by special grace.
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name; [*Subscribes*
And he that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame.
Suggestions are to others as to me;
But, I believe, although I seem so loath,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?
King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refinéd traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain,
One, whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony:
A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.
Long. Costard, the swain, and he shall be our sport;
And so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, *with a letter, and* COSTARD

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?
Biron. This, fellow. What wouldst?
Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his

grace's tharborough: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arm—Arm—commends you. There's villainy abroad: this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear laughing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman; for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction: and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [*Reads*] "*Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my souls' earth's God, and body's fostering patron,*"—

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. "*So it is,*"—

Cost. It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is in telling true, but so.—

King. Peace!

Cost. —be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

King. No words!

Cost. —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. "*So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when. Now for the ground*

which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place where;—it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,"—

Cost. Me.

King. —*" that unlettered small-knowing soul,"—*

Cost. Me.

King. —*" that shallow vassal,"—*

Cost. Still me.

King. —*" which, as I remember, hight Costard,"—*

Cost. O, me.

King. —*" sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with—O! with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,"—*

Cost. With a wench.

King. —*" with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage-bearing, and estimation."*

Dull. Me, an 't shall please you: I am Antony Dull.

King. —*" For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker vessel called), which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain, I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,* DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst.—But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir: she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too, for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.
Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.
King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.
Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.
King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—
My Lord Biron, see him delivered o'er:
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.
[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain*
Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—
Sirrah, come on.
Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, sit thee down, sorrow!
[*Exeunt*

Scene II.—Armado's House in the Park

Enter Armado *and* Moth

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?
Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.
Arm. Why, sadness is one and the selfsame thing, dear imp.
Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no.
Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?
Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.
Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?
Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?
Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.
Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.
Arm. Pretty, and apt.
Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?
Arm. Thou pretty, because little.
Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?
Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.
Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?
Arm. In thy condign praise.
Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers. Thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. [*Aside*] He speaks the mere contrary: crosses love not him.

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning: it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now, here is three studied, ere you 'll thrice wink; and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. [*Aside*] To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love; and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks, I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy. What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit and my mother's tongue assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown:
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.
A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since; but I think, now 't is not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.

Moth. [*Aside*] To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that 's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, *and* JAQUENETTA

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight nor no penance; but 'a must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid,—

Jaq. Man.
Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.
Jaq. That 's hereby.
Arm. I know where it is situate.
Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!
Arm. I will tell thee wonders.
Jaq. With that face?
Arm. I love thee.
Jaq. So I heard you say.
Arm. And so farewell.
Jaq. Fair weather after you!
Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta*

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away!

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man; and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt Moth and Costard*

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn—which is a great argument of falsehood—if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club; and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit,—write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[*Exit*

ACT TWO

SCENE I.—Outside the Park. A Pavilion and Tents

Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, *Lords, and other Attendants*

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:
Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends, and what 's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain,—a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making graces dear
When she did starve the general world beside
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not uttered by base sale of chapmen's tongues.
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker: Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to 's seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious business craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visaged suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—

[*Exit Boyet*

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

First Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast

Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge solemnisèd
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville.
A man of sovereign parts he is esteemed ;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms :
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will ;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.
Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike ; is 't so ?
Mar. They say so most that most his humours know.
Prin. Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest ?
Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplished youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved :
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill,
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once ;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.
Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him : if I have heard a truth,
Birón they call him ; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit ;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That agèd ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravishèd,
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.
Prin. God bless my ladies ! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnishèd
With such bedecking ornaments of praise ?
Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord ?
Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach ;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all addressed to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,

To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre. [*The Ladies mask*

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, *and Attendants*

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.
Prin. "Fair," I give you back again; and "welcome" I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.
King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.
Prin. I will be welcome, then. Conduct me thither.
King. Hear me, dear lady: I have sworn an oath.
Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he 'll be forsworn.
King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.
Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.
King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.
Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear, your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:
'T is deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [*Gives a paper*
King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.
Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away,
For you 'll prove perjured, if you make me stay.
Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Biron. I know you did.
Ros. How needless was it then
To ask the question!
Biron. You must not be so quick.
Ros. 'T is 'long of you, that spur me with such questions.
Biron. Your wit 's too hot, it speeds too fast, 't will tire.
Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
Biron. What time o' day?
Ros. The hour that fools should ask.
Biron. Now fair befall your mask!
Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!
Biron. And send you many lovers!
Ros. Amen, so you be none.
Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.
King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one-half of an entire sum
Disburséd by my father in his wars.
But say that he or we—as neither have—
Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of which,

One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one-half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns ; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain ;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain, so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it ;
And if you prove it, I 'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arrest your word.
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialities are bound :
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me : at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness.
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates ;
But here without you shall be so received,
As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell :
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace !

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place !

[*Exeunt King and his Train*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations ; I would be glad to see it.

ron. I would you heard it groan.
Ros. Is the fool sick ?
Biron. Sick at the heart.
Ros. Alack, let it blood.
Biron. Would that do it good ?
Ros. My physic says, ay.
Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye ?
Ros. *No point,* with my knife.
Biron. Now, God save thy life !
Ros. And yours from long living !
Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring*
Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word. What lady is that same ?
Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.
Dum. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit*
Long. I beseech you a word. What is she in the white ?
Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.
Long. Perchance, light in the light. I desire her name.
Boyet. She hath but one for herself ; to desire that, were a shame.
Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter ?
Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.
Long. God's blessing on your beard !
Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.
She is an heir of Falconbridge.
Long. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.
Boyet. Not unlike, sir ; that may be [*Exit Long*
Biron. What 's her name in the cap ?
Boyet. Rosaline, by good hap.
Biron. Is she wedded or no ?
Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.
Biron. O, you are welcome, sir. Adieu.
Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.
[*Exit Biron.—Ladies unmask*
Mar. That last is Biron, the merry madcap lord :
Not a word with him but a jest.
Boyet. And every jest but a word.
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.
Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry !
Boyet. And wherefore not ships ?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.
Mar. You sheep, and I pasture : shall that finish the jest ?
Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.
[*Offering to kiss her*
Mar. Not so, gentle beast.
My lips are no common, though several they be.
Boyet. Belonging to whom ?
Mar. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be jangling ; but, gentles, agree.

The civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men, for here 't is abused.
Boyet. If my observation—which very seldom lies—
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
Prin. With what?
Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.
Prin. Your reason?
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed;
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair.
Methought, all his senses were locked in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tendering their own worth from where they were glassed
Did point you to buy them, along as you passed.
His face's own margent did quote such amazes
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I 'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.
Prin. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed.
Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath disclosed.
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.
Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully.
Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.
Ros. Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.
Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?
Mar. No.
Boyet. What then, do you see?
Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.
Boyet. You are too hard for me.
[*Exeunt*

ACT THREE

Scene I.—In the Park

Enter Armado *and* Moth

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.
Moth. [*Singing*] *Concolinel*—
Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take this

key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master; but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyes, sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat, penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin bellydoublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are compliments, these are humours, these betray nice wenches—that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note,—do you note me?—that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Callest thou my love hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, "by," "in," and "without," upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathised; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Arm. The way is but short. Away!

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. *Minime*, honest master; or rather, master, no.
Arm. I say, lead is slow.
Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?
Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that 's he:—
I shoot thee at the swain.
Moth. Thump, then, and I flee. [*Exit*
Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!—
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:—
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.—
My herald is returned.

Re-enter MOTH *with* COSTARD

Moth. A wonder, master! here 's a Costard broken in a shin.
Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*;—begin.
Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy!* no salve in the mail, sir. O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*: no salve, sir, but a plantain.
Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve?
Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?
Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There 's the moral. Now the *l'envoy*.
Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*. Say the moral again.
Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stayed the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.
Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose. Would you desire more?
Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that 's flat.—

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see, a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that 's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that *l'envoy*.

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O! marry me to one Frances?—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this:—bear this significant [*giving a letter*] to the country maid Jaquenetta. There is remuneration [*giving three farthings*]; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [*Exit*

Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Signior Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew!—
[*Exit Moth*
Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O! that 's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—"What 's the price of this inkle?" "A penny."—"No, I 'll give you a remuneration:" why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthing-worth of silk.
Cost. I thank your worship. God be wi' you.
Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.
Cost. When would you have it done, sir?
Biron. O, this afternoon.
Cost. Well, I will do it, sir. Fare you well.
Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.
Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.
Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.
Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.
Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:—
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her,
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This sealed-up counsel. There 's thy guerdon: go.
[*Gives him a shilling*
Cost. Gardon.—O, sweet gardon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better. Most sweet gardon!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Gardon—remuneration! [*Exit*
Biron. O,—and I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid,
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors:—O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What, I love,—I! I sue! I seek a wife;
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watched that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,

Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard;
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan:
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit*

ACT FOUR

SCENE I.—In the Park.

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, *Lords, Attendants, and a Forester*

Prin. Was that the king, that spurred his horse so hard
Against the steep up-rising of the hill?
Boyet. I know not; but I think it was not he.
Prin. Whoe'er he was, he showed a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in?
For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say, no?
O short-lived pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now:
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true.
[*Giving him money*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—
But come, the bow:—now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then acounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes:
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart ;
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords ?

Prin. Only for praise ; and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Enter COSTARD

Cost. God dig-you-den all. Pray you, which is the head lady ?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest ?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest ? it is so ; truth is truth.
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman ? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What 's your will, sir ? what 's your will ?

Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to one Lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter ! he 's a good friend of mine.
Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve ;
Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—
This letter is mistook ; it importeth none here :
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet. [*Reads*] "*By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible ; true, that thou art beauteous ; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassel ! The magnanimous and most illustrate King Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Penelophon, and he it was that might rightly say, Veni, vidi, vici ; which to anatomise in the vulgar (O base and obscure vulgar !), videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame : he came, one ; saw, two ; overcame, three. Who came ? the king ; why did he come ? to see ; why did he see ? to overcome. To whom came he ? to the beggar ; what saw he ? the beggar ; who overcame he ? the beggar. The conclusion is victory : on whose side ? the king's. The captive is enriched : on whose side ? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial : on whose side ? the king's ?—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king, for so stands the com-*

parison; thou the beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

" Thine, in the dearest design of industry,
" DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

" Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play.
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den."

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?
Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the style.
Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.
Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the prince, and his book-mates.
Prin. Thou, fellow, a word.
Who gave thee this letter?
Cost. I told you; my lord.
Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?
Cost. From my lord to my lady.
Prin. From which lord to which lady?
Cost. From my Lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he called Rosaline.
Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter.—Come, lords, away.
Here, sweet, put up this: 't will be thine another day.
[*Exeunt Princess and Train*
Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?
Ros. Shall I teach you to know?
Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.
Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!
Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!
Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.
Boyet. And who is your deer?
Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!—
Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. *Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,*
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Kath.*

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark: a mark, says my lady.
Let the mark have a prick in't to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow-hand: i' faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, 'a must shoot nearer, or he 'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily: your lips grow foul.

Cost. She 's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl.

[*Exeunt Boyet and Maria*

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my truth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armado o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly 'a will swear!—
And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!
Sola, sola!

[*Shouting within*
[*Exit Costard*

Scene II.—The Same

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, *and* Dull

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly: and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *in sanguis*,—blood; ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the

ear of *coelum*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven ; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least : but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'T was not a *haud credo*, 't was a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation ! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication ; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo :* 't was a pricket.

Hol. Twice-sod simplicity, *bis coctus !*—
O, thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look !

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book ;
He hath not eat paper, as it were ; he hath not drunk ink :
His intellect is not replenished ; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts, can't think ;
And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be—
Which we of taste and feeling are—for those parts that do fructify in us more than he ;
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school :—
But, *omne bene*, say I ; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men : can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that 's not five weeks old as yet ?

Hol. Dictynna, goodman Dull ; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna ?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more ;
And raught not to five weeks, when he came to five-score.
The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'T is true indeed ; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity ! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollusion holds in the exchange,

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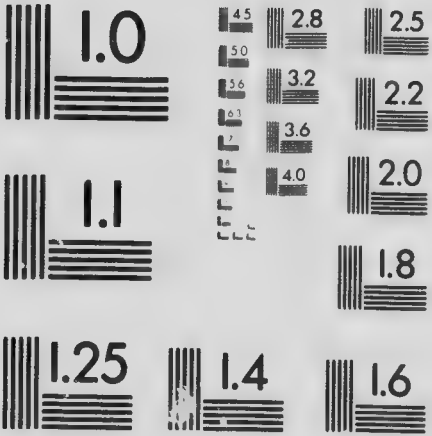

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for the moon is never but a month old; and I say beside, that 't was a pricket that the princess killed.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have called the deer the princess killed, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good Master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.

The preyful princess pierced and pricked a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell; put l to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-hooting.
If sore be sore, then l to sore makes fifty sores; O sore l!
Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more l.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish, extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions! these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle!* if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur.* A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person.

Hol. Master person,—*quasi* pers-on. An if one should be pierced: which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 't is pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master person, be so good as read me this letter. It was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor, gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ*

Ruminat,* and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

Venetia, Venetia,
Chi non ti vede, non ti pretia.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse: *lege, domine.*

Nath. *If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?*
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.
Study his bias leaves and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice.
Well learnéd is that tongue that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire.
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,
That sings the heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret.* Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari* is nothing, so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. "To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: "Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON." Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger

* The beginning of the first Eclogue of Mantuan, in which the speakers were Faustus and Fortunatus. The Latin poems of the Carmelite Baptista Spagnolo of Mantua—Mantuanus—were used as a schoolbook in Shakespeare's time, and their first words, "*Fauste, precor, gelidâ*," were said by Farnaby to be dearer to pedants than Virgil's "*Arma virumque cano.*"

queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king: it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl. [*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain Father saith—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if before repast it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto;* where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—[*To Dull*] Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.* Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt*

Scene III.—Another Part of the Park

Enter Biron, *with a paper*

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles. Defile! a foul word. Well, sit thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I,—and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me;—I a sheep. Well proved again o' my side! I will not love; if I do, hang me: i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her! yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in.—Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to groan! [*Gets up into a tree*

Enter the King, *with a paper*

King. Ay me!

Biron. [*Aside*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap.—In faith, secrets!—

King. [*Reads*] *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not*
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eyebeams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
So ridest thou triúmphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens! how far thou dost excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper:—
Sweet leaves, shade folly.—Who is he comes here?
[*Steps aside*
What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron [*Aside*] Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Enter LONGAVILLE, *with a paper*

Long. Ay me! I am forsworn.

Biron. [*Aside*] Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.

King. [*Aside*] In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!

Biron. [*Aside*] One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjured so?

Biron. [*Aside*] I could put thee in comfort: not by two that I know.
Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move:—
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [*Aside*] O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his slop.

Long. This same shall go. [*Reads*
Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gained cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine
If by me broke. What fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. [*Aside*] This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.
Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.
[*Steps aside*
Biron. [*Aside*] All hid, all hid; an old infant play.
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens! I have my wish:
Dumain transformed: four woodcocks in a dish!

Enter DUMAIN, *with a paper*

Dum. O most divine Kate!
Biron. [*Aside*] O most profane coxcomb!
Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!
Biron. [*Aside*] By earth, she is but corporal; there you lie.
Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber quoted.
Biron. [*Aside*] An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.
Dum. As upright as the cedar.
Biron. [*Aside*] Stoops, I say:
Her shoulder is with child.
Dum. As fair as day.
Biron. [*Aside*] Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.
Dum. O, that I had my wish!
Long. [*Aside*] And I had mine!
King. [*Aside*] And I mine too, good Lord!
Biron. [*Aside*] Amen, so I had mine. Is not that a good word?
Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remembered be.
Biron. [*Aside*] A fever in your blood? why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!
Dum. Once more I 'll read the ode that I have writ.
Biron. [*Aside*] Once more I 'll mark how love can vary wit.

Dum. *On a day, alack the day!*
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wished himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But alack! my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom e'en Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send, and something else more plain
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note;
For none offend where all alike do dote.
Long. [*Advancing*] Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society:
You may look pale; but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.
King. [*Advancing*] Come, sir, your blush.
As his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathéd arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And marked you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion;
Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One's hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
[*To Longaville*] You would for paradise break faith and troth;
[*To Dumain*] And Jove for your love would infringe an oath.
What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
The faith infringéd, which such zeal did swear?

How will he scorn ! now will he spend his wit !
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it !
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
[*Descends from the tree*
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me.
Good heart ! what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love ?
Your eyes do make no coaches ; in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears :
You 'll not be perjured, 't is a hateful thing :
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.
But are you not ashamed ? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot ?
You found his mote ; the king your mote did see ;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen !
O me ! with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformèd to a gnat !
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon tuning a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys !
Where lies thy grief ? O, tell me, good Dumain :
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain ?
And where my liege's ? all about the breast ;—
A caudle, ho !

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betrayed thus to thy over-view ?

Biron. Not you to me, but I betrayed by you :
I, that am honest ; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engagèd in ;
I am betrayed, by keeping company
With men like you, men of inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme ?
Or groan for Joan ? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me ? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb ?—

King. Soft ! Whither away so fast ?
A true man or a thief that gallops so ?

Biron. I post from love ;—good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD

Jaq. God bless the king !

King. What present hast thou there ?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?
Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.
King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.
Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read:
Our person misdoubts it; it was treason, he said.
King. Biron, read it over. [*Biron reads the letter*
Where hadst thou it?
Jaq. Of Costard.
King. Where hadst thou it?
Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?
Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear it.
Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.
Dum. [*Picking up the pieces*] It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.
Biron. [*To Costard*] Ah, you whoreson [illegible]erhead! you were born to do me shame.—
Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.
King. What?
Biron. That you three fools lacked me, fool, to make up the mess;
He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True, true; we are four.—
Will these turtles be gone?
King. Hence, sirs; away!
Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.
[*Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta*
Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace.
As true we are as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we are born;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.
King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?
Biron. Did they? quoth you. Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head, and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory, eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon,
She an attending star, scarce seen a light.
Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron.
O, but for my love, day would turn to night.
Of all complexions the culled sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.
A withered hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth vanish age, as if new-born.
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O, 't is the sun, that maketh all things shine!
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full so black.
King. O, paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night:
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be decked,
It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now,
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.
Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.
Long. And since her time are colliers counted bright.
King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be washed away.
King. 'T were good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I 'll find a fairer face not washed to-day.
Biron. I 'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.
King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
Long. [*Showing his shoe*] Look, here 's thy love: my foot and her face see.

Biron. O, if the streets were pavéd with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.
Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The streets should see, as she walked overhead.
King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?
Biron. O, nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.
King. Then leave this chat: and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.
Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some salve for perjury.
Biron. O, 't is more than need.—
Have at you then, affection's men-at-arms:
Consider, what you first did swear unto,—
To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman:
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young,
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vowed to study, lords,
In that each of you have forsworn his book,
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,
And study too, the causer of your vow;
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is:
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books:
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enriched you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain,
And therefore, finding barren practisers,

Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil ;
But love, first learnéd in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immuréd in the brain,
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye ;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind :
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopped :
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails :
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?
Subtle as Sphinx ; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;
And, when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were tempered with Love's sighs ;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world ;
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then, fools you were these women to forswear,
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves, to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn ;
For charity itself fulfils the law ;
And who can sever love from charity ?

King. Saint Cupid, then ! and, soldiers, to the field !

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords !
Pell-mell, down with them ! but be first advised,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing : lay these glozes by.
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France ?

King. And win them too : therefore, let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither ;
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand

Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time and may by us be fitted.

Biron. *Allons! Allons!*—Sowed cockle reaped no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt*

ACT FIVE

Scene I.—In the Park

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, *and* Dull

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te:* his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Takes out his table-book*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-device companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when we should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt,—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t; he clepeth a calf, caulf; half, haulf; neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abhominable (which he would call abominable), it insinuateth me of *insanire*: *ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. *Laus Deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone?—bone* for *bene:* Priscian a little scratched; 't will serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, *and* COSTARD

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*
Hol. *Video, et gaudeo.*
Arm. [To *Moth*] Chirrah!
Hol. *Quare* chirrah, not sirrah?
Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.
Hol. Most military sir, salutation.
Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.
Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus:* thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.
Moth. Peace! the peal begins.
Arm. [*To Hol.*] Monsieur, are you not lettered?
Moth. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn-book.—What is a, b, spelt backward with the horn on his head?
Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.
Moth. Ba! most silly sheep, with a horn.—You hear his learning.
Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?
Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.
Hol. I will repeat them,—a, e, I.
Moth. The sheep! the other two concludes it;—o,—u.
Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit! snip, snap, quick and home: it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit!
Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.
Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?
Moth. Horns.
Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.
Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa.* A gig of a cuckold's horn!
Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread. Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.
Hol. O! I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem.*
Arm. Arts-man, *præambula:* we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?
Hol. Or *mons*, the hills.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, *sans* question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir; I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend.—For what is inward between us, let it pass.—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy,—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—and among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too,—but let that pass.—For I must tell thee, it will please his grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—at the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain (because of his great limb or joint) shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device: so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, "Well done, Hercules! now thou

crushest the snake!" that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antick, I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via!*—Goodman Dull, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we wil' employ thee.

Dull. I 'll make one in a dance, or so! or I will play On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull.—To our sport, away!

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—Outside the Park. Before the PRINCESS's Pavilion

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, *and* MARIA

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady walled about with diamonds!
Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes; as much love in rhyme,
As would be crammed up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margin and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax;
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You 'll ne'er be friends with him: he killed your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died;
And so may you, for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What 's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You 'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;
Therefore, I 'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you, and therefore light.
Kath. You weigh me not?—O! that 's you care not for me.
Ros. Great reason; for, past cure is still past care.
Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well played.
But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is 't?
Ros. I would you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great: be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron.
The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter.
Prin. Anything like?
Ros. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.
Prin. Beauteous as ink: a good conclusion.
Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
Ros. Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O, that your face were not so full of O's!
Kath. A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows!
Prin. But, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?
Kath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not send you twain?
Kath. Yes, madam; and, moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.
Mar. This, and these pearls to me sent Longaville:
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?
Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.
Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I 'll torture ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by the week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
And shape his service wholly to my hests,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.
Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catched,
As wit turned fool: folly, in wisdom hatched,
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learnéd fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.
Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.
Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Enter BOYET

Boyet. O, I am stabbed with laughter. Where's her grace?
Prin. Thy news, Boyet?
Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace. Love doth approach disguised,
Armèd in arguments: you 'll be surprised.
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
Prin. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.
Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour,
When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That by-and-by disguised they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conned his embassage:
Action and accent did they teach him there;
"Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:"
And ever and anon they made a doubt
Presence majestical would put him out;
"For," quoth the king, "an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."
The boy replied, "An angel is not evil;
I should have feared her, had she been a devil."
With that all laughed, and clapped him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubbed his elbow, thus, and fleered, and swore
A better speech was never spoke before;
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried "*Via!* we will do 't, come what will come;"
The third he capered, and cried, "All goes well;"
The fourth turned on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?
Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparelled thus,—
Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they 'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.
Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be tasked;
For, ladies, we will every one be masked,
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear:
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—
And change you favours, too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.
Ros. Come on, then; wear the favours most in sight.
Kath. But in this changing what is your intent?
Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall,
To loves mistook; and so be mocked withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet
With visages displayed, to talk and greet.
Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to 't?
Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penned speech render we no grace;
But, while 't is spoke, each turn away her face.
Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There 's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game,
And they, well mocked, depart away with shame.
[*Trumpets sound within*
Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be masked, the maskers come.
[*The Ladies mask*

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in Russian habits, and masked;* MOTH, *Musicians, and Attendants*

Moth. "*All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!*"
Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.
Moth. "*A holy parcel of the fairest dames,*
[*The Ladies turn their backs to him*
That ever turned their—backs—*to mortal views!*"

Biron. " Their eyes," villain, " their eyes."
Moth. " *That ever turned their eyes to mortal views! Out*"—
Boyet. True; " out," indeed.
Moth. " *Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe*
Not to behold"—
Biron. " Once to behold," rogue.
Moth. " *Once to behold with your sunbeaméd eyes.*
—with your sunbeamed eyes"—
Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it daughter-beaméd eyes.
Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.
Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.
Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet.
If they do speak our language, 't is our will
That some plain man recount their purposes.
Know what they would.
Boyet. What would you with the princess?
Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Ros. What would they, say they?
Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.
Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.
King. Say to her, we have measured many miles
To tread a measure with her on this grass.
Boyet. They say, that they have measured many a mile
To tread a measure with you on this grass.
Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measured many
The measure then of one is easily told.
Boyet. If, to come hither, you have measured miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches do fill up one mile.
Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.
Boyet. She hears herself.
Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are numbered in the travel of one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you:
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Blesséd are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine—
Those clouds removed—upon our watery eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.
King. Then, in our measure vouchsafe but one change.
Thou bidd'st me beg; this begging is not strange.
Ros. Play, music, then! nay, you must do it soon.
[*Music plays*
Not yet;—no dance.—Thus change I like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?
Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she 's changed.
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man:
Yet music plays: vouchsafe some motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.
King. But your legs should do it.
Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We 'll not be nice: take hands:—we will not dance.
King. Why take we hands then?
Ros. Only to part friends.—
Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
King. More measure of this measure: be not nice.
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Prize you yourselves? What buys your company?
Ros. Your absence only.
King. That can never be.
Ros. Then cannot we be bought; and so adieu.
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!
King. If you deny to dance, let 's hold more chat.
Ros. In private then.
King. I am best pleased with that.
[*They converse apart*
Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar: there are three.
Biron. Nay then, two treys, an if you grow so nice,—
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey.—Well run, dice!
There 's half a dozen sweets.
Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu.
Since you can cog, I 'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in secret.
Prin. Let it not be sweet.
Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.
Prin. Gall? bitter.
Biron. Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart*
Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady.—
Mar. Say you so? Fair lord.—
Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I 'll bid adieu.
[*They converse apart*
Kath. What, was your visard made without a tongue ?
Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Kath. O, for your reason ! quickly, sir ; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visard half.
Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman :—Is not veal a calf ?
Long. A calf, fair lady ?
Kath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let 's part the word.
Kath. No, I 'll not be your half :
Take all, and wean it : it may prove an ox.
Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks.
Will you give horns, chaste lady ? do not so.
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Kath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry
[*They converse apart*
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen ;
Above the sense of sense, so sensible
Seemeth their conference ; their conceits have wings
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.
Ros. Not one word more, my maids : break off, break off.
Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff !
King. Farewell, mad wenches : you have simple wits.
[*Exeunt King, Lords, Moth, Music, and Attendants*
Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—
Are these the breed of wits so wondered at ?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puffed out.
Ros. Well-liking wits they have ; gross, gross ; fat, fat.
Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout !
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night,
Or ever, but in visards, show their faces ?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.
Ros. O, they were all in lamentable cases !
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.
Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword :
No point, quoth I : my servant straight was mute.
Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart ;
And trow you, what he called me ?
Prin. Qualm, perhaps.
Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!
Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.
Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.
Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.
Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear.
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.
Prin. Will they return?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.
Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.
Boyet. Fair ladies masked are roses in their bud:
Dismasked, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.
Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?
Ros. Good madam, if by me you 'll be advised,
Let 's mock them still, as well known as disguised.
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penned,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tents to us.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.
Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.
[*Exeunt Prin., Rosaline, Katharine, and Maria*

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in their proper habits*

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?
Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty
Command me any service to her thither?
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit*
Biron. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when God doth please.
He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve:
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.
He can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he,
That kissed away his hand in courtesy;

This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whales-bone;
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.
King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!
Biron. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this man showed thee? and what art thou now?

Enter the PRINCESS, *ushered by* BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, *and Attendants*

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Prin. Then wish me better: I will give you leave.
King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it, then.
Prin. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
Prin. You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest;
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vowed with integrity.
King. O, you have lived in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear:
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game.
A mess of Russians left us but of late.
King. How, madam? Russians?
Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.
Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:
My lady—to the manner of the days—
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stayed an hour,
And talked apace; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools ; but this I think,
When they are thirsty fools would fain have drink.
Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish : when we greet
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light : your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.
Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.
Ros. All the fool mine ?
Biron. I cannot give you less.
Ros. Which of the visards was it that you wore ?
Biron. Where ? when ? what visard ? why demand you this ?
Ros. There, then, that visard ; that superfluous case
That hid the worse and showed the better face.
King. We are descried : they 'll mock us now downright.
Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.
Prin. Amazed, my lord ? Why looks your highness sad .
Ros. Help, hold his brows ! he 'll swoon. Why look you pale ?—
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out ?—
Here stand I, lady ; dart thy skill at me ;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout ;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance ;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit :
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O, never will I trust to speeches penned,
Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue ;
Nor never come in visard to my friend ;
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song ;
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical : these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.
I do forswear them ; and I here protest,
By this white glove,—how white the hand, God knows—
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be expressed
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes :
And, to begin,—wench, so God help me, la !
My love to thee is sound, *sans* crack or flaw.

Ros. *Sans "sans,"* I pray you.
Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage :—bear with me, I am sick ;
I 'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see :—
Write " Lord have mercy on us " on those three ;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies ;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes :
These lords are visited ; you are not free,
For the lords' tokens on you do I see.
Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.
Biron. Our states are forfeit : seek not to undo us.
Ros. It is not so ; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue ?
Biron. Peace ! for I will not have to do with you.
Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
Biron. Speak for yourselves : my wit is at an end.
King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.
Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were you not here, but even now, disguised ?
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advised ?
King. I was, fair madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear ?
King. That more than all the world I did respect her.
Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
King. Upon mine honour, no.
Prin. Peace ! peace ! forbear :
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.
King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will ; and therefore keep it.—Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear ?
Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me
Above this world ; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him ! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you, madam ? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.
Ros. By heaven, you did ; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this : but take it, sir, again.
King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give :
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear ;
And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.—
What ! will you have me, or your pearl again ?
Biron. Neither of either ; I remit both twain.—

I see the trick on 't :—here was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy.
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she 's disposed,
Told our intents before ; which once disclosed,
The ladies did change favours, and then we,
Following the signs, wooed but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn,—in will and error.
Much upon this it is ;—[*to Boyet*] and might not you
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue ?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye ?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily ?
You put our page out : go, you are allowed ;
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you . here's an eye
Wounds like a leaden sword
Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave man. ge, this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight !—Peace ! I have done.

Enter COSTARD

Welcome, pure wit ! thou partest a fair fray.
Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,
Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.
Biron. What, are there but three ?
Cost. No, sir ; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.
Biron. And three times thrice is nine.
Cost. Not so, sir ; under correction, sir, I hope, it is not so.
You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir ; we know what we know :
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—
Biron. Is not nine.
Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.
Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.
Cost. O Lord ! sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.
Biron. How much is it ?
Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount : for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man,—e'en one poor man,—Pompion the Great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy: but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir: we will take some care. [*Exit*

King. Biron, they will shame us; let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 't is some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now.
That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[*Armado converses with the King, and delivers a paper to him*

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That 's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra.* I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! [*Exit*

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus.
And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived, 't is not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—
Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter COSTARD *armed, for Pompey*

Cost. "*I Pompey am,*"—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.
Cost. " *I Pompey am,*"—
Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.
Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.
Cost. " *I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big,*"—
Dum. The Great.
Cost. It is " *Great,*" sir;—" *Pompey surnamed the Great;*
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:
And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France."
If your ladyship would say, " *Thanks, Pompey,*" I had done.
Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.
Cost. 'T is not so much worth; but I hope, I was perfect. I made a little fault in " *Great.*"
Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter Sir Nathaniel *armed, for Alexander*

Nath. " *When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;*
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:
My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander."
Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.
Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.
Prin. The conqueror is dismayed. Proceed, good Alexander.
Nath. " *When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;*"
Boyet. Most true: 't is right: you were so, Alisander.
Biron. Pompey the Great,—
Cost. Your servant, and Costard.
Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.
Cost. [*To Nath.*] O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror. You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak? run away for shame, Alisander. [*Nath. retires*] There, an 't shall please you: a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed! He is a marvellous neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler; but, for Alisander, alas! you see, how 't is;—a little o'erparted.—But there are

Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES *armed, for Judas, and* MOTH *armed, for Hercules*

Hol. "*Great Hercules is presented by this imp,*
Whose club killed Cerberus, that three-headed canus;
And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.
Quoniam *he seemeth in minority,*
Ergo *I come with this apology.*"
Keep some state in thy *exit,* and vanish.— [*Moth retires*
"*Judas I am,*"—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.—
"*Judas I am, yclepéd Maccabæus.*"

Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor.—How art thou proved Judas?

Hol. "*Judas I am,*"—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir: you are my elder.

Biron. Well followed: Judas was hanged on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern-head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's falchion.

Dum. The carved-bone face on a flask.

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.
And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False: we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-faced them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude? give it him:—Jud-as, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO *armed, for Hector*

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

King. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He 's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. ' *The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty, Gave Hector a gift,*"—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!

" *The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breathed, that certain he would fight ye,
From morn till night, out of his pavilion
I am that flower,"—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector 's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten: sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man.—But I will forward with my device. Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing

[*Biron whispers Costard*

Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. " *This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,*"—

Cost. The party is gone: fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she 's quick; the child brags in her belly already: 't is yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonise me among potentates? Thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great;—great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved.—More Atés, more Atés! stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in 's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I 'll slash; I 'll do it by the sword.—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies!

Cost. I 'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a buttonhole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for 't?"

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt. I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I 'll be sworn, he wore none but a dishclout of Jaquenetta's, and that he wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter Monsieur Mercadet, *a Messenger*

Mer. God save you, madam.

Prin. Welcome, Mercadet,
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue.—The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life!

Mer. Even so: my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away! The scene begins to cloud

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Exeunt Worthies*

King. How fares your majesty?
Prin. Boyet, prepare: I will away to-night.
King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.
Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue.
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtained.
King. The extreme part of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purposed; since, to wail friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.
Prin. I understand you not: my griefs are dull.
Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Played foul play with our oaths. Your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deformed us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposéd end of our intents;
And what in us hath seemed ridiculous,
As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Formed by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make them. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:

And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.
Prin. We have received your letters full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast and as lining to the time.
But more devout than this in our respects
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.
Dum. Our letters, madam, showed much more than jest.
Long. So did our looks.
Ros. We did not quote them so.
King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.
Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:—
If for my love—as there is no such cause—
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,
And by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My woful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part:
Neither intitled in the other's heart.
King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye.
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast
Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
Kath. A wife?—A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.
Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?
Kath. Not so, my lord. A twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say:

Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.
Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.
Long. What says Maria?
Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.
Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.
Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me.
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.
Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
Before I saw you, and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools.
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deafed with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue them,
And I will have you and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.
Biron. A twelvemonth! well, befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.
Prin. [*To the King*] Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.
King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.
Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;

Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 't will end.

Biron. That 's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary: I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, *and others*

This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG

SPRING

I

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

II

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER

III

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who,—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who,—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way,—we, this way. [*Exeunt*

MACBETH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland*
MALCOLM } *his sons*
DONALBAIN }
MACBETH } *generals of the King's army*
BANQUO }
MACDUFF
LENNOX
ROSS
MENTEITH } *noblemen of Scotland*
ANGUS
CAITHNESS
FLEANCE, *son to Banquo*
SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces*
Young SIWARD, *his son*
SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth*
Boy, son to Macduff
An English doctor
A Scotch doctor
A Soldier
A Porter
An Old Man

LADY MACBETH
LADY MACDUFF
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth
HECATE, *and three witches*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers
The Ghost of Banquo, and other apparitions

SCENE.—*In the end of the Fourth Act, in England: through the rest of the Play, in Scotland*

MACBETH

ACT ONE

Scene I.—A Desert Place

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches

First Witch. When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Sec. Witch. When the hurley-burley's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch. Where the place?
Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin.
Sec. Witch. Paddock calls.
Third Witch. Anon!
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt*

Scene II.—A Camp near Forres

Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, *with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant*

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity: Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.
Ser. Doubtful it stood,
As two spent swimmers that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the Western Isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied,
And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Showed like a rebel's whore: but all 's too weak,
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—

Disdaining Fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion
Carved out his passage till he faced the slave,
Which ne'er shook hands nor bade farewell to him
Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps,
And fixed his head upon our battlements.
Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman.
Ser. As whence the sun gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seemed to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour armed,
Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbished arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.
Dun. Dismayed not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Ser. Yes,
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorise another Golgotha,
I cannot tell—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.
Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both.—Go, get him surgeons.
[*Exit Sergeant, attended*

Enter Ross

Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.
Len. What haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.
Ross. God save the king!
Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
Ross. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.
Dun. Great happiness!
Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disburséd at Saint Colme's Inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.
Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
Ross. I 'll see it done.
Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.
[*Exeunt*

Scene III.—A Heath

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?
Sec. Witch. Killing swine.
Third Witch. Sister, where thou?
First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounched, and mounched, and mounched:—"Give me," quoth I:—
"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.—
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the *Tiger;*
But in a sieve I 'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I 'll do, I 'll do, and I 'll do.
Sec. Witch. I 'll give thee a wind.
First Witch. Thou art kind.
Third Witch. And I another.
First Witch. I myself have all the other;
And to every point they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his penthouse lid;
He shall live a man forbid.
Weary seven-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.—
Look what I have.
Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.
First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he did come. [*Drum within*

Third Witch. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace!—the charm 's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Ban. How far is 't called to Forres?—What are these,
So withered, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on 't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?
First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be King hereafter!
Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.
First Witch. Hail!
Sec. Witch. Hail!
Third Witch. Hail!
First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.
Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!
Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman ; and to be King
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more tha to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence ? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting ? Speak, I charge you.
[*Witches vanish*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanished ?
Macb. Into the air ; and what seemed corporal melted
As breath into the wind.—Would they had stayed !
Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about,
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner ?
Macb. Your children shall be kings.
Ban. You shall be king.
Macb. And thane of Cawdor too ; went it not so ?
Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who 's here ?

Enter Ross *and* Angus

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success ; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his : silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest of the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks
Nothing afeard of, what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And poured them down before him.
Ang. We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks ;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.
Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor :
In which addition, Hail, most worthy thane !
For it is thine.
Ban. What, can the devil speak true ?
Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives : why do you dress me
In borrowed robes ?
Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet :
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He laboured in his country's wreck, I know not ;

But treasons capital, confessed and proved,
Have overthrown him.—
Macb. Glamis, and thane of C or:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?
Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.—
Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.—
Ban. Look how our partner's rapt.—
Macb. If chance will have me King, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.—
Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.—
Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registered where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanced, and at more time,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—Forres. A Room in the Palace

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, *and Attendants*

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet returned?
Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confessed his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it: he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 't were a careless trifle.
Dun. There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, *and* ANGUS

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee: would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine: only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.
Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.
Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so; let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.
Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.
Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon

Our eldest Malcolm ; whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland : which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—Hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for you :
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach :
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor !

Macb. [*aside*] The Prince of Cumberland ! That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires.
Let not light see my black and deep desires :
The eye wink at the hand ; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.— [*Exit*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo : he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed ;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome :
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt*

SCENE V.—Inverness. A Room in MACBETH's Castle

Enter LADY MACBETH, *reading a letter*

Lady M. They met me in the day of success ; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me " Thane of Cawdor " ; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with " Hail, king that shalt be ! " This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature ;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great ;
Art not without ambition : but without
The illness should attend it : what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win : thou 'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries " Thus thou must do, if thou have it ; "

And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which Fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.—

Enter an Attendant

What is your tidings?

Att. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say it.—
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have informed for preparation.

Att. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings great news. [*Exit Attendant*] The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, "Hold, hold!"

Enter MACBETH

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see.

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters ; to beguile the time,
Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue : look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that 's coming
Must be provided for : and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch ;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.—

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear ;
To alter favour ever is to fear :—
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.—The Same. Before the Castle

Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, *and Attendants*

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here ; no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH

Dun. See, see, our honoured hostess.—
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house : for those of old,
And the late dignities heaped up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where 's the thane of Cawdor ?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor : but he rides well ;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE VII.—The Same. A Room in the Castle

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter MACBETH

Macb. If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success: that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time:
We 'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other—

Enter LADY MACBETH

How now? what news?

Lady M. He has almost supped. Why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he asked for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business :
He hath honoured me of late ; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself ? hath it slept since,
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely ? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire ? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting " I dare not " wait upon " I would,"
Like the poor cat i' the adage ?
Macb. Pr'ythee, peace.
I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more, is none.
Lady M. What beast was 't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me ?
When you durst do it, then you were a man ;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me :
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.
Macb. If we should fail ?
Lady M. We fail.
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only : when in swinish sleep
Their drenchéd natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell ?
Macb. Bring forth men-children only ;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,

When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done 't ?
Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death ?
Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[*Exeunt*

ACT TWO

SCENE I.—Inverness. Court within Macbeth's Castle

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE *with a torch before him*

Ban. How goes the night, boy ?
Fle. The moon is down ; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take 't, 't is later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There 's husbandry in heaven ;
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.—
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep : merciful powers,
Restrain in me the curséd thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose !—Give me my sword.
Who 's there ?

Enter MACBETH, *and a Servant with a torch*

Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest ? The king a-bed :
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess ; and shut up
In measureless content.
Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.
Ban. All 's well.—
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters :
To you they have showed some truth.
Macb. I think not of them.
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,

We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 't is,
It shall make honour for you.
Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counselled.
Macb. Good repose, the while!
Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you.
[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance*
Macb. Go, bid my mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.—
[*Exit Servant*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There 's no such thing.
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep: witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.—
[*A bell rings*
I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit*

SCENE II.—The Same

Enter LADY MACBETH

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quenched them hath given me fire.—Hark!—Peace!—
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night.—He is about it.—
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugged their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them
Whether they live or die.
Macb. [*Within*] Who's there?—what, ho!
Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awaked
And 't is not done:—the attempt and not the deed
Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.—My husband!

Enter MACBETH

Macb. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a noise?
Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
Macb. When?
Lady M. Now.
Macb. As I descended?
Lady M. Ay.
Macb. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?
Lady M. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a sorry sight.
Lady M. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried, "Murder!"
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and addressed them
Again to sleep.
Lady M. There are two lodged together.
Macb. One cried, "God bless us!" and, "Amen," the other.
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say "Amen,"
When they did say "God bless us."
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?

I had most need of blessing, and " Amen "
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways : so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, " Sleep no more !
Macbeth does murder sleep,"—the innocent sleep :
Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast ;—
Lady M. What do you mean ?
Macb. Still it cried, " Sleep no more ! " to all the house :
" Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more ! "
Lady M. Who was it that thus cried ? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
They must lie there : go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I 'll go no more :
I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look on 't again I dare not.
Lady M. Infirm of purpose !
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures ; 't is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed
I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.—

[*Exit.—Knocking within*

Macb. Whence is that knocking ?—
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me ?
What hands are here ? ha ! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand ? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH

Lady M. My hands are of your colour : but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry ;—retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed :
How easy is it then !—Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knock*] Hark, more knocking.
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers.—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not know myself.
[*Knock*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking :—I would thou couldst !
[*Exeunt*

Scene III.—The Same

Enter a Porter

[*Knocking within*

Porter. Here 's a knocking, indeed ! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key :—[*Knocking*] Knock, knock, knock. " Who 's there, i' the name of Beelzebub ? "—" Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty : " " Come in, farmer : have napkins enough about you, here you 'll sweat for 't." [*Knocking*] Knock, knock. " Who 's there, i' the other devil's name ? "—" Faith, here 's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale ; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven : " " O ! come in, equivocator." [*Knocking*] Knock, knock, knock. " Who 's there ? "—" Faith, here 's an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose : " " Come in, tailor ; here you may roast your goose." [*Knocking*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet ! " What are you ? "—But this place is too cold for hell. I 'll devil-porter it no further. I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking*] Anon, anon ! I pray you remember the porter.
[*Opens the gate*

Enter Macduff *and* Lennox

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late ?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock ; And drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke ?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes ; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery : it makes him, and it mars him ; it sets him on, and it takes him off ; it persuades him, and disheartens him ; makes him stand to, and not stand to : in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me : but I requited him for his lie : and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter MACBETH

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.
Len. Good-morrow, noble sir.
Macb. Good-morrow, both.
Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy thane?
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipped the hour.
Macb. I 'll bring you to him.
Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 't is one.
Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.
Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 't is my limited service. [*Exit*
Len. Goes the King hence to-day?
Macb. He does:—he did appoint so.
Len. The night has been unruly. Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatched to the woful time. The obscure bird
Clamoured the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.
Macb. 'T was a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue, nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!
Macb., Len. What's the matter?
Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.
Macb. What is 't you say? the life?
Len. Mean you his majesty?
Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak:
See, and then speak yourselves.
[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox*
Awake! awake!—
Ring the alarum-bell.—Murder, and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see

The great doom's image !—Malcolm ! Banquo !
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror ! [*Bell rings*

Enter LADY MACBETH

Lady M. What 's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house ? speak, speak !
Macd. O gentle lady,
'T is not for you to hear what I can speak :
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

Enter BANQUO

O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master 's murdered !
Lady M. Woe, alas !
What ! in our house ?
Ban. Too cruel, anywhere.
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee contradict thyself
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENNOX

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I have lived a blesséd time : for, from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality,
All is but toys ; renown and grace is dead ;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN

Don. What is amiss ?
Macb. You are, and do not know 't :
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped ; the very source of it is stopped.
Macd. Your royal father 's murdered.
Mal. O, by whom ?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done 't :
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood ;
So were their daggers, which, unwiped, we found
Upon their pillows :
They stared, and were distracted ; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so ?
Macb. Who can be wise, amazed ; temperate and furious ;

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
For ruin 's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steeped in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breeched with gore. Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?
Lady M. Help me hence, ho!
Macd. Look to the lady.
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Don. What should be spoken
Here, where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let 's away; our tears
Are not yet brewed.
Mal. Nor our strong sorrow yet
Upon the foot of motion.
Ban. Look to the lady:—
[*Lady Macbeth is carried out*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Macd. And so do I.
All. So all.
Macd. Let 's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.
All. Well contented.
[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain*
Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I 'll to England.
Don. To Ireland, I: our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There 's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood
The nearer bloody.
Mal. This murderous shaft that 's shot
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim: therefore, to horse:
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away. There 's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there 's no mercy left.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—Without the Castle

Enter Ross *and an Old Man*

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well;
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 't is day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of the earth entomb
When living light should kiss it?
Old M. 'T is unnatural,
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.
Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain—
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.
Old M. 'T is said, they ate each other.
Ross. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That looked upon 't.—Here comes the good Macduff.

Enter MACDUFF

How goes the world, sir, now?
Macd. Why, see you not?
Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Ross. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were suborned.
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stolen away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Ross. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 't is most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
Macd. He is already named, and gone to Scone
To be invested.
Ross. Where 's Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.
Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin : I 'll to Fife.
Ross. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well,—may you see things well done there—adieu !—
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new !
Ross. Farewell, father.
Old M. God's benison go with you ; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes !
[*Exeunt*

ACT THREE

Scene I.—Forres. A Room in the Palace

Enter Banquo

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised ; and I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for 't ; yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope ? But, hush ; no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth, *as King ;* Lady Macbeth, *as Queen ;* Lennox, Ross, *Lords, and Attendants*

Macb. Here 's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I' ll request your presence.
Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon ?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We should have else desired your good advice—
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous—
In this day's council ; but we 'll take to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride ?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper ; go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England and in Ireland ; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to-morrow,
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse : adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you ?
Ban. Ay, my good lord : our time does call upon 's.
Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot,
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.— [*Exit Banquo*
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night ; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper time alone ; while then, God be with you.
[*Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lords, etc.*
Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure ?
Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Macb. Bring them before us. [*Exit Attendant*
To be thus is nothing ;
But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be feared : 't is much he dares ;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear : and under him
My genius is rebuked ; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him : then, prophet-like,
They hailed him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind ;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered ;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,
Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings !
Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance !—Who 's there ?

Re-enter Attendant with two Murderers

Now, go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit Attendant*
Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

First Mur. It was, so please your highness.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you considered of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference; passed in probation with you
How you were borne in hand; how crossed; the instruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might
To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say, "Thus did Banquo."
First Mur. You made it known to us.
Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospelled
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave
And beggared yours for ever?
First Mur. We are men, my liege.
Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it,
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.
Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.
First Mur. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on 't.
Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.
Sec. Mur. True, my lord.
Macb. So he is mine; and in such bloody distance,

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life : and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not—
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop—but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down : and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

First Mur. Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on 't ; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace ; always thought,
That I require a clearness : and with him,—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart ;
I 'll come to you anon.

Sec. Mur. We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I 'll come upon you straight : abide within.—
[*Exeunt Murderers*
It is concluded : Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit*

Scene II.—The Same. Another Room

Enter Lady Macbeth *and a Servant*

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court ?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit*

Lady M. Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content :
'T is safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth

How now, my lord ? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,

Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy
Should be without regard: what 's done, is done.
Macb. We have scotched the snake, not killed it:
She 'll close, and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave:
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.
Lady M. Come on; gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.
Macb. So shall I, love,
And so, I pray, be you. Let your remembrance
Apply to Banquo; present him eminence, both
With eye and tongue: unsafe the while that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
And make our faces visards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.
Lady M. You must leave this.
Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.
Lady M. But in them nature's copy 's not eterne.
Macb. There 's comfort yet: they are assailable:
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal,
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.—
Lady M. What 's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.—
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still:
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Park with a Gate leading to the Palace

Enter three Murderers

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?
Third Mur. Macbeth.
Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do
To the direction just.
First Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
Third Mur. Hark, I hear horses.
Ban. [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho!
Sec. Mur. Then it is he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' th' court.
First Mur. His horses go about.
Third Mur. Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE *with a torch*

Sec. Mur. A light, a light!
Third Mur. 'T is he.
First Mur. Stand to 't
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
First Mur. Let it come down.
[*Assaults Banquo*
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou may'st avenge—O slave!
[*Dies. Fleance escapes*
Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?
First Mur. Was 't not the way?
Third Mur. There's but one down: the son is fled.
Sec. Mur. We have lost
Best half of our affair.
First Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—A Room of State in the Palace

A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, *Lords, and Attendants*

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first and last,
The hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here I 'll sit i' the midst.
Be large in mirth; anon, we 'll drink a measure
The table round.—There 's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'T is Banquo's, then.
Macb. 'T is better thee without than him within.
Is he despatched?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats; yet he 's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.
Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now, I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?
Mur. Ay, my good lord, safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenchéd gashes on his head,
The least a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that.
There the grown serpent lies: the worm that 's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We 'll hear ourselves again.— [*Exit Murderer*
Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold,
That is not often vouched, while 't is a-making,
'T is given with welcome; to feed were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May 't please your highness sit?

The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roofed,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;

Who I may rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!
Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?
Macb. The table's full.
Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorised by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all 's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?—
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost vanishes*
Lady M. What, quite unmanned in folly?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady M. Fie, for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal,
Ay, and since too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear; the time has been
That when the brains were out the man would die
And there an end: but now, they rise again
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget.—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I 'll sit down. Give me some wine: fill full:
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost

Macb. Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.
Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom; 't is no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Ghost vanishes*
Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.
Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting
With most admired disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks
When mine is blanched with fear.
Ross. What sights, my lord?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: At once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!
Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants*
Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak:
Augurs and understood relations have
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?
Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send.
There 's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepped in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.
Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
Macb. Come, we 'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt*

Scene V.—The Heath

Thunder. *Enter the three Witches, meeting* Hecate

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate? you look angerly.
Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never called to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.—
But make amends now; get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron

Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels and your spells provide
Your charms and everything beside.
I am for the air; this night I 'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon.
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I 'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distilled by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Song, within: "Come away, come away," etc.*

Hark! I am called: my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit*

First Witch. Come, let 's make haste: she 'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt*

Scene VI.—Forres. A Room in the Palace

Enter Lennox *and another Lord*

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead.
And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance killed,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damnéd fact,
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 't would have angered any heart alive
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,—
As, an 't please Heaven, he shall not,—they should find
What 't were to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he failed

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?
Lord. The son of Duncan
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth
Lives in the English court; and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward;
That, by the help of these,—with Him above
To ratify the work,—we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.
Len. Sent he to Macduff?
Lord. He did: and with an absolute "Sir, not I,"
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, "You 'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer."
Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed!
Lord. I 'll send my prayers with him.
[*Exeunt*

ACT FOUR

SCENE I.—A Cavern. In the middle a Cauldron boiling.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.
Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.
Third Witch. Harpier cries:—'T is time, 't is time.
First Witch. Round about the cauldron go;
In the poisoned entrails throw.—
Toad, that under a cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Sweltered venom, sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charméd pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble:
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble:
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf:
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,
Of the ravined salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digged i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Slivered in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-delivered by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double toil and trouble:
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
Sec. Witch. Cool it with a báboon's blood:
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
[*Music and a Song, "Black spirits," etc.*
Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes: [*Knocking*
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I cónjure you, by that which you profess,—
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight

Against the churches ; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up ;
Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown down ;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads ;
Though palaces, and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure
Of nature's germen tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken : answer me
To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Sec. Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We 'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters ?

Macb. Call 'em : let me see 'em.

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow : grease, that 's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low ;
Thyself and office deftly show.

Thunder. First Apparition ; an armed Head

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

First Witch. He knows thy thought.
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

First App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware Macduff ;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me.—Enough.

[*Descends*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks :
Thou hast harped my fear aright. But one word more :—

First Witch. He will not be commanded. Here 's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition : a bloody Child

Sec. App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !—

Macb. Had I three ears, I 'd hear thee.

Sec. App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute : laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

[*Descends*

Macb. Then live, Macduff : what need I fear of thee ?
But yet I 'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends*

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise; and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me—if your art
Can tell so much—shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys*

First Witch. Show!

Sec. Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo's Ghost following

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—and thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:—filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet?—A seventh?—I 'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble-sceptres carry.
Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 't is true;
For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What! is this so?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why

Stands Macbeth thus amazedly ?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights.
I 'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antick round ;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.
[*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish*
Macb. Where are they ? Gone ?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accurséd in the calendar !—
Come in, without there !

Enter LENNOX

Len. What 's your grace's will ?
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters ?
Len. No, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you ?
Len. No, indeed, my lord.
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damned all those that trust them !—I did hear
The galloping of horse : who was 't came by ?
Len. 'T is two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England ?
Len. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits :
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done :
The castle of Macduff I will surprise ;
Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool ;
This deed I 'll do, before this purpose cool :
But no more sights !—Where are these gentlemen ?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—Fife. A Room in MACDUFF'S Castle

Enter LADY MACDUFF, *her Son, and* ROSS

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the land ?
Ross. You must have patience, madam.
Wife. He had none :
His flight was madness : when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

Wife. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Ross. My dear'st coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
And each way move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I 'll be here again;
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!
Wife. Fathered he is, and yet he 's fatherless.
Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit*
Wife. Sirrah, your father 's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Son. As birds do, mother.
Wife. What, with worms and flies?
Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.
Wife. Poor bird! thou 'dst never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.
Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.
Wife. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?
Wife. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.
Son. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.
Wife. Thou speak'st with all thy wit;
And yet, i' faith, with wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?
Wife. Ay, that he was.
Son. What is a traitor?
Wife. Why, one that swears and lies.
Son. And be all traitors that do so?
Wife. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.
Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

Wife. Every one.
Son. Who must hang them ?
Wife. Why, the honest men.
Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools ; for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.
Wife. Now God help thee, poor monkey !
But how wilt thou do for a father ?
Son. If he were dead, you 'd weep for him : if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.
Wife. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st !

Enter a Messenger

Mess. Bless you, fair dame ! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly :
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here ; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage ;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you !
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit*
Wife. Whither should I fly ?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world where to do harm
Is often laudable ; to do good, sometime
Accounted dangerous folly : why then, alas !
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm ? What are these faces ?

Enter Murderers

Mur. Where is your husband ?
Wife. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou may'st find him.
Mur. He 's a traitor.
Son. Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain !
Mur. What, you egg ! [*Stabbing him*
Young fry of treachery !
Son. He has killed me, mother ; run away, I pray you.
[*Dies*

[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying " Murder ! "*
and pursued by the Murderers

SCENE III.—England. Before the KING'S Palace

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yelled out
Like syllable of dolour.
Mal. What I believe, I 'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest; you have loved him well;
He hath not touched you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry God.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose,
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell;
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.
Macd. I have lost my hopes.
Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child—
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love—
Without leave-taking?—I pray you
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just
Whatever I shall think.
Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeered!—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp
And the rich East to boot.
Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country

Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.
Macd. What should he be?
Mal. It is myself I mean; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.
Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned
In evils, to top Macbeth.
Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name; but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness; your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.
Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings: but fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.
Mal. With this, there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house;
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.
Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weighed.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perséverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!
Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.
Macd. Fit to govern?
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptered,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banished me from Scotland.—O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!
Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now, we'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'T is hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure; their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor*

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'T is called the evil;
A most miraculous work in this good king,
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers; and 't is spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not marked; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce asked for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife ?
Ross. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children ?
Ross. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not battered at their peace ?
Ross. No ; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech : how goes it ?
Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.
Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight
To doff their dire distresses.
Mal. Be 't their comfort
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men ;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.
Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like ! But I have words
That would be howled out in the desert air
Where hearing should not latch them.
Macd. What concern they ?
The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast ?
Ross. No mind that 's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine
Keep it not from me ; quickly let me have it.
Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humh ! I guess at it.
Ross. Your castle is surprised ; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered : to relate the manner,
Were on the quarry of these murdered deer
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful Heaven !—
What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows :
Give sorrow words ; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.
Macd. My children too ?
Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence !
My wife killed too ?

Ross. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let 's make us medicines of our great revenge
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—O hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so.
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did Heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff!
They were all struck for thee. Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits but for mine
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes
And braggart with my tongue.—But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission. Front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him. If he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!
Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king: our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt*

ACT FIVE

Scene I.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a waiting Gentlewoman

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?
Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.
Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?
Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 't is most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech. Lo you! here she comes.

Enter LADY MACBETH *with a taper*

This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense' are shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here 's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; two: why, then 't is time to do 't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh . . . oh. . . oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.—

Gent. Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo 's buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doct. Even so?—

Lady M. To bed, to bed: there 's knocking at the

gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand :—
What's done cannot be undone :—To bed, to bed, to bed.
[*Exit*

Doct. Will she go now to bed ?
Gent. Directly.
Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles : infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all !—Look after her ;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her :—so, good night :
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight :
I think, but dare not speak.
Gent. Good night, good doctor.
[*Exeunt*

Scene II.—The Country near Dunsinane

Enter, with drum and colours, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, *and Soldiers*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them ; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.
Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them ; that way are they coming.
Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother ?
Len. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file
Of all the gentry : there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths that even now
Protest their first of manhood.
Ment. What does the tyrant ?
Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he 's mad ; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury : but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distempered cause
Within the belt of rule.
Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands ;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love ; now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.
Ment. Who then shall blame
His pestered senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there ?

Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 't is truly owed :
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.
Len. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching*

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle

Enter MACBETH, *Doctor, and Attendants*

Macb. Bring me no more reports ; let them fly all :
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm ?
Was he not born of woman ? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus :
" Fear not, Macbeth ; no man that 's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee."—Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures :
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon !
Where gott'st thou that goose look ?
Serv. There is ten thousand—
Macb. Geese, villain ?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.
Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch ?
Death of thy soul ! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face ?
Serv. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. [*Exit Servant*
—Seyton !—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say !—This push
Will chair me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough : my way of life
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf ;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.—
Seyton !—

Enter SEYTON

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure ?
Macb. What news more ?

Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I 'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'T is not needed yet.
Macb. I 'll put it on.—
Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I 'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff—
Seyton, send out—Doctor, the thanes fly from me—
Come, sir, despatch—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo
That should applaud again—Pull 't off, I say—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?
Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit*
Doct. [*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt*

Scene IV.—Country near Dunsinane

A Wood in view

Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, *Old* Siward *and his Son,* Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross, *and Soldiers, marching*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him : thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Sold. It shall be done.
Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.
Mal. 'T is his main hope ;
For where there is advantage to be given
Both more and less hath given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrainéd things
Whose hearts are absent too.
Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
Siw. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate :
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching*

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. Within the Castle

Enter, with drum and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and Soldiers*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls ;
The cry is still, "They come!" Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise ?
[*A cry of Women within*
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit*
Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been, my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't. I have supped full with horrors :
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON

Wherefore was that cry ?
Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.
Macb. She should have died hereafter :
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life 's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger

Thou com'st to use thy tongue ; thy story quickly.
Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.
Macb. Well, say, sir.
Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar and slave !
Mess. Let me endure your wrath if 't be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming ;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive
Till famine cling thee : if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution ; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth : " Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane ; "—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out !
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.—
I gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum-bell !—Blow, wind ! come, wrack !
At least we 'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.—The Same. A Plain before the Castle

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *Old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *etc., and their Army, with boughs*

Mal. Now, near enough : your leafy screens throw down,
And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle : worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.
Siw. Fare you well.

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued*

SCENE VII.—The Same. Another Part of the Plain

Enter MACBETH

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What 's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young SIWARD

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Macb. My name 's Macbeth.
Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorréd tyrant: with my sword
I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight, and Young Siward is slain*
Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandished by man that 's of a woman born. [*Exit*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF

Macd. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbattered edge,
I sheathe again undeeded.—There thou shouldst be,—
By this great clatter one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums*

Enter MALCOLM *and Old* SIWARD

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle 's gently rendered:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war.
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt.* *Alarums*

SCENE VIII.—Another Part of the Plain

Enter MACBETH

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!
Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words;
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight*
Macb. Thou losest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charméd life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripped.
Macb. Accurséd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
"Here may you see the Tyrant."
Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damned be he that first cries, "Hold, enough!"
[*Exeunt, fighting*

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *Old* SIWARD, ROSS, *Thanes, and Soldiers*

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.
Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siw. Then he is dead?
Ross. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Ross. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so, his knell is knolled.
Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.
Siw. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH'S *head*

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold, where stands
The usurper's curséd head: the time is free.
I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, King of Scotland!
All. Hail, King of Scotland! [*Flourish*
Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exiled friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and this fiend-like queen,
Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life,—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place.
So thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone. [*Exeunt*

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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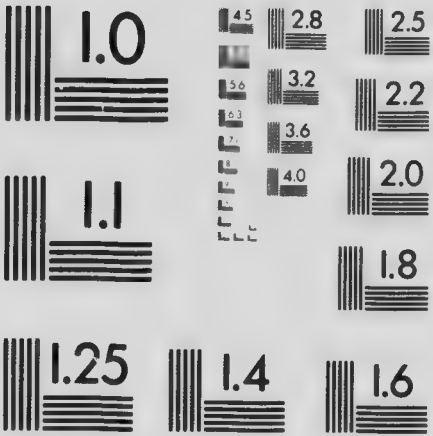

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VINCENTIO, *the Duke*
ANGELO, *the deputy in the Duke's absence*
ESCALUS, *joined with Angelo in the government*
CLAUDIO, *a young gentleman*
LUCIO, *a fantastic*
Two other gentlemen
Provost
THOMAS, PETER } *Friars*
A Justice
VARRIUS
ELBOW, *a constable*
FROTH *a foolish gentleman*
POMPEY, *servant to Mistress Overdone*
ABHORSON, *an executioner*
BARNARDINE, *a prisoner*

ISABELLA, *sister to Claudio*
MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo*
JULIET, *beloved of Claudio*
FRANCISCA, *a nun*
MISTRESS OVERDONE, *a bawd*

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants

SCENE.—*Vienna*

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

ACT ONE

SCENE I.—A Room in the DUKE's Palace

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, *and Attendants*

Duke. Escalus,—
Escal. My lord ?
Duke. Of government the properties to unfold
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse ;
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you : then no more remains
But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you're as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enrichéd any
That we remember. There is our commission, [*Giving it*
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I say, bid come before us, Angelo.— [*Exit an Attendant*
What figure of us think you he will bear ?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply,
Lent him our terror, dressed him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power : what think you of it ?
Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.
Duke. Look where he comes.

Enter ANGELO

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.
Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves ; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike

As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched,
But to fine issues ; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advértise ;
Hold, therefore, Angelo :—
[*Tendering his commission*
In our remove, be thou at full ourself ;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart : old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary :—
Take thy commission.
[*Giving it*
Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamped upon 't.
Duke. No more evasion : we
Have with a leavened and preparéd choice
Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestioned
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall impórtune,
How it goes with us ; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well :
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.
Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.
Duke. My haste may not admit it ;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple : your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand :
I 'll privily away : I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes.
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and Aves vehement ;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.
Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes !
Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness !
Duke. I thank you. Fare you well.
[*Exit*
Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you ; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place ;
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'T is so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I 'll wait upon your honour.

[*Exeunt*

Scene II.—A Street

Enter Lucio *and two Gentlemen*

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then, all the dukes fall upon the king.

First Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

Sec. Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

Sec. Gent. "Thou shalt not steal?"

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

First Gent. Why, 't was a commndment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There 's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

Sec. Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

Sec. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

First Gent. What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.

First Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as for example,—thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

First Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the list and the velvet: thou art the list.

First Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-piled piece, I warrant thee. I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

First Gent. I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

Sec. Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes!

First Gent. I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—

Sec. Gent. To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

Sec. Gent. To three thousand dolours a year.

First Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

First Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error,—I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE

First Gent. How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Mrs. Ov. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

Sec. Gent. Who's that, I pray thee?

Mrs. Ov. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

First Gent. Claudio to prison! 't is not so.

Mrs. Ov. Nay, but I know, 't is so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Mrs. Ov. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

Sec. Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

First Gent. But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away: let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen*

Mrs. Ov. Thus: what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter POMPEY

How now? what's the news with you?

Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Mrs. Ov. Well: what has he done?

Pom. A woman.

Mrs. Ov. But what's his offence?

Pom. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Mrs. Ov. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Pom. No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Mrs. Ov. What proclamation, man?

Pom. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Mrs. Ov. And what shall become of those in the city?

Pom. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Mrs. Ov. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Pom. To the ground, mistress.

Mrs. Ov. Why, here 's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! what shall become of me?

Pom. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I 'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Mrs. Ov. What 's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let 's withdraw.

Pom. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there 's Madam Juliet. [*Exeunt*

Scene III.—The Same

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, *and Officers*

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god Authority
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The sword of Heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so: yet still 't is just.

Enter Lucio *and two Gentlemen*

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say the

truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment.—What 's thy offence, Claudio ?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What, is it murder ?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery ?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir ; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend.—Lucio, a word with you.

[*Takes him aside*

Lucio. A hundred, if they 'll do you any good.
Is lechery so looked after ?

Claud. Thus stands it with me : upon a true contráct,
I got possession of Julietta's bed :
You know the lady ; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order : this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps ?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur ;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in ;—but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolléd penalties,
Which have, like unscoured armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn ; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me :—'t is surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is : and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he 's not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service :—
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation :
Acquaint her with the danger of my state ;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy ; bid herself assay him :

I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art,
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours—

Claud. Come, officer, away! [*Exeunt*

Scene IV.—A Monastery

Enter Duke *and* Friar Thomas

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought:
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keep.
I have delivered to Lord Angelo—
A man of stricture and firm abstinence—
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travelled to Poland;
For so I've strewed it in the common ear,
And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,—
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,—
Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mocked than feared; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose,
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Frl. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased ;
And it in you more dreadful would have seemed,
Than in Lord Angelo.
Duke. I do fear, too dreadful :
Sith 't was my fault to give the people scope,
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do · for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo imposed the office ;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the sight,
To do it slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 't were a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people : therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you ;
Only, this one :—Lord Angelo is precise ;
Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone : hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be. [*Exeunt*

Scene V.—A Nunnery

Enter Isabella *and* Francisca

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges ?
Fran. Are not these large enough ?
Isab. Yes, truly : I speak not as desiring more ;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, votarists of Saint Clare.
Lucio. [*Within*] Ho ! Peace be in this place !
Isab. Who 's that which calls ?
Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him ;
You may, I may not ; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vowed, you must not speak with men
But in the presence of the prioress :
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face ;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again ; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit*
Isab. Peace and prosperity ! Who is 't that calls ?

Enter Lucio

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be,—as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less ! Can you so stead me,

As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio!
Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask:
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he 's in prison.
Isab. Woe me! for what?
Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.
Isab. Sir, make me not your story.
Lucio. 'T is true.
I would not, though 't is my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest
Tongue far from heart, play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing enskied and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talked with in sincerity,
As with a saint.
Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.
Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth 't is thus:—
Your brother and his lover have embraced:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison, e'en so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.
Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?
Lucio. Is she your cousin?
Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
By vain, though apt, affection.
Lucio. She it is.
Isab. O, let him marry her.
Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action; but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He—to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous law,

As mice by lions—hath picked out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope's gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo; and that's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.
Isab. Doth he so seek his life?
Lucio. Has censured him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.
Isab. Alas, what poor ability's in me
To do him good?
Lucio. Assay the power you have.
Isab. My power! Alas, I doubt,—
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.
Isab. I'll see what I can do.
Lucio. But speedily.
Isab. I will about it straight,
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother; soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good sir, adieu.
[*Exeunt*

ACT TWO

SCENE I.—A Hall in Angelo's House

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, *and a Justice; Provost, Officers, and other Attendants*

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey.
And let it keep one shape till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.
Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,—

Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,—
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time cohered with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attained the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not, sometime in your life,
Erred in this point which now you censure him,
And pulled the law upon you.

Ang. 'T is one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try; what 's open made to justice,
That justice seizes: what knows the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'T is very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't,
Because we see 't; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be 't as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;
For that 's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit Provost*

Escal. Well, Heaven forgive him, and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall;
Some run from brakes of vice and answer none,
And some condemnéd for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW *and Officers, with* FROTH *and* POMPEY

Elb. Come, bring them away. If these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What 's your name, and what 's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir; and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and

void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well: here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name: why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Pom. He cannot, sir: he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before Heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir;—whom, I thank Heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means; but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. [*To Angelo*] Do you hear how he misplaces?

Pom. Sir, she came in great with child, and longing—saving your honour's reverence—for stewed prunes. Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes,—

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right:—but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes, and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again,—

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well;—you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Pom. Why, very well;—I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

Froth. All this is true.

Pom. Why, very well then,—

Escal. Come; you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Pom. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pom. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year, whose father died at Hallowmas:—Was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?—

Froth. All-Hallownd eve.

Pom. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'t was in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Pom. Why, very well then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. [*Exit Angelo*] Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Pom. Once, sir! there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pom. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face.—Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 't is for a good purpose.—Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Pom. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Pom. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Pom. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right.—Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest: thou liest, wicked varlet! The time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity? —Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her?—If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I 'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is 't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou knowest what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it.—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what 's come upon thee: thou art to continue; now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an 't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir?

Pom. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Pom. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [*Exit Froth*]—Come you hither to me, master tapster. What 's your name, master tapster?

Pom. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Pom. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Pom. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Pom. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Pom. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Pom. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Pom. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay. If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you:—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt. So, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Pom. I thank your worship for your good counsel. —[*Aside*] But I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no, let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit*

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by the readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas, it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters. As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them ; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or se 'en, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir ?

Escal. To my house. Fare you well. [*Exit Elbow*
What 's o'clock, think you ?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio ;
But there 's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful :
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so ;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe,
But yet,—poor Claudio !—There 's no remedy.—
Come, sir. [*Exeunt*

Scene II.—Another Room in Angelo's House

Enter Provost, and a Servant

Serv. He 's hearing of a cause ; he will come straight :
I 'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Serv.*] I 'll know
His pleasure ; may be, he 'll relent. Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream :
All sects, all ages smack of this vice ; and he
To die for it !—

Enter Angelo

Ang. Now, what 's the matter, provost ?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow ?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea ? hadst thou not order ?
Why dost thou ask again ?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash.
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to ; let that be mine :
Do you your office, or give up your place
And you shall well be spared.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet ?
She 's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemned
Desires access to you.
Ang. Hath he a sister ?
Prov. Ay, my good lord ; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.
Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant*
See you the fornicatress be removed :
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means ;
There shall be order for 't.

Enter LUCIO *and* ISABELLA

Prov. God save your honour !
Ang. Stay a little while.—[*To Isab.*] You 're welcome :
what 's your will ?
Isab. I am a woful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.
Ang. Well ; what 's your suit ?
Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must ;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.
Ang. Well ; the matter ?
Isab. I have a brother is condemned to die :
I do beseech you, let it be his fault
And not my brother.
Prov. [*Aside*] Heaven give thee moving graces !
Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it !
Why, every fault 's condemned ere it be done.
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To find the fault, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
Isab. O just, but severe law !
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour !
Lucio. [*To Isab.*] Give 't not o'er so : to him again,
entreat him ;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown ;
You are too cold ; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.
To him, I say.
Isab. Must he needs die ?
Ang. Maiden, no remedy.
Isab. Yes ; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither Heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do 't.
Isab. But can you, if you would ?
Ang. Look ; what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do 't and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touched with that remorse
As mine is to him ?
Ang. He 's sentenced : 't is too late.
Lucio. [*To Isab.*] You are too cold.
Isab. Too late ! why, no ; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.
If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipped like him ; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.
Ang. Pray you, be gone.
Isab. I would to Heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel ! should it then be thus ?
No ; I would tell what 't were to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.
Lucio. [*To Isab.*] Ay, touch him ; there 's the vein.
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.
Isab. Alas ! alas !
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once ;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are ? O, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips
Like man new-made !
Ang. Be you content, fair maid,
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother :
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him :—he must die to-morrow.
Isab. To-morrow ? O, that 's sudden ! Spare him, spare him !—
He 's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season : shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves ? Good, good my lord, bethink you :
Who is it that hath died for this offence ?
There 's many have committed it.
Lucio. [*To Isab.*] Ay, well said.
Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept :
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe
Had answered for his deed : now, 't is awake,
Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,

Looks in a glass that shows what future evils,—
Either new, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatched and born,—
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice ;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismissed offence would after gall,
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied ;
Your brother dies to-morrow ; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he that suffers. O ! 't is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. [*To Isab.*] That 's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder ; nothing but thunder.—
Merciful Heaven !
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarlèd oak,
Than the soft myrtle ; but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep ; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. [*To Isab.*] O, to him, to him, wench ! He will relent :
He 's coming ; I perceive 't.

Prov. [*Aside*] Pray Heaven, she win him !

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself :
Great men may jest with saints ; 't is wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.

Lucio. [*To Isab.*] Thou 'rt in the right, girl ; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain 's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. [*To Isab.*] Art avised o' that ? more on 't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me ?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom ;
Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth know
That 's like my brother's fault : if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,

Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.
Ang. [*Aside*] She speaks, and 't is
Such sense, that my sense breeds with 't. Fare you well.
Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me.—Come again to-morrow.
Isab. Hark, how I 'll bribe you. Good my lord turn back.
Ang. How, bribe me ?
Isab. Ay, with such gifts that Heaven shall share with you.
Lucio. [*To Isab.*] You had marred all else.
Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them ; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere sunrise,—prayers from preservéd souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well ; come to me to-morrow.
Lucio. [*To Isab.*] Go to ; 't is well ; away !
Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe !
Ang. [*Aside*] Amen :
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.
Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship ?
Ang. At any time 'fore noon.
Isab. Save your honour !
[*Exeunt Lucio, Isabella, and Provost*
Ang. From thee,—even from thy virtue !—
What 's this ? what 's this ? Is this her fault or mine ?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most, ha ?
Not she ; nor doth she tempt : but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness ? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there ? O, fie, fie, fie !
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo ?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good ? O, let her brother live :
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes ? What is 't I dream on ?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook ! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on

To sin in loving virtue. Ne'er could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite.—Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smiled, and wondered how. [*Exit*

Scene III.—A Room in a Prison

Enter Duke, *disguised as a friar, and Provost*

Duke. Hail to you, provost!—so I think you are.
Prov. I am the provost. What 's your will, good friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity and my blessed order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.
Look, here comes one,—a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blistered her report. She is with child,
And he that got it, sentenced,—a young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this.

Enter Juliet

Duke. When must he die?
Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
[*To Juliet*] I have provided for you: stay awhile,
And you shall be conducted.
Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
Juliet. I do, and bear the shame most patiently.
Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Juliet. I'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wronged you?
Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wronged him.
Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?
Juliet. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'T is meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not Heaven,
Showing, we would not spare Heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.
Juliet. Grace go with you!
Duke. *Benedicite!* [*Exit*
Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
Prov. 'T is pity of him. [*Exeunt*

Scene IV.—A Room in Angelo's House

Enter Angelo

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: Heaven hath my empty words,
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown seared and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming!—Blood, thou still art blood:
Let 's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'T is not the devil's crest.

Enter a Servant

How now! who 's there?
Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.
Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit Servant*
O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wished king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me
Than to demand what 't is. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so.—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring*

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence.

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! 'T were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin Heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 't is all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrainéd means,
To make a false one.

Isab. 'T is set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stained?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul. Our compelled sins
Stand more for number than accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I 'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do 't,
I 'll take it as a peril to my soul:
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleased you to do 't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear 't! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I 'll make it my morn-prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that 's not good.
Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good
But graciously to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, displayed.--But mark me;
To be received plain, I 'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.
Isab. So.
Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.
Isab. True.
Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,—
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,—that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desired of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-building law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?
Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I 'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I 've been sick for, ere I 'd yield
My body up to shame.
Ang. Then must your brother die.
Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way.
Better it were, a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.
Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slandered so?
Isab. Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing akin to foul redemption.
Ang. You seemed of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather proved the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.
Isab. O, pardon me, my lord! it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean.
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.
Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a fedary, but only he,
Owe and succeed thy weakness.
Ang. Nay, women are frail too.
Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.
Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,—
Since, I suppose, we 're made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be bold:—
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you 're none;
If you be one,—as you are well expressed
By all external warrants,—show it now
By putting on the destined livery.
Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.
Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.
Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me,
That he shall die for 't.
Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.
Isab. I know, your virtue hath a license in 't,
Which seems a little fouler that it is,
To pluck on others.
Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.
Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretched throat I 'll tell the world
Aloud what man thou art
Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoiled name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes
That banish what they sue for, redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,

Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I 'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. [*Exit*
Isab. To whom should I complain ? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me ? O perilous mouths !
That bear in them one and the selfsame tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof,
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws ! I 'll to my brother :
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he 'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorred pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die :
More than our brother is our chastity.
I 'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit*

ACT THREE

Scene I.—A Room in the Prison

Enter Duke, *as a friar,* Claudio, *and Provost*

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo ?
Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope :
I have hope to live, and am prepared to die.
Duke. Be absolute for death ; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life :—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep ; a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly inflict : merely, thou art death's fool ;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble ;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nursed by baseness. Thou art by no means valiant ;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou 'rt not thyself ;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not ;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,

And what thou hast, forgett'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange affects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessèd youth
Becomes as agèd and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou 'rt old and rich,
Thou 'st neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Isab. [*Without*] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who 's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I 'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome.—Look, signior; here 's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be Concealed. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost*

Claud. Now, sister, what 's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as
All comforts are; most good, most good, indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting lieger:
Therefore, your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save a head
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you 'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
Claud. Perpetual durance ?
Isab. Ay, just ; perpetual durance,—a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determined scope.
Claud. But in what nature ?
Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to 't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
Claud. Let me know the point.
Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio ; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar' st thou die ?
The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
Claud. Why give you me this shame ?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness ? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride
And hug it in mine arms.
Isab. There spake my brother : there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die :
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl—is yet a devil :
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
Claud. The princely Angelo ?
Isab. O, 't is the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards ! Dost thou think, Claudio,—
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed.
Claud. O heavens ! it cannot be.
Isab. Yes, he would give 't thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night 's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.
Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.
Isab. O, were it but my life,
I 'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.
Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.
Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.
Isab. Which is the least?
Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined?—O Isabel!
Isab. What says my brother?
Claud. Death is a fearful thing.
Isab. And shamèd life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbèd ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'t is too horrible.
The weariest and most loathèd worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.
Isab. Alas! alas!
Claud. Sweet sister, let me live.
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.
Isab. O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield, my mother played my father fair!
For such a warpèd slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance;
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I 'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,—
No word to save thee.
Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.
Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin 's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'T is best that thou diest quickly. [*Going*
Claud. O hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter DUKE

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by-and-by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure: my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile

Duke. [*Aside to Claudio*] Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die. Go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell. [*Exit Claudio* Provost, a word with you.

Re-enter Provost

Prov. What 's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit*

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him, I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But O how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation,—he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious

person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further. I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to him by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour; in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, now follows all:—we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt*

Scene II.—The Street before the Prison

Enter, on one side, the Duke, *as friar; on the other,* Elbow *and Officers, with* Pompey

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Pom. 'T was never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir.—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 't is to cram a maw or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live:
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Pom. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer;
Correction and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning. The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from our faults, as from faults seeming free!

Elb. His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.

Pom. I spy comfort: I cry, bail. Here 's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Enter Lucio

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply? Ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is 't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? What say'st thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad and few words, or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

Pom. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 't is good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore, and your powdered bawd: an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pom. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 't is not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey, or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 't is his right: bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey Commend me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship, will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Pom. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now.—What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, Pompey; go. [*Exeunt Elbow, and Officers with Pompey*] What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression to 't.

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred: it is well allied; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawned him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice: that I know to be true; and he is a motion generative, that 's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man? Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport: he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women: he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'T is not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty, and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish. The duke had crotchets in him: he would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the duke; and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon; 't is a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand,—the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed,

must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return—as our prayers are he may—let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more, or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you 'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I 'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why! for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the duke we talk of were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He 's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say, that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, *Provost, and Officers, with* MISTRESS OVERDONE

Escal. Go; away with her to prison!

Mrs. Ov. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit

in the same kind? This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Mrs. Ov. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob; I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Officers with Mistress Ov.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow. Let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you.

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure, but security enough to make fellowships accursed. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at anything which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice; yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Escalus and Provost*

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness made in crimes,
Masking, practise on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothéd, but despised:
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit*

ACT FOUR

Scene I.—The Moated Grange at St. Luke's

Mariana *discovered sitting; a Boy singing*

Song

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
Sealed in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often stilled my brawling discontent.— [*Exit Boy*

Enter DUKE, *disguised as before*

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

Duke. 'T is good: though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath anybody inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Duke. I do constantly believe you.—The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit*

Enter ISABELLA

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummured with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard backed;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate
That makes his opening with this bigger key;
This other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon 't:
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possessed him my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'T is well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this.—What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid ;
She comes to do you good.
Isab. I do desire the like.
Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you ?
Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.
Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure : but make haste ;
The vaporous night approaches.
Mari. Will 't please you walk aside ?
[*Exeunt Mariana and Isabella*
Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee ! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings ! thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies !

Re-enter MARIANA *and* ISABELLA

Welcome ! How agreed ?
Isab. She 'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.
Duke. 'T is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.
Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
" Remember now my brother."
Mari. Fear me not.
Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract :
To bring you thus together, 't is no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go :
Our corn 's to reap, for yet our tilth 's to sow. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—A Room in the Prison

Enter Provost and POMPEY

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head ?
Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can ; but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.
Prov. Come, sir : leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper : if you will

take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Pom. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson there?

Enter ABHORSON

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you: he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir! fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit*

Pom. Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Pom. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Pom. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so, every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost

Prov. Are you agreed?

Pom. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd,—he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Pom. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:
[*Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson*
The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?
Claud. As fast locked up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.
Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself.
But hark, what noise? [*Knocking within*
Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Exit Claudio*
By-and-by.—
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.—

Enter DUKE, *disguised as before*

Welcome, father.
Duke. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who called here of late?
Prov. None, since the curfew rung.
Duke. Not Isabel?
Prov. No.
Duke. They will, then, ere't be long.
Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?
Duke. There's some in hope.
Prov. It is a bitter deputy.
Duke. Not so, not so: his life is paralleled
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice.
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he mealed with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just.—[*Knocking within*] Now
are they come.— [*Exit Provost*
This is a gentle provost: seldom when
The steeléd gaoler is the friend of men.
[*Knocking within*
How now? What noise? That spirit's possessed with
haste
That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

Re-enter Provost

Prov. [*speaking to one at the door*] There he must stay,
until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is called up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?
Prov. None, sir, none.
Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.
Prov. Happily
You something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we.
Besides, upon the very siege of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Professed the contrary.

Enter a Messenger

This is his lordship's man.
Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.
Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge,—that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. —Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.
Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger*
Duke. [*Aside*] This is his pardon, purchased by such sin
For which the pardoner himself is in.
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy 's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.—
Now, sir, what news?
Prov. I told you, Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.
Duke. Pray you, let 's hear.
Prov. [*Reads*] *Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine. For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.*—What say you to this, sir?
Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?
Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.
Duke. How came it that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.
Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent ?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison ? how seems he to be touched ?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep ; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come ; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none. He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison ; give him leave to escape hence, he would not : drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it : it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy : if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me : but in the boldness of my cunning I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite, for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what ?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack, how may I do it,—having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo ? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard ; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death : you know, the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father ; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy ?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing.

Prov. But what likelihood is in that ?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor

persuasi[illegible]an with ease attempt you, I will go further than I [illegible]nt, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour; perchance, of the duke's death, perchance, entering into some monastery, but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt*

Scene III.—Another Room in the Same

Enter Pompey

Pom. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think, it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier-and-dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthright the tilter, and brave Master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now "for the Lord's sake."

Enter Abhorson

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine.

Abhor. What, ho, Barna[illegible]dine!

Bar. [*Within*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Your friends, sir: the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Bar. [*Within*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pom. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming: I hear his straw rustle.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir.

Enter BARNARDINE

Bar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night: I am not fitted for't.

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?

Enter DUKE, *disguised as before*

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and, therefore, I beseech you, Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Bar. Not a word: if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit*

Duke. Unfit to live, or die. O gravel heart!—
After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey*

Enter Provost

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;
And, to transport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever

One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate till he were well inclined,
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 't is an accident that Heaven provides!
Despatch it presently: the hour draws on
Prefixed by Angelo. See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon;
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done,—put them in secret holds,
Both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch,
And send the head to Angelo. [*Exit Provost*
Now will I write letters to Angelo—
The provost, he shall bear them—whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home,
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I 'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost

Prov. Here is the head; I 'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I 'll make all speed. [*Exit*

Isab. [*Within*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel.—She 's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comfort of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA

Isab. Ho, by your leave!

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world.
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.
Isab. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other: show your wisdom, daughter.
In your close patience.
Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes!
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.
Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damnéd Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot;
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to Heaven.
Mark what I say to you, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes:
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.
Isab. I am directed by you.
Duke. This letter then to Friar Peter give;
'T is that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours,
I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combinéd by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart: trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who 's here?

Enter Lucio

Lucio. Good even, friar: where 's the provost?
Duke. Not within, sir.
Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to 't. But they say, the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

[*Exit Isabella*

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forswear it: they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [*Exeunt*

Scene IV.—A Room in Angelo's House

Enter Angelo *and* Escalus

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray Heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! and why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed:
Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house.
Give notice to such men of sort and suit
As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well.

Ang. Good night.— [*Exit Escalus*
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowered maid,
And by an eminent body, that enforced
The law against it!—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no:
For my authority bears a credent bulk
That no particular scandal once can touch

But it confounds the breather. He should have lived,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonoured life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had lived!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right,—we would, and we would not. [*Exit*

SCENE V.—Fields without the Town

Enter DUKE, *in his own habit, and* FRIAR PETER

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me. [*Giving letters*
The provost knows our purpose and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

Fri. Pet. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit*

Enter VARRIUS

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk. There 's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.—Street near the City Gate

Enter ISABELLA *and* MARIANA

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loth:
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I 'm advised to do it,
He says, to 'vailful purpose.

Mari. Be ruled by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 't is a physic
That 's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, Friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace, the friar is come.

Enter FRIAR PETER

Fri. Pet. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded:

The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is entering: therefore hence, away. [*Exeunt*

ACT FIVE

Scene I.—A Public Place near the City Gate

Mariana, *veiled*, Isabella, *and* Friar Peter, *behind.* *Enter on one side, the* Duke, *in his own habit*, Varrius, *Lords; from the other*, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, *Provost, Officers and Citizens, at several doors*

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.
Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!
Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We 've made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.
Ang. You make my bonds still greater.
Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand:—
And good supporters are you.

Friar Peter *and* Isabella *come forward*

Fri. Pet. Now is your time. Speak loud, and kneel before him.
Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wronged, I'd fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!
Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what? by whom? Be brief.
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:
Reveal yourself to him.
Isab. O worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil.
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak

Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O, hear me, here!
Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice,—
Isab. By course of justice!
Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.
Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly will I speak,
That Angelo 's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo 's a murderer; is 't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange, and strange?
Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.
Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.
Duke. Away with her.—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.
Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touched with madness. Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike. 'T is not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince:
If he be less, he 's nothing; but he 's more,
Had I more name for badness.
Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.
Isab. O gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality: but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false, seems true.
Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?
Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemned upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemned by Angelo.
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio
As then the messenger—

Lucio. That 's I, an 't like your grace.
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.
Isab. That 's he, indeed.
Duke. You were not bid to speak.
Lucio. No, my good lord ;
Nor wished to hold my peace.
Duke. I wish you now then :
Pray you, take note of it ; and when you have
A business for yourself, pray Heaven, you then
Be perfect.
Lucio. I warrant your honour.
Duke. The warrant 's for yourself : take heed to it.
Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.—
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right ; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.
Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.
Duke. That 's somewhat madly spoken.
Isab. Pardon it :
The phrase is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again. The matter ;—proceed.
Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I prayed, and kneeled,
How he refelled me, and how I replied,—
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother ; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him : but the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is most likely !
Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true !
Duke. By Heaven, fond wretch ! thou know'st not what
thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborned against his honour,
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish ; next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself : if he had so offended,
He would have weighed thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on :
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.
Isab. And is this all ?

Then, O, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripened time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wronged, hence unbelievéd go!
Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone.—An officer!
To prison with her.—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?
Isab. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.
Duke. A ghostly father, belike.—Who knows that Lodowick?
Lucio. My lord, I know him: 't is a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swinged him soundly.
Duke. Words against me? This'—a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.
Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison. A saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.
Fri. Pet. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.
Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick, that she speaks of?
Fri. Pet. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he 's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.
Lucio. My lord, most villainously: believe it.
Fri. Pet. Well; he in time may come to clear himself.
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he 's convented. First, for this woman,
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accused,
Her shall you hear disprovéd to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.
[*Isabella is carried off guarded; and Mariana comes forward*
Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?—
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial: be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.
Mari. Pardon, my lord, I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me.
Duke. What, are you married?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. Are you a maid?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. A widow then?
Mari. Neither, my lord.
Duke. Why, you
Are nothing then: neither maid, widow, nor wife.
Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.
Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had some cause
To prattle for himself.
Lucio. Well, my lord.
Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband, yet my husband knows not
That ever he knew me.
Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord: it can be no better.
Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!
Lucio. Well, my lord.
Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.
Mari. Now I come to't, my lord.
She that accuses him of fornication,
In selfsame manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When, I'll depose, I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.
Ang. Charges she more than me?
Mari. Not that I know.
Duke. No? you say, your husband.
Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.
Ang. This is a strange abuse.—Let's see thy face.
Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
[*Unveiling*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on:

This is the hand which, with a vowed contráct,
Was fast belocked in thine : this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagined person.
Duke. Know you this woman !
Lucio. Carnally, she says.
Duke. Sirrah, no more.
Lucio. Enough, my lord.
Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman ;
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her, which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promiséd proportions
Came short of composition ; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity : since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.
Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows : and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in 's garden-house,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else for ever be confixéd here,
A marble monument.
Ang. I did but smile till now :
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice ;
My patience here is touched. I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.
Duke. Ay, with my heart ;
And punish them to your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that 's gone, think'st thou, thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies 'gainst his worth and credit,
That 's sealed in approbation ?—You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin : lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 't is derived.—
There is another friar that set them on ;
Let him be sent for.
Fri. Pet. 'Would he were here, my lord ; for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint.
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.— [*Exit Provost*
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while will leave you;
But stir not you, till you have well determined
Upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we 'll do it thoroughly. [*Exit Duke*]— Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum:* honest in nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him. We shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again: I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant*] Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I 'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly she 'll be ashamed.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That 's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA

Escal. [*To Isab.*] Come on, mistress. Here 's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here, with the provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Enter DUKE, *disguised as a friar, and Provost*

Escal. Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

Duke. 'T is false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honoured for his burning throne.—
Where is the duke? 't is he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke 's in us, and we will hear you speak:
Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly at least.—But, O, poor souls!

Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox ?
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone ?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke 's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal : this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallowed friar,
Is 't not enough, thou hast suborned these women
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain ?
And then to glance from him to the duke himself,
To tax him with injustice !—Take him hence ;
To the rack with him :—we 'll touse you joint by joint,
But we will know his purpose.—What, unjust ?

Duke. Be not so hot ; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own : his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial. My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew : laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state !—Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio ?
Is this the man that you did tell us of ?

Lucio. 'T is he, my lord.—Come hither, goodman baldpate : do you know me ?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice : I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so ? And do you remember what you said of the duke ?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir ? And was the duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be ?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report : you, indeed, spoke so of him ; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow ! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches ?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark, how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal :—Away with him to prison. Where is the provost ?—Away with him to prison. Lay bolts enough upon him, let him speak

no more.—Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion.

[*The Provost lays hand on the Duke*

Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh! sir. Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour. Will 't not off?

[*Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke*

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke.—
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.—
[*To Lucio*] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you
Must have a word anon.—Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. [*To Escal.*] What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.
We 'll borrow place of him.—[*To Ang.*] Sir, by your leave:
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath looked upon my passes. Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana.—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again.—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost*

Escal. My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advértising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorneyed at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employed and pained
Your unknown sovereignty!

Duke. You are pardoned, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel, why I obscured myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brained my purpose: but now peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.
Isab. I do, my lord.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER, *and Provost*

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wronged
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake. But, as he adjudged your brother,—
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life—
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
"An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!"
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure,
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.
Then, Angelo, thy fault thus manifested,—
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage,—
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stooped to death, and with like haste.—
Away with him.
Mari. O my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.
Duke. It is your husband mocked you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come. For his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.
Mari. O my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.
Duke. Never crave him: we are definite.
Mari. Gentle my liege,— [*Kneeling*
Duke. You do but lose your labour.
Away with him to death.—[*To Lucio*] Now, sir, to you.
Mari. O my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part:

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.
Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.
Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me:
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?
Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.
Isab. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemned,
As if my brother lived. I partly think,
A due sincerity governed his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perished by the way. Thoughts are no subjects,
Intents but merely thoughts.
Mari. Merely, my lord.
Duke. Your suit's unprofitable: stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault.—
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?
Prov. It was commanded so.
Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?
Prov. No, my good lord: it was by private message.
Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.
Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me, after more advice;
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserved alive.
Duke. What's he?
Prov. His name is Barnardine.
Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.—
Go fetch him hither: let me look upon him.
[*Exit Provost*
Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appeared,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,

And lack of tempered judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure ;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy :
'T is my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, *muffled, and* JULIET

Duke. Which is that Barnardine ?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man.—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou 'rt condemned ;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come.—Friar, advise him :
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow 's that ?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I saved,
That should have died when Claudio lost his head,
As like almost to Claudio as himself. [*Unmuffles Claudio*

Duke. [*To Isab.*] If he be like your brother, for his sake
Then is he pardoned ; and for your lovely sake
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he 's safe :
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well :
Look that you love your wife ; her worth, worth yours.—
I find an apt remission in myself,
And yet here 's one in place I cannot pardon.—
[*To Lucio*] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman :
Wherein have I so deservéd of you,
That you extol me thus ?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may ; but I had rather it would please you, I might be whipped.

Duke. Whipped first, sir, and hanged after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman 's wronged by this lewd fellow—
As I have heard him swear himself there 's one
Whom he begot with child—let her appear,
And he shall marry her : the nuptial finished,
Let him be whipped and hanged.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore ! Your highness said even now, I made you a duke : good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive ; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.—

[*Exeunt officers with Lucio*

She, Claudio, that you wronged, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana !—love her, Angelo :
I have confessed her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness :
There 's more behind that is more gratulate.
Thanks, provost, for thy care, and secrecy ;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's :
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good ;
Whereto if you 'll a willing ear incline,
What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.—
So, bring us to our palace ; where we 'll show
What 's yet behind, that 's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt*

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF VENICE
PRINCE OF MOROCCO } *suitors to Portia*
PRINCE OF ARRAGON }
ANTONIO, *a merchant of Venice*
BASSANIO, *his friend, suitor to Portia*
GRATIANO }
SALANIO } *friends to Antonio and Bassanio*
SALARINO }
SALERIO }
LORENZO, *in love with Jessica*
SHYLOCK, *a Jew*
TUBAL, *a Jew, his friend*
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *a clown, servant to Shylock, afterwards servant to Bassanio*
OLD GOBBO, *father to Launcelot*
LEONARDO, *servant to Bassanio*
BALTHAZAR } *servants to Portia*
STEPHANO }

PORTIA, *a rich heiress*
NERISSA, *her waiting-maid*
JESSICA, *daughter to Shylock*

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants

SCENE.—*Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont*

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

ACT ONE

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad.
It wearies me; you say, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 't is made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn:
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.
Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence
As they fly by them with their woven wings.
Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.
Salar. My wind cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew docked in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?

But tell not me; I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.
Ant. Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.
Salar. Why, then you are in love.
Ant. Fie, fie!
Salar. Not in love neither? Then let 's say you are sad
Because you are not merry; and 't were as easy
For you to laugh and leap, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they 'll not show their teeth in way of smile
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.
Salar. I would have stayed till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
Salar. We 'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio*
Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.

Why should a man whose blood is warm within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster,
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not with this melancholy bait
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time.
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo*

Ant. Is that anything now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well: tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bass. 'T is not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;

And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.
Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it ;
And if it stand as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlocked to your occasions.
Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advisèd watch
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost ; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both
Or bring your latter hazard back again
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.
Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance ;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost
Than if you had made waste of all I have :
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it : therefore, speak.
Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues. Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia ; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia ;
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renownèd suitors ; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O, my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift
That I should questionless be fortunate.
Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea ;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum : therefore, go forth ;
Try what my credit can in Venice do :
That shall be racked even to the uttermost,

To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S House

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband.—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father.—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them, and as thou namest them I will describe them; and according to my description level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then is there the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, "An you will not have me, choose." He hears merry tales and smiles not; I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker, but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a spunge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble

you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the marquess of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio: as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well: and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Servant

How now? what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt*

Scene III.—Venice. A public place

Enter Bassanio *and* Shylock

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho! no, no, no, no:—my meaning, in saying he

is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition. He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: the man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following: but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more, for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Curséd be my tribe
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire?—[*To Antonio*] Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom.—Is he yet possessed
How much ye would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.
Shy. I had forgot :—three months ; you told me so.
Well then, your bond ; and let me see,—But hear you:
Methought, you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.
Ant. I do never use it.
Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abram was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor ; ay, he was the third,—
Ant. And what of him ? did he take interest ?
Shy. No, not take interest ; not as you would say
Directly interest : mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised,
That all the eanlings which were streaked and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turnéd to the rams,
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peeled me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-coloured lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest :
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for ;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But swayed and fashioned by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good ?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams ?
Shy. I cannot tell : I make it breed as fast.—
But note me, signior.
Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio ;
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !
Shy. Three thousand ducats ;—'t is a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.
Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you ?
Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances :
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.

Well then, it now appears, you need my help :
Go to then ; you come to me, and you say,
" Shylock, we would have moneys," you say so ;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold : moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you ? Should I not say,
" Hath a dog money ? Is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ? " or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this :—
" Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurned me such a day ; another time
You called me dog ; and for these courtesies
I 'll lend you thus much moneys ? "
Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends ; for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend ?
But lend it rather to thine enemy ;
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.
Shy. Why, look you, how you storm !
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you 'll not hear me.
This is kind I offer.
Bass. This were kindness.
Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.
Ant. Content, in faith : I 'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.
Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me :
I 'll rather dwell in my necessity.
Ant. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it :
Within these two months, that 's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect

The thoughts of others!—Pray you, tell me this:
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.
Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's,
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.
Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew. [*Exit Shylock*
This Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.
Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt*

ACT TWO

Scene I.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House

Enter the Prince of Morocco, *and his Followers:* Portia, Nerissa, *and others of her Train. Flourish cornets*

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath feared the valiant; by my love, I swear,
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have loved it too. I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.
Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing;
But, if my father had not scanted me
And hedged me by his wit to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renownéd prince, then stood as fair

As any comer I have looked on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young suckling cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand,
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Pro. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
Never speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me blest or cursed'st among men!

[*Cornets, and exeunt*

Scene II.—Venice. A Street

Enter Launcelot Gobbo

Laun. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me—"Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot," or "good Gobbo," or "good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says,—"No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo;" or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: "Via!" says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me—"My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,"—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack—something

grow to—he had a kind of taste :—well, my conscience says, " Launcelot, budge not." " Budge," says the fiend : " Budge not," says my conscience. " Conscience," say I, " you counsel well ; " " fiend," say I, " you counsel well : " to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark) is a kind of devil ; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation, and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel : I will run, fiend ; my heels are at your commandment ; I will run.

Enter OLD GOBBO, *with a basket*

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you which is the way to Master Jew's ?

Laun. [*Aside*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high gravel-blind, knows me not :—I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's ?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left ; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 't will be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me, whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no ?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot ?—[*Aside*] Mark me now ; now will I raise the waters.—[*To him*] Talk you of young Master Launcelot ?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son : his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man ; and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot ?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father ; for the young gentleman (according to Fates and Destinies, and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased ; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid ! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop ?—Do you know me, father ?

Gob. Alack the day! I know you not, young gent
man; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest
soul) alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you mig
fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that kno
his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news
your son. [*Kneels*] Give me your blessing. Truth w
come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's s
may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are n
Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about i
but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your bo
that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that; but
am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and, I am sure, Margery
your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, i
thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood
Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou
got: thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin
my fill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then that Dobbin's tail grows
backward. I am sure he had more hair of his tail than
I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord! how art thou changed! How doest thou
and thy master agree? I have brought him a present.
How gree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have
set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have
run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a
present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service.
You may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father,
I am glad you are come: give me your present to one
Master Bassanio, who indeed gives rare new liveries; if
I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—
O rare fortune, here comes the man:—to him, father;
for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO, *and other Followers*

Bass. You may do so, but let it be so hasted, that
supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See
these letters delivered, put the liveries to making, and
desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[*Exit a Servant*

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy. Wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, sir,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins,—

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both.—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtained thy suit:
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferred thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out. [*To his Followers*] Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

Laun. Father, in.—I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well: [*looking on his palm*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life, here's a small trifle of wives, alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed, here are simple 'scapes: well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo*

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this.
These things being bought and orderly bestowed,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteemed acquaintance: hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO

Gra. Where is your master?
Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Ex*
Gra. Signior Bassanio,—
Bass. Gratiano.
Gra. I have a suit to you.
Bass. You have obtained it.
Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you t
Belmont.
Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults,
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.
Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen,
Use all the observance of civility
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.
Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.
Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.
Bass. No, that were pity.
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business.
Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in SHYLOCK's House

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:

Give him this letter, do it secretly:
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! If a Christian do not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu!

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.— [*Exit Launcelot*
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife. [*Exit*

Scene IV.—The Same. A Street

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, *and* Salanio

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Salan. 'T is vile unless it may be quaintly ordered,
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'T is now but four o'clock, we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter Launcelot *with a letter*

Friend Launcelot, what 's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify. [*Giving a letter*

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 't is a fair hand,
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master, the Jew, to sup to-night with my new master, the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica I will not fail her, speak it privately: [*Exit Launcelot*
Go, gentlemen,
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I 'll be gone about it straight.

Salan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.
Salar. 'T is good we do so.

[*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio*

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica ?
Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house,
What gold and jewels she is furnished with,
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to Heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake ;
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me, peruse this as thou goest :
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—The Same. Before SHYLOCK's House

Enter SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio ;
What, Jessica !—thou shalt not gormandise
As thou hast done with me ;—what, Jessica !
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out.—
Why, Jessica, I say !
Laun. Why, Jessica !
Shy. Who bids thee call ? I do not bid thee call.
Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me,
I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA

Jes. Call you ? What is your will ?
Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica :
There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go ?
I am not bid for love ; they flatter me ;
But yet I 'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house.—I am right loath to go :
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.
Laun. I beseech you, sir, go : my young master doth expect your reproach.
Shy. So do I his.
Laun. And they have conspired together,—I will not say, you shall see a masque ; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash Wednesday was four year in th' afternoon.

Shy. What, are there masques ?—Hear you me, Jessica,
Lock up my doors, and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnished faces :
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements,
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night :
But I will go :—Go you before me, sirrah,
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—Mistress, look out at window, for all this ;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit*

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring ? ha !

Jes. His words were " Farewell, mistress ; " nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat : drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrowed purse.—Well, Jessica, go in,
Perhaps I will return immediately.
Do as I bid you ; shut doors after you :
Fast bind, fast find ;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit*

Jes. Farewell ; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit*

Scene VI.—The same

Enter Gratiano *and* Salarino, *masqued*

Gra. This is the penthouse, under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he outdwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O ! ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obligéd faith unforfeited !

Gra. That ever holds : who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down ?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first ? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chaséd than enjoyed.

How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfèd bark puts from her native bay,
Hugged and embracèd by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weathered ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggared by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter.
Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew.—Ho, who's within?

Enter JESSICA *above, in boy's clothes*

Jes. Who are you? Tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.
Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.
Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.
Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 't is night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformèd to a boy.
Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.
Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 't is an office of discovery, love,
And I should be obscured.
Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stayed for at Bassanio's feast.
Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit from above*
Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.
Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath proved herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placèd in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA

What, art thou come?—On gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with Jessica and Salarino*

Enter ANTONIO

Ant. Who's there?
Gra. Signior Antonio!
Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano, where are all the rest?
'T is nine o'clock, our friends all stay for you:
No masque to-night: the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard;
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad on 't, I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII.—Belmont. An Apartment in PORTIA's House

Enter PORTIA, *with the* PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *and their Trains*

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.
Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
The second, silver, which this promise carries,
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see:
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
Must give—for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross,
I 'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand.
If thou beest rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;

And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve !—Why, that 's the lady ;
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding ;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I strayed no further, but chose here ?—
Let 's see once more this saying graved in gold :
" Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
Why, that 's the lady : all the world desires her.
From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wild Arabia, are as thoroughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia.
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is 't like, that lead contains her ? 'T were damnation
To think so base a thought : it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she 's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold ?
O sinful thought ! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stampéd in gold, but that 's insculped upon ;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key :
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may !

Por. There, take it, prince ; and if my form lie there.
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket*

Mor. O hell ! what have we here ?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll. I 'll read the writing,

[*Reads*] *All that glisters is not gold ;*
Often have you heard that told :
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold :
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd,
" Fare you well, your suit is cold."

Cold, indeed, and labour lost :
Then, farewell, heat, and, welcome, frost !
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart,
To take a tedious leave : thus losers part. [*Exit*

Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains; go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt*

Scene VIII.—Venice. A Street

Enter Salarino *and* Salanio

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I'm sure, Lorenzo is not.
Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised the Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian!—O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealéd bag, two sealéd bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"
Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.
Salar. Marry, well remembered.
I reasoned with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarriéd
A vessel of our country richly fraught.
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wished in silence that it were not his.
Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answered—"Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love;

Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there."
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

Salan. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embracéd heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IX.—Belmont.—A Room in PORTIA's House

Enter NERISSA, *with a Servitor*

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain straight,
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, *and their Trains. Flourish Cornets*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contained,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnised;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoined by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 't was I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage;
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I addressed me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath:"
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
What many men desire:—that many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.

I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
" Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeservéd dignity:
O! that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare;
How many be commanded that command;
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seed of honour; and how much honour
Picked from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new-varnished! Well, but to my choice:
" Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
I will assume desert.—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket*

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What 's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
' Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves: "
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend and judge are distinct offices,
And of opposéd natures.

Ar. What is here?

[*Reads*]
The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silvered o'er, and so was this:
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone; you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu. I 'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth. [*Exeunt Arragon and Train*

Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools, when they do choose
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.
Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. Where is my lady?
Por. Here, what would my lord?
Mess. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets,
To wit (besides commends and courteous breath)
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.
Por. No more, I pray thee, I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee.
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa, for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.
Ner. Bassanio lord,—Love, if thy will it be! [*Exeunt*

ACT THREE

Scene I.—Venice. A Street

Enter Salanio *and* Salarino

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?
Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.
Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio—O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company—
Salar. Come, the full stop.
Salan. Ha, what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salan. Let me say "amen" betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK

How now, Shylock, what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That 's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That 's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion, rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match; a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart: Let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; what 's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal; if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what 's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt Salanio, Salarino, and Servant*

Enter TUBAL

Shy. How now, Tubal? what news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort. The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now; two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so; and I know not what 's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief, and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal. Good news, good news: —Ha, ha! . . . hear . . . in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I 'll plague him; I 'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that 's true, that 's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit ; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue : go, good Tubal ; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. - Belmont. A Room in PORTIA's House

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and Attendants*

Por. I pray you, tarry ; pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
I lose your company ; therefore, forbear awhile.
There 's something tells me, but it is not love.
I would not lose you,—and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality ;
But lest you should not understand me well
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought)
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right,—but then I am forsworn ;
So will I never be : so may you miss me ;
But if you do, you 'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlooked me, and divided me :
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say ; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours. O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights ;
And so, though yours, not yours ;—prove it so,
Let Fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long ; but 't is to peise the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose,
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio : then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love.
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforcéd do speak anything.

Bass. Promise me life, and I 'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. Confess and love,

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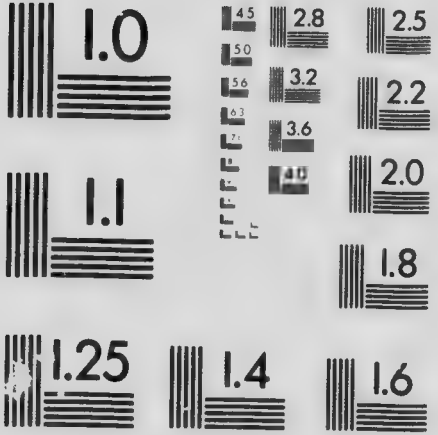

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Had been the very sum of my confession :
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance :
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

[*Curtain drawn from before the caskets*

Por. Away then, I am locked in one of them,
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice,
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And watery death-bed for him. He may win ;
And what is music then ? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crownéd monarch ; such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage.—Now he goes,
With no less presence but with much more love
Than young Alcides when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster : I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With blearéd visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit : go, Hercules,
Live thou, I live :—with much, much more dismay,
I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.

A song, the whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head ?
How begot, how nourishéd ?
Reply, reply.
It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies,
Let us all ring fancy's knell :
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves :
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,
What damnéd error but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?

There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk,
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 't is purchased by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crispéd snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposéd fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guilèd shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstacy,
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess:
I feel too much thy blessing! make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I here?

[*Opening the leaden casket*

Fair Portia's counterfeit. What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are severed lips
Parted with sugar breath, so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs,
The painter plays the spider and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes,
How could he see to do them? having made one
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnished: yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow

Doth limp behind the substance. Here 's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune :
[*Reads*] *You that choose not by the view,*
Chance as fair, and choose as true,
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your Lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.
A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave,
I come by note, to give and to receive. [*Kissing her*
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt,
Whether those peals of praise be his or no ;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirmed, signed, ratified by you.
Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am : though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better, yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself ;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich ;
That, only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account : but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing ; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn ; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted : but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord. I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.
Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins,
And there is such confusion in my powers
As after some oration, fairly spoke

By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleasèd multitude ;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Expressed, and not expressed. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence :
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio 's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord and lady !

Gra. My Lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish ;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me,
And, when your honours mean to solemnise
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one,
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours,—
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;
You loved, I loved for intermission.
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls ;
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa ?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith ?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.

Gra. We 'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down ?

Gra. No, we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.
But who comes here ? Lorenzo, and his infidel ?
What ! and my old Venetian friend Salerio ?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERIO

Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither.
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord ;
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour.—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Saler. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it.—Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter*
Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind; his letter there
Will show you his estate. [*Bassanio reads the letter*
Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio. What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.
Saler. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!
Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman:
And then I told you true, and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you,
My state was nothing, I should then have told you,
That I was worse than nothing; for indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Hath all his ventures failed? What, not one hit
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?
Saler. Not one, my lord,

Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man :
He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state
If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him ; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble ?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies ; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew ?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more ?
Pay him six thousand and deface the bond :
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend ;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along ;
My maid Nerissa, and myself, meantime,
Will live as maids and widows. Come away,
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer ;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*Reads*] *Sweet Bassanio, My ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low ; my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure : if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O, love, despatch all business, and be gone.
Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste ; but till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeun*

Scene III.—Venice. A Street

Enter Shylock, Salarino, Antonio, *and Gaoler*

Shy. Gaoler, look to him : tell not me of mercy.
This is the fool that lent out money gratis.
Gaoler, look to him.
Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I'll have my bond ; speak not against my bond.
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But since I am a dog, beware my fangs.
The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.
Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I'll have my bond : I will not hear thee speak :
I'll have my bond : and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not ;
I'll have no speaking : I will have my bond. [*Exit*
Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone :
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life ; his reason well I know ;
I oft delivered from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me ;
Therefore he hates me.
Salar. I am sure, the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law :
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state,
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go :
These griefs and losses have so bated me
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, gaoler, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not ! [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—Belmont. A Room in PORTIA's House

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord, your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.
Lor. Madam, with all my heart
I shall obey you in all fair commands.
Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well till we shall meet again.
Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!
Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo*

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit*

Por. Come on, Nerissa: I have work in hand
That you yet know not of. We 'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplishéd
With that we lack. I 'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I 'll prove the prettier fellow of the two;
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died,
I could not do withal: then I 'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not killed them.
And twenty of these puny lies I 'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question 's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I 'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt*

Scene V.—The Same. A Garden

Enter Launcelot *and* Jessica

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you. I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I

speak my agitation of the matter: therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother. Well, you are gone, both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Enter LORENZO

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo, Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth, for, in converting Jews to Christians you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason; but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion? Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to

thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnished like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life,
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawned with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I 'll set you forth. [*Exeunt*

ACT FOUR

Scene I.—Venice. A Court of Justice

Enter the Duke; *the Magnificoes;* Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salarino, Salerio, *and others*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard

Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am armed
To suffer with a quietness of spirit
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salar. He 's ready at the door. He comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 't is thought,
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than in thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touched with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never trained
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possessed your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats? I 'll not answer that,
But, say, it is my humour: is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answered yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer.
As there is no firm reason to be rendered,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;

Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bagpipe, but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend himself, being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew.
You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means;
But with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them: I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts
Because you bought them:—shall I say to you,
Let them be free; marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours. So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought; 't is mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.
Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.
Duke. Bring us the letters ; call the messenger.
Bass. Good cheer, Antonio ! What, man, courage yet !
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death : the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario ?
Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.
[*Presents a letter*
Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?
Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen ; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee ?
Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra. O, be thou damned, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accused !
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men : thy currish spirit
Governed a wolf, who, hanged for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed dam
Infused itself in thee ; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.
Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.
Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he ?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your answer, whether you 'll admit him.
Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Clerk. [*Reads*] *Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio, the merchant; we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion, which, bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.*

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter PORTIA *for* BALTHAZAR

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?
Por. I did, my lord.
Duke. You are welcome; take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?
Por. I am informéd th'roughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Por. Is your name Shylock?
Shy. Shylock is my name.
Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.
[*To Antonio*] You stand within his danger, do you not?
Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed:
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,

It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoken thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou wilt follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the Law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum; if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It must not be: there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree establishéd;
'T will be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.
Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!
Por. I pray you let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 't is, most reverend doctor, here it is.
Por. Shylock, there 's thrice thy money offered thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven,
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid, according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'T is very true. O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast;
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—
"Nearest his heart:" those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so expressed; but what of that?
'T were good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it: 't is not in the bond?
Por. You, merchant, have you anything to say?
Ant. But little; I am armed and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well.
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I 'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteemed above thy life;
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife whom I protest I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
Ner. 'T is well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter;
'Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian.
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The Court awards it, and the Law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The Law allows it, and the Court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence! come, prepare!
Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew:—O learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shalt see the Act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew:—a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew, an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou takest more
Or less than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.
Por. He hath refused it in the open court :
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal ?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it !
I 'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew :
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien,
That, by direct or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party against the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods ; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the State,
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, against all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st ;
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant, and thou hast incurred
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself ;
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the State,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;
Therefore thou must be hanged at the State's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's :
The other half comes to the general State,
Which humbleness may drive into a fine.
Por. Ay, for the State ; not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all ; pardon not that :
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?—
Gra. A halter gratis ; nothing else, for God's sake.—
Ant. So please my lord the Duke, and all the Court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it
Upon his death unto the gentleman

That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more,—that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possessed
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.
Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronouncéd here.
Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence.
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gra. In christening thou shalt have two godfathers,
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit Shylock*
Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.
Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exeunt Duke and his Train*
Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute
Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you;
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I 'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I 'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand; I 'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bass. This ring, good sir? alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this ;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.
Bass. There 's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation :
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers.
You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answered.
Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife :
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.
Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An' if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserved this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.
[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa*
Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring :
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.
Bass. Go, Gratiano ; run and overtake him,
Give him the ring ; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house. Away ! make haste.
[*Exit Gratiano*
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Street

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it ; we 'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home.
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en.
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be.
His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you, tell him : furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.—
[*To Portia*] I 'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. [*To Nerissa*] Thou may'st, I warrant.
We shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we 'll outface them and outswear them too.
[*Aloud*] Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?

[*Exeunt*

ACT FIVE

SCENE I.—Belmont. The Avenue to PORTIA'S House

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA

Lor. The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise, in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls
And sighed his soul towards the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you friend?

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont; she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet returned?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT

Laun. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo, and Mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave holloing, man;—here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there 's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit*

Lor. Sweet soul, let 's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter; why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air. [*Exit Stephano*
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls:
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music*

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted: Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA, *a distance*

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moon shone we did not see the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters:—Music: hark!
Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.
Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect.
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise, and true perfection!—
Peace, ho!—the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked.
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.
Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they returned?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Por. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you. [*A tucket sounded*
Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet.
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 't is a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their Followers*

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord.
Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend:
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.
Gra. [*To Nerissa*] By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.
Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what 's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*
Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me when I did give it you
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective and have kept it.

Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God 's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.
Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbéd boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begged it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 't were to me, I should be mad at it.
Bass. [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.
Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begged it, and, indeed,
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begged mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.
Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.
Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it: it is gone.
Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.
Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,

If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony ?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe :
I 'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it ; but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begged the ring, the which I did deny him,
And suffered him to go displeased away,
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady ?
I was enforced to send it after him ;
I was beset with shame and courtesy ;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
For, by these blesséd candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begged
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you :
I 'll not deny him any thing I have ;
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed.
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it :
Lie not a night from home ; watch me like Argus ;
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I 'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk ; therefore, be well advised
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so : let not me take him then ;
For, if I do, I 'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you ; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforcéd wrong ;
And in the hearing of these many friends
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself—

Por. Mark you but that !
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself ;
In each eye, one :—swear by your double self,
And there 's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,

Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor.
Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio,
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano,
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high ways
In summer where the ways are fair enough.
What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it?
Por. Speak not so grossly. You are all amazed;
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there, her clerk. Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now returned; I have not yet
Entered my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chancéd on this letter.
Ant. I am dumb.
Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?
Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.
Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow:
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.
Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.
Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possessed of.
Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starvéd people.
Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;

And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be so: the first inter'gatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I 'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt*

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF
FENTON, *a young gentleman*
SHALLOW, *a country justice*
SLENDER, *cousin to Shallow*
FORD, PAGE } *two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor*
WILLIAM PAGE, *a boy, son to Page*
SIR HUGH EVANS, *a Welsh parson*
DOCTOR CAIUS, *a French physician*
Host of the Garter Inn
BARDOLPH, NISTOL, PYM } *followers of Falstaff*
ROBIN, *page to Falstaff*
SIMPLE, *servant to Slender*
RUGBY, *servant to Doctor Caius*

MISTRESS FORD
MISTRESS PAGE
ANNE PAGE, *her daughter*
MISTRESS QUICKLY, *servant to Doctor Caius*

Servants to Page, Ford, etc.

SCENE.—*Windsor, and the neighbourhood*

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

ACT ONE

SCENE I.—Windsor. Before PAGE's House

Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram.*

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *cust-alorum.*

Slen. Ay, and *Ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *Armigero,* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *Armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, hath done 't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, pyr-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures; but that is all one: if Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it: it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, per-

adventure, prings goot discretions with it: there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page! She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Eva. It is that fery person for all the orld: as just as you will desire, and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [*Knocks*] What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Page. [*Within*] Who 's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Enter PAGE

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed.—How doth good Mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was outrun on Cotsol'.

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slen. You 'll not confess, you 'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not.—'T is your fault, 't is your fault:—'t is a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he 's a good dog, and a fair dog ; can there be more said ? he is good, and fair.—Is Sir John Falstaff here ?

Page. Sir, he is within ; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wronged me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed : is not that so, Master Page ? He hath wronged me ; indeed, he hath ; —at a word, he hath ;—believe me ;—Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wronged.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, *and* PISTOL

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you 'll complain of me to the king ?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter ?

Shal. Tut, a pin, this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight :—I have done all this.—That is now answered.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'T were better for you, if it were known in counsel ; you 'll be laughed at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir John ; goot worts.

Fal. Good worts ? good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head : what matter have you against me ?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you ; and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bard. You Banbury cheese !

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus ?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say ! *pauca, pauca ;* slice ! that 's my humour.

Slen. Where 's Simple, my man ?—can you tell, cousin ?

Eva. Peace ! I pray you. Now let us understand : there is three umpires in this matter, as I understa d : that is—Master Page, *fidelicet*, Master Page ; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself ; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot : I will make a prief of it in my note-book ; and we will afterwards ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,—

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, "He hears with ear?" Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he—or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else—of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller;—by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.—
Word of denial in thy labras here;
Word of denial:—froth and scum, thou liest.

Slen. By these gloves, then, 't was he.

Nym. Be avised, sir, and pass good humours: I will say, "marry trap," with you, if you run the nut-hook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences,—

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions pass'd the careers.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 't is no matter. I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter ANNE PAGE, *with wine;* MISTRESS FORD *and* MISTRESS PAGE *following*

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we 'll drink within. [*Exit Anne Page*

Slen. O Heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [*Kissing her*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome.—
Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all but Shallow, Slender, and Evans*

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter SIMPLE

How now, Simple? Where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this coz: there is, as 't were, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here: do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable: if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender. I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says. I pray you pardon me; he 's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, that 's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it, the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth: therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abranam Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak positable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do, is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married

and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, "marry her," I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save the faul is in the ort dissolutely: the ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely: his meaning is goot.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la!

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne.—

Re-enter ANNE PAGE

'Would I were young, for your sake, Mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt Shallow and Evans*

Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth.—Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit Simple*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man.—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead; but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship; they will not sit, till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I 'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence—three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since.—Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That 's meat and drink to me now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it that it passed—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first: truly, la, I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la! [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—An outer Room in PAGE'S House.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way; and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his try nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet.—Give her this letter; for it is a oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone: I will make an end of my dinner: there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—A Room in the Garter Inn

Enter FALSTAFF, *Host*, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* ROBIN

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou 'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow.—Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit Host*

Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive.

Pist. O base Gongarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield? [*Exit Bardolph*

Nym. He was gotten in drink; is not the humour conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilful singer,—he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minim's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call. "Steal?" foh! a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol: indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife. I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, "I am Sir John Falstaff's."

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her well,—out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse—he hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and "To her, boy," say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious oullads: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass. Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in

Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheaters to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford. We will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-letter. I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. [*To Robin*] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly;
Sail like my pinnace to the golden shores.—
Rogues, hence! avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.
[*Exeunt Falstaff and Robin*

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low beguile the rich and poor.
Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk.

Nym. I have operations in my head which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star.

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness: for this revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt*

Scene IV.—A Room in Doctor Caius's House

Enter Mistress Quickly *and* Simple

Quick. What, John Rugby!—

Enter Rugby

I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i' faith, and find anybody in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for 't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. [*Exit Rugby*] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass.—Peter Simple you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And Master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard,—a cane-coloured beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, Heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent. [*Exit Rugby*] Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home. [*Sings*] *And down, down, adown-a, etc.*

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier vert;* a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth; I'll fetch it you. [*Aside*] I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Ouy, mette le au mon pocket; *dépêche,* quickly.—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Re-enter RUGBY

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rogeby: come, take a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'T is ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long.—Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vil not for de varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ay me! he 'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. *O diable! diable!* vat is in my closet?—Villainy! *larron!* [*Pulling Simple out*] Rugby; my rapier!

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic; hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue! Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I 'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper: tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes*

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy.—But notwithstanding, man, I 'll do you your master what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself;—

Sim. 'T is a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avised o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear—I would have no words of it—my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page; but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind, that 's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape,—give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de park;

and I vill teach a scurvy jackanape priest to meddle o. make.—You may be gone ; it is not good you tarry here :—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones , by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [*Exit Simple*

Quick. Alas ! he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat :—do not you tell-a me, dat I shall have Anne Page for myself ?—By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest ; and I have appointed mine host of de Jarteer to measure our weapon.—By gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate : what the good-jer !

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me.—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door.—Follow my heels, Rugby. [*Exeunt Caius and Rugby*

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that : never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank Heaven.

Fent. [*Within*] Who 's within there ? ho !

Quick. Who 's there, I trow ? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON

Fent. How now, good woman ? how dost thou ?

Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news ? how does pretty Mistress Anne ?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle ; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way ; I praise Heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou ? Shall I not lose my suit ?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in His hands above ; but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I 'll be sworn on a book, she loves you.—Have not your worship a wart above your eye ?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I ; what of that ?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale :—good faith, it is such another Nan ;—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread :—we had an hour's talk of that wart :—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company !—but, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing: but for you—well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there 's money for thee ; let me have thy voice in my behalf : if thou see'st her before me, commend me.

Quick. Will I ? i' faith, that we will ; and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell ; I am in great haste now. [*Exit*

Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does.—Out upon 't! what have I forgot? [*Exit*

ACT TWO

Scene I.—Before Page's House

Enter Mistress Page *with a letter*

Mrs. Page. What, have I scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see. [*Reads*

"Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there 's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then, there 's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page,—at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice,—that I love thee. I will not say, pity me,—'t is not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight, John Falstaff."

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked, with the devil's name, out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company.—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—Heaven forgive me!—Why, I 'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress Ford

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel.

Mrs. Page. What 's the matter, woman ?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour !

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman ; take the honour. What is it ?—dispense with trifles ;—what is it ?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What ?—thou liest.—Sir Alice Ford !—These knights will hack ; and so, thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight :—here, read, read ;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking : and yet he would not swear ; praised women's modesty ; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words : but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of " Green Sleeves." What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor ? How shall I be revenged on him ? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like ?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs !—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here 's the twin-brother of thy letter : but let thine inherit first ; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names,—sure more—and these are of the second edition. He will print them, out of doubt ; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two : I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same ; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us ?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not : it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I 'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal ; for sure, unless he know some strain in me that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it ? I 'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I : if he come under my hatches, I 'll never to sea again. Let 's be revenged on him : let 's appoint him a meeting ; give him a show of comfort in his suit ; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against

him that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [*They retire*

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, *and* NYM

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford.
He loves the gallimaufry: Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:—
O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell:
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.—
Away, Sir Corporal Nym:—
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit*

Ford. [*Aside*] I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. [*To Page*] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym: I speak, and I avouch 't is true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there 's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit*

Page. [*Aside*] "The humour of it," quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

Ford. [*Aside*] I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. [*Aside*] I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. [*Aside*] If I do find it:—well.

Page. [*Aside*] I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. [*Aside*] 'T was a good sensible fellow: well.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—[*Aside to Mrs. Ford*] Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly*

Page. How now, Master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me.

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em slaves; I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him, in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him: and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes. There is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—

Enter Host

How now, mine host?

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou 'rt a gentleman.—Cavalero-justice, I say,—

Enter SHALLOW

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good-even and twenty, Good Master Page. Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rook?

[*They go aside*

Shal. [*To Page*] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him and tell him my name is Brook, only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight.—Will you go, mynheers?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir! I could have told you more: in these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 't is the heart, Master Page; 't is here, 't is here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you.—I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[*Exeunt Host, Shallow, and Page*

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at Page's house, and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into 't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 't is labour well bestowed.

[*Exit*

Scene II.—A Room in the Garter Inn

Enter Falstaff *and* Pistol

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world 's mine oyster, which I with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to

gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took 't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou I 'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go:—a short knife and a throng:—to your manor of Pickt-hatch, go.—You 'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise: I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of Heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bull-baiting oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent: what would thou more of man?

Enter Robin

Rob. Sir, here 's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an 't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I 'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman: and I 'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir:—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true:—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears: mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them His servants!

Fal. Well: Mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she 's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your worship 's a wanton! well, Heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, Mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it. You have brought her into such a canaries, as 't is wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly,—all musk,—and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold: and in such alligant terms; and such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart, and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels,—in any such sort, as they say—but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of; Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him! he 's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven:—woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she 's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other:—and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for 't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this,—has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed!—But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the

little page; and, truly, Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nayword, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand anything; for 't is not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both. There 's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman. [*Exeunt Mistress Quickly and Robin*] —This news distracts me.

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers.—
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;
Give fire! She is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [*Exit*

Fal. Sayest thou so, old Jack? Go thy ways; I'll make more of thy body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: let them say, 't is grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH, *with a cup of sack*

Bard. Sir John, there 's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [*Exit Bardolph*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via!*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with* FORD *disguised*

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You 're welcome. What 's your will?
—Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph*

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much: my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours; not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are; the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook: I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given; briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been, on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none, unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:

Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house built upon another man's

ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations,—

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it.—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to 't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her—I may tell you—by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not.—Yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to be well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer: and there 's my harvest home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel, it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night.—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. [*Exit*

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol-cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour: I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit*

Scene III.—Windsor Park

Enter Caius *and* Rugby

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'T is past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come: he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come. By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill

him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here 's company.

Enter HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* PAGE

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. Save you, Master Doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give you good morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montánt. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de varld; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian, King Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is the curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions.—Is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodikins, Master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'T is true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page.—Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice:—a word, Monsieur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman.—Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully,—but first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in, and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender*

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest, for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die. Sheathe thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler. Go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farmhouse a-feasting, and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim? said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page: said I well?

Caius. By gar, 't is good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt*

ACT THREE

Scene I.—A Field near Frogmore

Enter Sir Hugh Evans *and* Simple

Eva. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the Pitty-ward, the Park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most fehemently desire you you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir. [*Retiring*

Eva. Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad if he have deceived me.—How melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals

about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the ork :—pless my soul ! [*Sings*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious pirds sing madrigals ;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—

Mercy on me ! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious pirds sing madrigals ;—
Whenas I sat in Pabylon,—
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow—

Sim. [*Coming forward*] Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He 's welcome.—

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right !—What weapons is he ?

Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown ; or else keep it in your arms. [*Reads in a book*

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER

Shal. How now, master parson ? Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. [*Aside*] Ah, sweet Anne Page !

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh.

Eva. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you !

Shal. What, the sword and the word ? do you study them both, master parson ?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day !

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well : what is it ?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman who, belike, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward ; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he ?

Page. I think you know him ; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibbocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he 's the man should fight with him.

Slen. [*Aside*] O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons.—Keep them asunder:—here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter Host, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. [*Aside to Caius*] Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. [*Aside to Caius*] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends.—[*Aloud*] I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diable!* Jack Rugby,—mine host *de Jartiere*, have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed. I 'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say! Gallia and Guallia, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good; excellent.

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn.—Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. [*Aside*] O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt Shallow, Slender, Page, and Host*

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de *sot* of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog. —I desire you, that we may be friends, and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart. He promised to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles.—Pray you, follow.

[*Exeunt*

Scene II.—A Street in Windsor

Enter Mistress Page *and* Robin

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant: you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O! you are a flattering boy: now I see you 'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?

Mrs. Page Truly, sir, to see your wife: is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of.—What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on 's name.—There is such a league between my good man and he! Is your wife at home indeed!

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir: I am sick till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin*

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she 's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in

the wind:—and Falstaff's boy with her?—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [*Clock strikes*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search: there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *Host*, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY

Page, Shal., etc. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot. I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 't is in his buttons; he will carry 't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Poins; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go:—so shall you, Master Page,—and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well.—We shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's. [*Exeunt Shallow and Slender*

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon. [*Exit Rugby*

Host. Farewell, my hearts. I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit*

Ford. [*Aside*] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I 'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster. [*Exeunt*

Scene III.—A Room in Ford's House

Enter Mistress Ford *and* Mistress Page

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly:—is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant.—What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a basket

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called.

[*Exeunt Servants*

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket? what news with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I 'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here, and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he 'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou 'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I 'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so.—Go tell thy master, I am alone. [*Exit Robin*]—Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit*

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then: we 'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion;—we 'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF

Fal. Have I caught my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish,—I would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come; I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time: I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee, and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear, you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, Heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within*] Mistress Ford! Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman.— [*Falstaff hides himself behind the arras*

Re-enter MISTRESS PAGE *and* ROBIN

What's the matter? how now!

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford! what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you're undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion!—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas, what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'T is not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray Heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 't is most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one: I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand "you had rather," and "you had rather:" your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or,—it is whiting-time,—send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF

Fal. Let me see 't, let me see 't, O, let me see 't! I 'll in, I 'll in.—Follow your friend's counsel:—I 'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff? Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee and none but thee: help me away; let me creep in here; I 'll never—

[*He gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen*

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John!

[*Exit Robin*

Re-enter Servants

Go take up these clothes here, quickly:—where's the cowl-staff?—look, how you drumble: carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS

Ford. Pray you, come near; if I suspect without cause, why, then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck!—I would I could wash myself of the buck! —Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night: I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox.—Let me stop this way first. [*Locks the door.*] So, now uncape.

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit*

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 't is no de fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt Page, Caius, and Evans*

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked what was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so, throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it: let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS

Ford. I cannot find him: may be, the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. [*Aside to Mrs. Ford*] Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. [*Aside to Mrs. Page*] Ay, ay, peace.—You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay, I must bear it.

Eva. If there be anypody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, Heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too: dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'T is my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 't is an honest woman.

Ford. Well; I promised you a dinner:—come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, Mistress Page.—I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let 's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we 'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we 'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Anything.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If dere be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Ford. Pray you, go, Master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave! to have his gibes and his mockeries! [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—A Room in PAGE'S House

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth ;
And that, my state being galled with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth ;
Besides, these other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies,
And tells me, 't is a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.
Anne. May be, he tells you true.
Fent. No, Heaven so speed me in my time to come !
Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I wooed thee, Anne :
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealéd bags ;
And 't is the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.
Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love ; still seek it, sir :
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why, then—hark you hither.
[*They converse apart*

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* MISTRESS QUICKLY

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly : my kinsman shall speak for himself.
Slen. I 'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't: slid, 't is but venturing.
Shal. Be not dismayed.
Slen. No, she shall not dismay me : I care not for that,—but that I am afeared.
Quick. Hark ye ; Master Slender would speak a word with you.
Anne. I come to him.—[*Aside*] This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favoured faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year !
Quick. And how does good Master Fenton ? Pray you, a word with you.
Shal. She 's coming ; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father !
Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne ; my uncle can tell you good jests of him.—Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.
Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.
Slen. Ay, that I do ; as well as I love any woman in Glostershire.
Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.
Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and longtail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort.—She calls you, coz: I 'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender,—

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne,—

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od 's heartlings, that 's a pretty jest, indeed. I ne'er made my will yet, I thank Heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give Heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE *and* MISTRESS PAGE

Page. Now, Master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—
Why, how now? what does Master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton.—
Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in.—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.
[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender*

Quick. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That 's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas! I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowled to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself.—Good Master Fenton,
I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.
Till then, farewell, sir: she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry. [*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne*

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress.—Farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing, now.—"Nay," said I, "will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? look on Master Fenton."—This is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night Give my sweet Nan this ring. There 's for thy pains.

[*Exit*

Quick. Now, Heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I 'll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast I am to slack it! [*Exit*

Scene V.—A Room in the Garter Inn

Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in 't. [*Exit Bardolph*] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I 'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow;—a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man, and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter Bardolph *with the wine*

Bard. Here 's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly 's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mistress Quickly

Quick. By your leave.—I cry you mercy: give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go, brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [*Exit Bardolph*] How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding: she desires you once more to come to her; between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly: she 'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think, what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit*

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of Master Brook: he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well.—O, here he comes.

Enter FORD

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. Now, Master Brook,—you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you. I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking Cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket!—rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet Lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw;—it was a miracle, to escape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horseshoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you 'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'T is past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit*

Ford. Hum,—ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, Master Ford! there 's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 't is to be married: this 't is to have linen, and buck-baskets.—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape

me; 't is impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me,—I 'll be horn-mad. [*Exit*

ACT FOUR

Scene I.—The Street

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Quickly, *and* William

Mrs. Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this, or will be presently: but truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I 'll be with her by-and-by: I 'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 't is a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans

How now, Sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book: I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, Od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tattlings!—What is *fair*, William?

Will. *Pulcher.*

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity oman: I pray you, peace.—What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *lapis:* I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis.*

Eva. That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, haec, hoc.*

Eva. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog;* —pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus.* Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. *Accusativo, hunc.*

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child: *accusativo, hung, hang, hog.*

Quick. Hang-hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, oman.—What is the focative case, William?

Will. *O—vocativo, O.*

Eva. Remember, William; focative is, *caret.*

Quick. And that 's a good root.

Eva. Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace!

Eva. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitive case?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitive,—*horum, harum, horum.*

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her!—Never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, oman!

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words.—He teaches him to hick and to hack, which they 'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call whorum,—fie upon you!

Eva. Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *qui, quæ, quod;* if you forget your *quies*, your *quæs*, and your *quods*, you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play; go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir Hugh.*] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt*

Scene II.—A Room in Ford's House

Enter Falstaff *and* Mistress Ford

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's-breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He 's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within*] What ho! gossip Ford! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[*Exit Falstaff*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly.—[*Aside to her*] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, "Peer out, peer out!" that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him: better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces.

Mrs. Page. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places; and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day! I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she 's as big as he is, and there 's her thrummed hat, and her muffler too.—Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick! we 'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit Falstaff*

Mrs. Ford. I would, my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears, she 's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We 'll try that; for I 'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he 'll be here presently: let 's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I 'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I 'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We 'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not act, that often jest and laugh;
'T is old but true, Still swine eat all the draff. [*Exit*

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD *with two Servants*

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him. Quickly; despatch. [*Exit*

First Serv. Come, come, take it up.

Sec. Serv. Pray Heaven, it be not full of knight again.

First Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you

any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villains!—Somebody call my wife.—Youth in a basket! O you panderly rascals! there 's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed.—What, wife, I say!—Come, come forth!—Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics; this is mad as a mad dog.

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Ford. So say I too, sir.

Re-enter Mistress Ford

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the basket*

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'T is unreasonable. Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,—

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable.—Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here 's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he 's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, "As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman." Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What ho! Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman 's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what 's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband.—Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Re-enter FALSTAFF *in woman's clothes, led by* MISTRESS PAGE

Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I 'll prat her.—Out of my door, you witch, [*beats him*] you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon: out! out! I 'll conjure you, I 'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Falstaff*

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think, you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it.—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow: see but the issue of my jealousy. If I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let 's obey his humour a little further. Come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt Ford, Page, Shallow, and Evans*

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I 'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o'er the altar: it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I 'll warrant, they 'll have him publicly shamed; and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it, then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt*

Scene III.—A Room in the Garter Inn

Enter Host and Bardolph

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen:—they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I 'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but I 'll make them pay; I 'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I 'll sauce them. Come. [*Exeunt*

Scene IV.—A Room in Ford's House

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, *and* Sir Hugh Evans

Eva. 'T is one of the pest discretions of a oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'T is well, 't is well; no more.
Be not as extreme in submission
As in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they 'll meet him in the park at midnight? Fie, fie! he 'll never come.

Eva. You say, he has been thrown in the rivers, and has been grievously peaten, as an old oman: methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you 'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;

And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle ;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner :
You 've heard of such a spirit ; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Received and did deliver to our age
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak.
But what of this !

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device ;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he 'll come :
And in this shape when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him ? what is your plot ?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus :
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we 'll dress
Like urchins, ouphs, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands. Upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once
With some diffuséd song : upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly :
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight ;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposéd fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We 'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they 'll ne'er do 't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours ; I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I 'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attiréd in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy ;—[*aside*] and in that tire
Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton.—Go send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I 'll to him again in name of Brook ;
He 'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he 'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go, get us properties,
And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries. [*Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans*

Mrs. Page. Go, Mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.
[*Exit Mrs. Ford*
I 'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot,
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well moneyed, and his friends
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. [*Exit*

Scene V.—A Room in the Garter Inn

Enter Host and Simple

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There 's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed: 't is painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go, knock and call: he 'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.

Sim. There 's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I 'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman? the knight may be robbed: I 'll call.—Bully knight! Bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*Above*] How now, mine host!

Host. Here 's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: fie! privacy? fie!

Enter Falstaff

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me, but she 's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was 't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, mussel-shell: what would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself: I had other things to have spoken with her too from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, and thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'T is, 't is his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her, -or no. Go; say, the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir; like who more bold.

Sim. I thank your worship. I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit*

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage; mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain. Do not say, they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three cozen-germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs, and 't is not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [*Exit*

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS

Caius. Vere is mine host de Jarteere?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jarmany: by my trot, dere is no duke dat de court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit*

Host. Hue and cry, villain! go.—Assist me, knight. I am undone.—Fly, run, hue and cry, villain!—I am undone! [*Exeunt Host and Bardolph*

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened, for I have been cozened, and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop my drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY

Now, whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them: Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts! what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve Heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.—Another Room in the Garter Inn

Enter FENTON *and Host*

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy: I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answered my affection,
So far forth as herself might be her chooser,
Even to my wish. I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested
Without the show of both; wherein fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
I 'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host:
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen;
The purpose why, is here: in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented.
Now, sir,
Her mother, ever strong against that match,
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor.—Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him:—her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,—
For they must all be masked and vizarded,—
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed
With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along wth me:
And here it rests,—that you 'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device: I 'll to the vicar.
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I 'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt*

ACT FIVE

Scene I.—A Room in the Garter Inn

Enter Falstaff *and* Mistress Quickly

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling;—go:—I 'll hold. This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go. They say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quick. I 'll provide you a chain; and I 'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit Mrs. Quickly*

Enter Ford

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy:—I will tell you:—he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me; I 'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what 't was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I 'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow:—strange things in hand, Master Brook: follow. [*Exeunt*

Scene II.—Windsor Park

Enter Page, Shallow, *and* Slender

Page. Come, come: we 'll couch i' the castle ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, "mum;" she cries, "budget;" and by that we know one another.

Shal. That 's good too: but what needs either your "mum" or her "budget?" the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil

but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let 's away; follow me.

[*Exeunt*

Scene III.—A Street leading to the Park

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, *and* Doctor Caius

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly. Go before into the Park: we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit Caius.*] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 't is no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We 'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak!

[*Exeunt*

Scene IV.—Windsor Park

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, *and Fairies*

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies: come; and remember your parts. Be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-ords, do as I pid you. Come, come; trib, trib.

[*Exeunt*

Scene V.—Another Part of the Park

Enter Falstaff *disguised as Herne, with a buck's head on*

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me!—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda:—O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl: think on 't, Jove; a foul fault.—When

gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest.—Send me a cool rut time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter MISTRESS FORD *and* MISTRESS PAGE

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut!—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of "Green Sleeves;" hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [*Embracing her*

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweet-heart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribed buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome. [*Noise within*

Mrs. Page. Alas, what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. }
Mrs. Page. } Away, away! [*They run off*

Fal. I think, the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that 's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, *as a Satyr; another Person as Hobgoblin;* ANNE PAGE, *as the Fairy Queen, attended by her Brother and others, dressed like Fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads*

Anne. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan heirs of fixéd destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.—
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.

Hobgoblin. Elves, list your names: silence, you airy toys:
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unraked, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Fal. They 're fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
I'll wink and couch; no man their works must eye. [*Lies down upon his face*

Eva. Where 's Pead?—Go you, and where you find a maid
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Rein up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;

But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.
Anne. About, about;
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphs, on every sacred room,
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state t' is fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, ever more be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile fresh than all the field to see;
And *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckle below fair knighthood's bending knee:—
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Away! disperse! But, till 't is one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter let us not forget.
Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand: yourselves in order set;
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns pe
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay! I smell a man of middle-earth.
Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!
Hobgoblin. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlooked even in thy birth.
Anne. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end.
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.
Hobgoblin. A trial! come.
Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?
[*They burn him with their tapers*
Fal. Oh, oh, oh!
Anne. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

SONG

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,

As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine be out.

[*During this song the Fairies pinch* FALSTAFF. DOCTOR CAIUS *comes one way, and steals away a Fairy in green;* SLENDER *another way, and takes off a Fairy in white; and* FENTON *comes, and steals away* ANNE PAGE. *A noise of hunting is heard within. All the Fairies run away.* FALSTAFF *pulls off his buck's head, and rises*]

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, *and* MISTRESS FORD.

They lay hold on FALSTAFF

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think, we 've watched you now. Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher.— Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives? See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who 's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldy knave; here are his horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again; but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 't is upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frieze? 'T is time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter: your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. [*Aside*] Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

Enter SLENDER

Slen. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son, how now? how now, son? have you despatched?

Slen. Despatched!—I'll make the best in Glostershire know on 't; would I were hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she 's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir! and 't is a postmaster's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried, "mum," and she cried, "budget," as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paysan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page; by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 't is a boy: by gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit*

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me. Here comes Master Fenton.

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE

How now, Master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress; how chance you went not with Master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy that she hath committed,
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title,
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious curséd hours,
Which forcéd marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amazéd: here is no remedy.—
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state:
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, Heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eschewed, must be embraced.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton, Heaven give you many, many merry days.—
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so.—Sir John,
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word:
For he, to-night, shall lie with Mistress Ford. [*Exeunt*

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THESEUS, *duke of Athens*
EGEUS, *father to Hermia*
LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS } *in love with Hermia*
PHILOSTRATE, *master of the revels to Theseus*
QUINCE, *a carpenter*
SNUG, *a joiner*
BOTTOM, *a weaver*
FLUTE, *a bellows-mender*
SNOUT, *a tinker*
STARVELING, *a tailor*

HIPPOLYTA, *queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus*
HERMIA, *daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander*
HELENA, *in love with Demetrius*

OBERON, *king of the Fairies*
TITANIA, *queen of the Fairies*
PUCK, *or Robin Good-fellow*
PEASE-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED } *Fairies*

Other fairies attending their king and queen. Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta

SCENE.—*Athens and a Wood near it*

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

ACT ONE

SCENE I.—Athens. A Room in the Palace of THESEUS

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *and Attendants*

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace ; four happy days bring in
Another moon : but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes ! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.
Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights ;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time ;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.
The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments ;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth :
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit Philostrate*
Hippolyta, I wooed thee with my sword,
And won thy love doing thee injuries ;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke !
The. Thanks, good Egeus : what 's the news with thee ?
Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
Stand forth, Demetrius :—My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.—
Stand forth, Lysander :—and, my gracious duke,
This man hath witched the bosom of my child.
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchanged love-tokens with my child ;
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love ;
And stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats,—messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth ;
With cunning hast thou filched my daughter's heart,
Turned her obedience, which is due to me,

To stubborn harshness :—and, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,—
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia ? be advised, fair maid.
To you your father should be as a god ;
One that composed your beauties ; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure or disfigure it.—
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is ;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would, my father looked but with my eyes !

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts ;
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires ;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun ;
For aye to be in shady cloister mewed,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blesséd they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage ;
But earthlier happy is the rose distilled
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship to whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause ; and by the next new moon,—
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me
For everlasting bond of fellowship,—
Upon that day, either prepare to die

For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia;—and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazéd title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possessed; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly ranked—
If not with vantage—as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am beloved of beauteous Hermia.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I 'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoken thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus: you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will,
Or else the law of Athens yields you up—
Which by no means we may extenuate—
To death, or to a vow of single life.—
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?—
Demetrius and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia*

Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ay me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,

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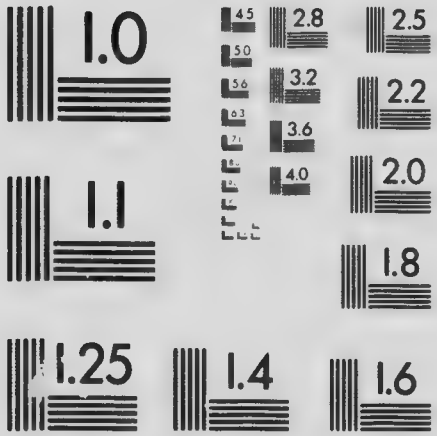

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Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!—
Lys. Or else misgraffèd in respect of years,
Her. O spite! too old to be engaged to young!—
Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,
Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes!—
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—"Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.
Her. If then true lovers have been ever crossed,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross
As due to love as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.
Lys. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night,
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.
Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burned the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.
Lys. Keep promise, love.—Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?
Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!

Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'd give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, 's no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seemed Athens as a paradise to me:
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turned a heaven unto a hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,—
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal—
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence, from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

Lys. I will, my Hermia. [*Exit Herm.*]—Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit*

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she;
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know;
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,

So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured every where;
For ere Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyne,
He hailed down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.—
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again. [*Exit*

SCENE II.—Athens. A Room in QUINCE'S House

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll.—Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:

—yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

"The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish Fates."

This was lofty.—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisbe on you.

Flu. What is Thisbe? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one. You shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisbe too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice:—"Thisne, Thisne,"—"Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisbe dear, and lady dear!"

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus;—and, Flute, you Thisbe.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisbe's mother.—Tom Snout the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisbe's father.—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I

will roar you as gently as any sucking dove ; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus :—for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man,—a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day,—a most lovely, gentleman-like man :—therefore, you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in ?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But, masters, here are your parts : and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night, and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light : there will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet ; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains ; be perfect ; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough ; hold, or cut bowstrings. [*Exeunt*

ACT TWO

Scene I.—A Wood near Athens

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy and Puck

Puck. How now, spirit, whither wander you ?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moony sphere ;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green :
The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
In their gold coats spots you see,—
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours ;
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits ; I 'll be gone :
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night :

Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king,
She never had so sweet a changeling,
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she perforce withholds the lovéd boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square, that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups and hide them there.
Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Called Robin Good-fellow. Are you not he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?
Puck. Fairy, thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me,
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And "tailor" cries, and falls into a cough,
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh
And waxen in their mirth and neeze and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room now, fairy: here comes Oberon.
Fai. And here my mistress.—Would that he were gone!

Scene II

Enter, from one side, Oberon *with his Train, and from the other,* Titania *with hers*

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.
Tita. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord ?
Tita. Then I must be thy lady : but I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India,
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskined mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded ? and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.
Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus ?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravishéd ?
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa ?
Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy :
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By pavéd fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or in the beachéd margin of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have sucked up from the sea
Contagious fogs, which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents ;
The ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard :
The fold stands empty in the drownéd field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock :
The nine men's morris is filled up with mud ;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
For lack of tread are undistinguishable :
The human mortals want their winter here,
No night is now with hymn or carol blest,
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound :
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change

Their wonted liveries; and the mazéd world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which.
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.
Obe. Do you amend it, then; it lies in you.
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy
To be my henchman.
Tita. Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order:
And, in the spicéd Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossiped by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood
When we have laughed to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
Following,—her womb then rich with my young squire—
Would imitate, and sail upon the land
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake I do rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.
Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?
Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.
Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.
[*Exit Titania, with her Train*
Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.—
My gentle Puck, come hither: thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.
Puck. I remember.
Obe. That very time I saw—but thou couldst not—
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed; a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal thronéd by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it Love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I showed thee once:
The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit*

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she waking looks upon—
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape—
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight—
As I can take it with another herb—
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou toldst me, they were stol'n into this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,

Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,—
And yet a place of high respect with me,—
Than to be used as you use your dog?
Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on thee.
Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.
Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night
And the ill counsel of a desert place
With the rich worth of your virginity.
Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you, in my respect, are all the world,
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?
Dem. I 'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed,—
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies!
Dem. I will not stay thy questions: let me go;
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex.
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be wooed, and were not made to woo.
I 'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt Demetrius and Helena*

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter PUCK

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.
Puck. Ay, there it is.
Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:

There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamelled skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I 'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove.
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love.
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt*

Scene III.—Another part of the Wood

Enter Titania, *with her Train*

Tita. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rere-mice for their leathern wings
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

The Fairies Sing

I

First Fai. You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II

Sec. Fai. *Weaving spiders, come not here*
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail do no offence.

Chorus

Philomel, with melody, etc.

Fir. Fai. Hence, away! now all is well.
One, aloof, stand sentinel.
[*Exeunt Fairies.* *Titania sleeps*

Enter OBERON, *and squeezes the flower on* TITANIA'S *eyelids*

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear:
Wake when some vile thing is near. [*Exit*

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We 'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed;
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.
Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.
Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchainéd with an oath;
So then, two bosoms and a single troth.
Then by your side no bed-room me deny,
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,

So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!
Lys. Amen, Amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!
Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be pressed!
[*They sleep*

Enter PUCK

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.—
Night and silence! Who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said
Despiséd the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Nearer this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
[*Squeezes the flower on Lysander's eyelids*
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA, *running*

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O, wilt thou darling leave me? do not so.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go. [*Exit*
Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blesséd and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener washed than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts, that meet me, run away for fear:
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?—
But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep?—I see no blood, no wound.—
Lysander! If you live, good sir, awake.
Lys. [*Awaking*] And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

Transparent Helen! Nature here shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!
Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.
Lys. Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helen now I love.
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason swayed,
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season,
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong,—good sooth, you do,—
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady of one man refused
Should of another therefore be abused! [*Exit*
Lys. She sees not Hermia.—Hermia, sleep thou there:
And never may'st thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me.
And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honour Helen, and to be her knight. [*Exit*
Her. [*Awaking*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity!—what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear.
Methought a serpent ate my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.—
Lysander! what, removed? Lysander! lord!—
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?

Alack! where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit*

ACT THREE

Scene I.—The Wood. Titania lying asleep

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, *and* Starveling

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of "Pyramus and Thisbe," that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more: let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in,—God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—"Ladies," or, "Fair ladies;—I would wish you,"—or, "I would request you,"—or, "I would entreat you,—not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think

I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:"—and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug, the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things:—that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisbe meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine.—Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisbe, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisbe whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake;—and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK *behind*

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus.—Thisbe, stand forth.

Pyr. "Thisbe, the flowers of odious savours sweet,"—

Quin. "Odours," "odours."

Pyr.—"Odours savours sweet:
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisbe, dear.
But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear." [*Exit*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here! [*Exit*

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. " Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,
I 'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb."

Quin. " Ninus' tomb," man. Why, you must no speak that yet ; that you answer to Pyramus. You spea all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus, enter : you cue is past ; it is " never tire."

Re-enter PUCK, *and* BOTTOM, *with an ass's head*

This. O !—" As true as truest horse, that yet woul never tire."

Pyr. " If I were fair, Thisbe, I were only thine."—

Quin. O monstrous ! O strange ! we are haunted—
Pray, masters !—fly, masters !—help ! [*Exeunt Clown*

Puck. I 'll follow you, I 'll lead you 'bout a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier
Sometime a horse I 'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire ;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exi*

Bot. Why do they run away ? this is a knavery o them to make me afeard.

Re-enter SNOUT

Snout. O Bottom ! thou art changed ! what do I see on thee ? [*Exi*

Bot. What do you see ? you see an asshead of your own, do you ?

Re-enter QUINCE

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom ! bless thee ! thou art translated. [*Exit*

Bot. I see their knavery. This is to make an ass of me ; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings*

The ousel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill ;
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill ;—

Tita. [*Awaking*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed ?

Bot. *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark ;*
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay ;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry "cuckoo" never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralléd to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force, perforce, doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days:—the more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate,—
The summer still doth tend upon my state,—
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on presséd flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Pease-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter Four Fairies

First Fai. Ready.
Sec. Fai. And I.
Third Fai. And I.
Fourth Fai. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman:
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries,
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

First Fai. Hail, mortal!
Sec. Fai. Hail!
Third Fai. Hail!
Fourth Fai. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily.—I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Pease-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Pease-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. —Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good Master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforcéd chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [*Exeunt*

Scene II.—Another Part of the Wood

Enter Oberon

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awaked;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.
Here comes my messenger.

Enter Puck

How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene, and entered in a brake,
When I did him at this advantage take;
An ass's nowl I fixéd on his head:
Anon, his Thisbe must be answeréd,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly,

And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves,—some, hats,—from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment—so it came to pass—
Titania waked, and straightway loved an ass.
Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latched the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?
Puck. I took him sleeping—that is finished too—
And the Athenian woman by his side,
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HERMIA

Obe. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.
Puck. This is the woman; but not this the man.
Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in knee deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day
As he to me. Would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bored, and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murdered him;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.
Dem. So should the murdered look, and so should I,
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty;
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.
Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never numbered among men!
O, once tell true, tell true, e'en for my sake!
Durst thou have looked upon him, being awake,
And hast thou killed him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

An adder did it ; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
Dem. You spend your passion on a misprised mood :
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood ;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell me then, that he is well.
Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore ?
Her. A privilege never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so ;
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit*
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein :
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe ;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down*
Obe. What hast thou done ? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight :
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turned, and not a false turned true.
Puck. Then fate o'errules, that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find :
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou bring her here :
I 'll charm his eyes against she do appear.
Puck. I go, I go ; look how I go,—
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit*
Obe. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
[*Squeezes the flower on Demetrius's eyelids*
Sink in apple of his eye !
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand ;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see ?—
Lord, what fools these mortals be !
Obe. Stand aside : the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one,—
That must needs be sport alone;
And t. .e things do best please me
That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER *and* HELENA

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [*Awaking*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealéd white, high Taurus' snow,
Fanned with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me kiss
This pureness of pure white, this seal of bliss!
Hel. O spite! O hell! I see, you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment:
If you were civil and knew courtesy
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.
Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this you know I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,

In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do till my death.
Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.
Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourned,
And now to Helen is it home returned,
There to remain.
Lys. Helen, it is not so.
Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy peril thou aby it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Re-enter HERMIA

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.—
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?
Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?
Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery O's and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?
Her. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.
Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoined all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needs created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem ;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crownéd with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?
It is not friendly 't is not maidenly :
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for 't,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazéd at your passionate words.
I scorn you not : it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face ?
And made your other love, Demetrius,—
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,—
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial ? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates ? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent ?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most to love unloved ?
This you should pity rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back ;
Wink at each other ; hold the sweet jest up :
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well : 't is partly mine own fault,
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena ; hear my excuse :
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena !

Hel. O excellent !

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat :
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.—
Helen, I love thee ; by my life, I do :
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this ?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop !

Dem. No, no ; he will

Seem to break loose, take on, as he would follow,
But yet come not.—You are a tame man, go!
Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.
Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?
Lys. Thy love? Out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathéd medicine! O hated potion, hence!
Her. Do you not jest?
Hel. Yes, sooth! and so do you!
Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond; for I perceive
A weak bond holds you; I 'll not trust your word.
Lys. What? should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead!
Although I hate her, I 'll not harm her so.
Her. What can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me? wherefore? O me, what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you loved me; yet, since night you left me.
Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?
Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt;
Be certain nothing truer: 't is no jest
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
Her. O me!—you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him.
Hel. Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
Her. "Puppet!" why, so; ay, that way goes the game:
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urged her height,
And with her perso nage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevailed with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak:
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;

I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
Her. "Lower!" hark, again.
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wronged you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He followed you; for love, I followed him;
But he hath chid me hence, and threatened me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.
Her. Why, get you gone. Who is 't that hinders you?
Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.
Her. What, with Lysander?
Hel. With Demetrius.
Lys. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.
Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O, when she 's angry, she is keen and shrewd.
She was a vixen, when she went to school;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.
Her. "Little" again? nothing but "low" and "little!"—
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.
Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.
Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.
Dem. Follow? nay, I 'll go with thee, cheek by jole.
[*Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius*
Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you.
Nay, go not back.
Hel. I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit*

Her. I am amazed, and know not what to say. [*Exit*

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I 'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charméd eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger,
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards; damnéd spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light
And must for aye consort with black-browed night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort.
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blesséd beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.

But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit*

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down:
I am feared in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Re-enter LYSANDER

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain! drawn and ready.
Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground. [*Exit Lysander, as following the voice*

Re-enter DEMETRIUS

Dem. Lysander, speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod. He is defiled,
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here.
[*Exeunt*

Re-enter LYSANDER

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heeled than I:
I followed fast, but faster he did fly,
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. [*Lies down*] Come, thou gentle day!
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps*

Re-enter PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS

Puck. Ho, ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?

Puck. Come hither: I am here.

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited. [*Lies down and sleeps*

Re-enter HELENA

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east,
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest.
And sleep that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company. [*Sleeps*

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad.
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Re-enter HERMIA

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers:
I can no further crawl, no further go:
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heaven shield Lysander if they mean a fray. [*Lies down*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I 'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyes*
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again,
And all shall be well. [*Exit Puck*

ACT FOUR

SCENE I.—The Wood. DEMETRIUS, HELENA, LYSANDER, HERMIA, *lying asleep*

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM, *Fairies attending;* OBERON *behind unseen*

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where 's Pease-blossom ?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Pease-blossom,—where 's Monsieur Cobweb ?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb, good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee, on the top of a thistle ; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur ; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not ; I would be loath to have you over-flown with a honey-bag, signior.—Where 's Monsieur Mustard-seed ?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif, Monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What 's your will ?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help Cavalery Pease-blossom to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur ; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face, and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love ?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music : let 's have the tongs and the bones.

[*Music, Tongs, Rural Music*

Tita. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly a peck of provender ; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay ; good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee thence new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me : I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away. [*Exeunt Fairies*
So doth the woodbine the sweet honey-suckle
Gently entwist ; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee ! how I dote on thee ! [*They sleep*

Enter PUCK

Obe. [*Advancing*] Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight ?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity :
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her ;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers ;

And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begged my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle Puck, take this transformèd scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain,
That, he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream:—
But first I will release the fairy queen.

[*Touching her eyes with an herb*

Be, as thou wast wont to be;
See, as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet queen!

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought, I was enamoured of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Obe. Silence awhile.—Robin, take off this head.—
Titania, music call, and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Tita. Music, ho, music, such as charmeth sleep!

[*Still music*

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep. [*Takes off the ass's head*

Obe. Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

[*Fairy Dance*

Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity.
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark,
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade;

We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.
Tita. Come, my lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.
[*Exeunt Fairies. Sleepers lie still. Horns sound within*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and Train*

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester,
For now our observation is performed;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go!—
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When, in a wood of Crete, they bayed the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seemed all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flewed, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lapped like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheered with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft! what nymphs are these?
Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.
The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May, and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But speak, Egeus, is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?
Ege. It is, my lord
The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.
[*Horns, and shout within. Lysander, Hermia, Demetrius, and Helena, wake and start up*
The. Good morrow, friends. St. Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord. [*He and the rest kneel to Theseus*
The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know, you two are rival enemies:
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think—for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is,—
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.
Ege. Enough, enough! my lord, you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me;
You, of your wife, and me, of my consent,
Of my consent, that she should be your wife.
Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither followed them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power—
But by some power it is—my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betrothed ere I saw Hermia:
But, like a sickness, did I loathe this food;
But, as in health come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.
The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will,
For in the temple, by and by, with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us, to Athens! Three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta.
[*Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and Train*
Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turnéd into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.
Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius, like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.
Dem. It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?
Her. Yea, and my father.
Hel. And Hippolyta.
Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.
Dem. Why then, we are awake. Let's follow him;
And by the way let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt*

Bot. [*Waking*] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, "Most fair Pyramus."—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep.—I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [*Exit*

Scene II.—Athens. A Room in Quince's House

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, *and* Starveling

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?
Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.
Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred. It goes not forward, doth it?
Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he.
Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.
Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.
Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian, I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps: meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisbe have clean linen, and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for, they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath, and I do not doubt, but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go; away! [*Exeunt*

ACT FIVE

SCENE I.—The Same. An Apartment in the Palace of THESEUS

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *Lords, and Attendants*

Hip. 'T is strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true: I never may believe
These antick fables nor these fairy toys:
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy :
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear ?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy ;
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter LYSANDER, HERMIA, DEMETRIUS, *and* HELENA

Joy, gentle friends ! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts !

Lys. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed !

The. Come now ; what masques, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper and bed-time ?
Where is our usual manager of mirth ?
What revels are in hand ? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour ?
Call Philostrate.

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening ?
What masque ? what music ? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight ?

Phil. There is a brief how many sports are ripe ;
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[*Giving a paper*

The. [*Reads*] "The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."
We 'll none of that : that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
"The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."
That is an old device ; and it was played
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
"The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of Learning, late deceased in beggary."
That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

" A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe ; very tragical mirth."
Merry and tragical ! Tedious and brief !
That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord ?
Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play ;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious ; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is,
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water ; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.
The. What are they that do play it ?
Phil. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here.
Which never laboured in their minds till now,
And now have toiled their unbreathed memories
With this same play against your nuptial.
The. And we will hear it.
Phil. No, my noble lord ;
It is not for you : I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world,
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretched and conned with cruel pain,
To do you service.
The. I will hear that play :
For never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in ;—and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit Philostrate*
Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
And duty in his service perishing.
The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.
Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.
The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake :
And what poor duty cannot reach to do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposéd
To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practised accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I picked a welcome ;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue

Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE

Phil. So please your grace, the Prologue is addrest.
The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of Trumpets*

Enter the Prologue

Prol. " If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand ; and, by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know."
The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.
Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt ; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord : it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.
Hip. Indeed, he hath played on this prologue like a child on a recorder ; a sound, but not in government.
The. His speech was like a tangled chain ;
Nothing impaired, but all disordered.—
Who is next ?

Enter PYRAMUS *and* THISBE. *Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb-show*

Prol. " Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show ;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know ;
This beauteous lady Thisbe is, certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder ;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.

This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine ; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

This grisly beast, which by name Lion hight,
The trusty Thisbe, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright ;

And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisbe's mantle slain:

Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broached his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisbe, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt Prologue, Pyramus, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine*

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. "In this same interlude it doth befall,
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole, or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This lime, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so;
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Re-enter PYRAMUS

Pyr. "O grim-looked night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art, when day is not!
O night! O night! alack, alack, alack!
I fear my Thisbe's promise is forgot.—
And thou, O wall! O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine;
Thou wall, O wall! O sweet and lovely wall!
Show me thy chink to blink through with mine eyne.

[*Wall holds up his fingers*

Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisbe do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not.—"Deceiving me," is Thisbe's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her

through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you.—Yonder she comes.

Re-enter THISBE

This. "O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
My cherry lips have often kissed thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."

Pyr. "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisbe's face.
Thisbe!"

This. "My love! thou art my love, I think."

Pyr. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And like Limander am I trusty still."

This. "And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill."

Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true."

This. "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

Pyr. "O! kiss me through the hole of this vile wall."

This. "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."

Pyr. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?"

This. "'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay."

Wall. "Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt Wall, Pyramus and Thisbe*

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner am,
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 't were pity on my life."

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour, for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. "This lantern doth the hornéd moon present."

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. "This lantern doth the hornéd moon present; Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be."

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest. The man should be put into the lantern: how is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: 'would, he would change!

The. It appears by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. "All that I have to say is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog."

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Re-enter THISBE

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?"

Lion. "Oh——!" [*The Lion roars.—Thisbe runs off*

Dem. Well roared, Lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, Moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace. [*The Lion tears Thisbe's mantle, and exit*

The. Well moused, Lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Re-enter PYRAMUS

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams:
I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright.
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisbe's sight.
But stay;—O spite!—
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good,
What, stained with blood!
Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come:
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. "O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame,
Since lion vile hath here defloured my dear?
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
That lived, that loved, that liked, that looked with cheer.
Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus:
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop:— [*Stabs himself*
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus!
Now am I dead;
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light!
Moon, take thy flight! [*Exit Moonshine*
Now die, die, die, die, die." [*Dies*

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man, for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and yet prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by starlight.—Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Re-enter THISBE

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus; I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet*:—

This. "Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak! Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes,

These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone!
Lovers, make moan!
His eyes were green as leeks.
O Sisters Three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue: [*Stabs herself*
And farewell, friends.—
Thus Thisbe ends:—
Adieu, adieu, adieu." [*Dies*

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you: the wall is down, that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company.

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy:—and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [*A dance*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.—
Lovers, to bed: 't is almost fairy time.
I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatched.
This palpable gross play hath well beguiled
The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this solemnity
In nightly revels and new jollity. [*Exeunt*

Enter PUCK *with a broom*

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon,
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,

Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON *and* TITANIA, *with their Train*

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier:
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

[*Song and dance*

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessèd be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despiséd in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait,
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
Ever shall 't in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away;
Make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and Train*

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,—
That you have but slumbered here,

While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I 'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearnéd luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit*

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DON PEDRO, *prince of Aragon*
DON JOHN, *his bastard brother*
CLAUDIO, *a young lord of Florence*
BENEDICK, *a young lord of Padua*
LEONATO, *governor of Messina*
ANTONIO, *his brother*
BALTHAZAR, *attendant on Don Pedro*
BORACHIO, CONRADE } *followers of Don John*
DOGBERRY, VERGES } *two officers*
FRIAR FRANCIS
A Sexton
A Boy

HERO, *daughter to Leonato*
BEATRICE, *niece to Leonato*
MARGARET, URSULA } *gentlewomen attending on Hero*

Messengers, Watchmen, and Attendants

SCENE.—*Messina*

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

ACT ONE

SCENE I.—Before LEONATO'S House

Enter LEONATO, HERO *and* BEATRICE *with a Messenger*

Leon. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Aragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Montanto returned from the wars or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he 's returned and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencherman; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady. But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there 's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one; so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is 't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, *and* Don John

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness

of your grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick; we may guess by this what you are, being a man.—Truly, the lady fathers herself.—Be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat.—But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind; so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 't were such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way o' God's name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month, and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hyprocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. —Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato: we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio*

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No; I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she 's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow, or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there 's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is 't come to this, in faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegi-

ance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—he is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is:—with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 't was not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is (for the which I may go the finer), I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

"In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead; and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, "Here is good horse to hire," let them signify under my sign,—"Here you may see Benedick the married man."

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporise with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God. From my house, if I had it,—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you. [*Exit*

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir.
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I looked upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am returned, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her. Was 't not to this end,
That thou begann'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity.

Look, what will serve is fit: 't is once, thou lovest;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night:
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I 'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt*

Scene II.—A Room in Leonato's House

Enter Leonato *and* Antonio, *meeting*

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [*Exit Antonio. Several persons cross the stage*] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill.—Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt*

Scene III.—Another Room in Leonato's House

Enter Don John *and* Conrade

Con. What the good year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it ?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

John. I wonder, that thou, being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests ; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure ; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business ; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea ; but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace ; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself : it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace ; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any : in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog ; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite ; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking : in the meantime, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent ?

John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here ?

Enter Borachio

What news, Borachio ?

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper ; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on ? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness ?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who ? the most exquisite Claudio ?

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper squire ! And who, and who ? which way looks he ?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daugher and heir of Leonato.

John. A very forward March-chick ! How came you to this ?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference : I whipt me behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince

should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

John. Come, come; let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued. 'Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what 's to be done?

Bora We 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt*

ACT TWO

Scene I.—A Hall in Leonato's House

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, *and others*

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks: I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then, half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith: she 's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way, for it is said, "God sends a curst cow short horns;" but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns?

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not

for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bearward, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, "Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:" so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter: for the heavens, he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. [*To Hero*] Well, niece, I trust, you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please you:" but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please me."

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother. Make good room!

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, *and others, masked*

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so ?

Hero. When I like your favour ; for God defend the lute should be like the case !

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof ; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatched.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Takes her aside*

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake ; for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one ?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better ; the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer !

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done !—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough : you are Signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down : you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit ? Can virtue hide itself ? Go to, mum, you are he : graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so ?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are ?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the " Hundred Merry Tales."—Well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he ?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh ?

Bene. I pray you, what is he ?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester : a very dull fool ; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders : none but libertines delight in him ; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy, for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure, he is in the fleet : I would he had boarded me !

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I 'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he 'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there 's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music within*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio*

John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

John. Are you not Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero. I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don John and Borachio*

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'T is certain so;—the prince woos for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, then, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain, or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that 's spoken like an honest drover: so

they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 't was the boy that stole your meat, and you 'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I 'll leave you. [*Exit*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha! it may be I go under that title because I am merry.—Yea; but so I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I 'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO

D. Pedro. Now, Signior, where 's the count? Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren. I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What 's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a schoolboy; who, being overjoyed with finding a birds' nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block: an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her: my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and

every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her, for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, *and* LEONATO

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair of the Great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here 's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [*Exit*

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady; you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I 'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false.—Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained; name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 't is your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt. I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh-ho for a husband!

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day.—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There is little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then, for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him: he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt*

Scene II.—Another Room in Leonato's House

Enter Don John *and* Borachio

John. It is so: the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord: but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother: spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour anything.

Bora. Go then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber window, hear me call Margaret Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding: for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exeunt*

Scene III.—Leonato's Orchard

Enter Benedick

Bene. Boy,—

Enter a Boy

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*] I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own

scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthographer: his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I 'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair,—yet I am well; another is wise,—yet I am well; another virtuous,—yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that 's certain; wise, or I 'll none; virtuous, or I 'll never cheapen her; fair, or I 'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha, the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws*

Enter DON PEDRO, LEONATO, *and* CLAUDIO, *followed by* BALTHAZAR *and Musicians*

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,
As hushed on purpose to grace harmony!—

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,
We 'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we 'll hear that song again.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on its own perfection.—
I pray thee, sing, and let we woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he wooes,
Yet will he swear he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes:
There's not a note of mine that 's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and noting! [*Music*

Bene. [*Aside*] Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished!

—Is it not strange, that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all 's done.

Balth. [*Sings*]

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore:
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, etc.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no, no; faith, thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. [*Aside*] An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him; and I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music, for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exeunt Balthazar and Musicians.*] Come hither Leonato: what was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay.—[*Aside to Pedro*] Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits.—I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. [*Aside*] Is 't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God, counterfeit! There was never counter-

felt of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?—

Claud. [*Aside*] Bait the hook well: this fish will bite.—

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you,—you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.—

Bene. [*Aside*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.—

Claud. [*Aside*] He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.—

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No, and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: "Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?"

Leon. This says she, now, when she is beginning to write to him; for she 'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper.—My daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O,—when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?—

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence, railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her:—"I measure him," says she, "by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should."

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;—"O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!"

Leon. She doth indeed: my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometimes afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him.

She 's an excellent sweet lady, and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In everything, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O! my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daffed all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero, thinks surely, she will die: for she says, she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known, and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 't is very possible he 'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. Before God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool th. while. I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.—

Claud. [*Aside*] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. [*Aside*] Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman

carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that 's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato*

Bene. [*Advancing from the arbour*] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry.—I must not seem proud.—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair: 't is a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous: 't is so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me. By my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she 's a fair lady; I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal.—You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. [*Exit*

Bene. Ha! "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner;"—there's a double meaning in that. "I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me;"—that 's as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.—If I do not take pity on her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit*

ACT THREE

Scene I.—Leonato's Garden

Enter Hero, Margaret, *and* Ursula

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
If all of her; say, that thou overheardst us,
And bid her steal into the pleachéd bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it.—There will she hide her,
To listen our propose. This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.
Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.
[*Exit*
Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit.
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice: of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

Enter Beatrice, *behind*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.
Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couchéd in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.
Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?
Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothéd lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam ?
Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it ;
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
Urs. Why did you so ? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon ?
Hero. O God of love ! I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man ;
But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice :
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on ; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.
Urs. Sure, I think so ;
And therefore, certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.
Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward : if fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister ;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot ; if tall, a lance ill-headed ;
If low, an agate very vilely cut ;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds ;
If silent, why, a block movéd with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.
Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
Hero. No ; not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her so ? If I should speak,
She 'd mock me into air : O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like covered fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly :
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.
Urs. Yet tell her of it : hear what she will say.
Hero. No ; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I 'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with. One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.

She cannot be so much without true judgment—
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prized to have—as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.
Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.
Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam.
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.
Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.
Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam?
Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow. Come, go in:
I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.—
Urs. [*Aside*] She's limed, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.
Hero. [*Aside*] If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula*
Beat. [*Advancing*] What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band;
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit*

SCENE II.—A Room in LEONATO'S House

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* LEONATO

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Aragon.
Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.
D. Pedro. Nay; that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him. He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper,—for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.
Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I: methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love. If he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the toothache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the toothache?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once, as a German from the waist downwards, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs. He brushes his hat o' mornings: what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That 's as much as to say, the sweet youth 's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string, and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and all his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet it is no charm for the toothache.— Old

signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear. [*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato*

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'T is even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter JOHN

John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

John. If it please you; yet Count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

John. [*To Claud.*] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

John. You may think, I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think, he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you: and circumstances shortened—for she has been too long a talking of—the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

John. Even she: Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow: in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

John. I will disparage her no further, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself?

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented! So will you say, when you have seen the sequel. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter DOGBERRY *and* VERGES, *with the Watch*

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

First Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal, for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

Sec. Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dogb. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge:—You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Sec. Watch. How, if a' will not stand?

Dogb. Why, then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

Sec. Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Sec. Watch. How, if they will not?

Dogb. Why, then let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

Sec. Watch. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Sec. Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

Sec. Watch. How, if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'T is very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by 'r lady, that, I think, a' cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ah-ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night. Come, neighbour.

Sec. Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One more word, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu, be vigitant, I beseech you. [*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges*

Enter BORACHIO *and* CONRADE

Bora. What, Conrade!—

Watch. [*Aside*] Peace! stir not.—

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought, there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this penthouse, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.—

Watch. [*Aside*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush: I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?—

Watch. [*Aside*] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven year; a' goes up and down like a gentleman. I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No: 't was the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church-window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see, and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither; but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio,

and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

First Watch. We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

Sec. Watch. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery, that ever was known in the commonwealth.

First Watch. And one Deformed is one of them: I know [illegible] wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters,—

Sec. Watch. You 'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

First Watch. Never speak: we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come we 'll obey you. [*Exeunt*

Scene IV.—A Room in Leonato's House

Enter Hero, Margaret, *and* Ursula

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit*

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I 'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth 's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin 's a fool, and thou art another. I 'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown 's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's grown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth 's but a night-gown in respect of

yours,—cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a bluish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on 't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'T will be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say, saving your reverence,—a husband: an' bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody. Is there any harm in—the heavier for a husband? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 't is light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else: here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap 's into "Light o' love;" that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, "Light o' love," with your heels!—then, if your husband have stables enough, you 'll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'T is almost five o'clock, cousin: 't is time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill—heigh-ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there 's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me, God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! Why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by 'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not, but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA

Urs. Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—Another Room in LEONATO'S House

Enter LEONATO, *with* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you see, it is a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir,—

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all on your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ha!

Dogb. Yea, an 't were a thousand pound more than 't is; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out. God help us! it is a world to see!—Well, said, i' faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—An honest soul, i' faith, sir: by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but, God is to be worshipped: all men are not alike,—alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir. Our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go. Fare you well.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I 'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Messenger*

Dogb. Go, good partner, go; get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here 's that shall drive some of them to a *non-come:* only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol.

[*Exeunt*

ACT FOUR

Scene I.—The Inside of a Church

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar Francis, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice, *and Attendants*

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief: only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Fri. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady ?
Claud. No.
Leon. To be married to her:—friar, you come to marry her.
Fri. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count ?
Hero. I do.
Fri. If either of you know any inward impediment, why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your souls to utter it.
Claud. Know you any, Hero ?
Hero. None, my lord.
Fri. Know you any, count ?
Leon. I dare make his answer ; none.
Claud. O, what men dare do ! what men may do ! what men daily do, not knowing what they do !
Bene. How now ! Interjections ? Why then, some be of laughing, as, ha ! ha ! he !
Claud. Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave :
Will you with free and unconstrainéd soul
Give me this maid, your daughter ?
Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.
Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift ?
D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.
Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—
There, Leonato, take her back again
Give not this rotten orange to your friend ;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.—
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here :
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal !
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue ? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows ? But she is none :
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed ;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.
Leon. What do you mean, my lord ?
Claud. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approvéd wanton.
Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquished the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—
Claud. I know what you would say : if I have known her,
You 'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin :
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large ;
But, as a brother to his sister, showed
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.
Hero. And seemed I ever otherwise to you ?

Claud. Out on thee, seeming! I will write against it:
You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pampered animals
That rage in savage sensuality.
Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?
Claud. Sweet prince, why speak not you?
D. Pedro. What should I speak?
I stand dishonoured, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.
Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?
John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.
Hero. True! O God!
Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?
Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?
Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter.
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.
Hero. O God, defend me! how am I beset!—
What kind of catechising call you this?
Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?
Claud. Marry, that can Hero:
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talked with you yesternight
Out of your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.
Hero. I talked with no man at that hour, my lord.
D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grievéd count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confessed the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
John. Fie, fie: they are not to be named, my lord,
Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them.—Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.
Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart!

But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I 'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[*Hero swoons*

Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?

John. Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, John, and Claudio*

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think:—help, uncle!
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—Friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wished for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?

Fri. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Fri. Yea; wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?—
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes;
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal Nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Who smirchéd thus, and mired with infamy,
I might have said, "No part of it is mine,
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?"
But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient,
For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night ?
Beat. No, truly, not ; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirmed, confirmed ! O, that is stronger made,
Which was before barred up with ribs of iron !
Would the two princes lie ? and Claudio lie,
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Washed it with tears ? Hence from her, let her die.
Fri. Hear me a little ;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady : I have marked
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face ; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes ;
And in her eye there hath appeared a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth.—Call me a fool ;
Trust not my reading, nor my observation,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenor of my book ; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.
Leon. Friar, it cannot be.
Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury : she not denies it.
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness ?
Fri. Lady, what man is he you are accused of ?
Hero. They know that do accuse me, I know none.
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy !—O my father !
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintained the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.
Fri. There is some strange misprision in the princes.
Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour ;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.
Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her ; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,

Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
Fri. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.
Leon. What shall become of this? what will this do?
Fri. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse;—that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintained,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excused
Of every hearer; for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lacked and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.—So will it fare with Claudio:
When we shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparelled in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed; then shall he mourn,—
If ever love had interest in his liver—
And wish he had not so accuséd her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levelled false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench this wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Fri. 'T is well consented: presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day,
Perhaps, is but prolonged: have patience, and endure.

[*Exeunt Friar, Hero, and Leonato*

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason: I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you. Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you; but believe me not, and yet I lie not: I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing.—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest, I loved you.

Bene. And do it will all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do anything for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here.—There is no love in you.—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We 'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy ?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman ?—O, that I were a man !—What ! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man ! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice,—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window !—a proper saying.

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice,—

Beat. Sweet Hero !—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties ! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, count confect ; a sweet gallant, surely ! O, that I were a man for his sake ! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake ! but manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too : he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it.—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero ?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough ! I am engaged, I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin ; I must say she is dead ; and so, farewell. [*Exeunt*

Scene II.—A Prison

Enter Dogberry, Verges, *and Sexton, in gowns ; and the Watch, with* Conrade *and* Borachio

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appeared ?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors ?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain: we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray, write down—Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Con. } Yea, sir, we hope.
Bora. }

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir: I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down—that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the eftest way.—Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

First Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—Prince John a villain.—Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable.—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

Sec. Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

First Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

Sec. Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and, upon the grief of this, suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before, and show him their examination. [*Exit*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in the hands—

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God 's my life! where 's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass; you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O, that he were here to write me down an ass!—but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him.—Bring him away. —O, that I had been writ down an ass! [*Exeunt*

ACT FIVE

Scene I.—Before Leonato's House

Enter Leonato *and* Antonio

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 't is not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine:
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelmed like mine,
And bid him speak of patience:
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;

As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form :
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
Bid sorrow wag, cry hem when he should groan ;
Patch grief with proverbs ; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters : bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man ; for, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words.
No, no ; 't is all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel :
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace ! I will be flesh and blood ;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself ;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason : nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied ;
And that shall Claudio know ; so shall the prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO

Ant. Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord !—well, fare you well, my lord :—
Are you so hasty now ?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him ?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me ; thou, dissembler, thou.—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword ;
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand
If it should give your age such cause of fear.
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
Leon. Tush, tush, man! never fleer and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool,
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wronged mine innocent child and me,
That I am forced to lay my reverence by,
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child:
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors,
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framed by thy villainy.
Claud. My villainy?
Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.
D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.
Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.
Claud. Away! I will not have to do with you.
Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast killed my child:
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.
Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter; let him kill one first;—
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me.—
Come, follow me, boy! come, sir boy, come, follow me.
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
Leon. Brother,—
Ant. Content yourself. God knows, I loved my niece;
And she is dead; slandered to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!—
Leon. Brother Antony,—
Ant. Hold you content. What, man, I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scrambling, outfacing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go antickly, show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;
And this is all!

Leon. But, brother Antony,—
Ant. Come, 't is no matter:
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.
D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.
Leon. My lord, my lord—
D. Pedro. I will not hear you.
Leon. No?
Come, brother, away.—I will be heard.—
Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.
[*Exeunt Leonato and Antonio*

Enter BENEDICK

D. Pedro. See, see: here comes the man we went to seek.
Claud. Now, signior, what news?
Bene. Good day, my lord.
D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.
Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.
D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.
Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.
Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?
Bene. It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?
D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?
Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw to pleasure us.
D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale.—Art thou sick, or angry?
Claud. What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.
Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you, choose another subject.
Claud. Nay, then give him another staff: this last was broke cross.
D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more. I think he be angry indeed.
Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.
Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?
Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain.—I jest not.—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare.—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife 's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well: it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I 'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit. "True," said she, "a fine little one." "No," said I, "a great wit." "Right," says she, "a great gross one." "Nay," said I, "a good wit." "Just," said she, "it hurts nobody." "Nay," said I, "the gentleman is wise." "Certain," said she, "a wise gentleman." "Nay," said I, "he hath the tongues." "That I believe," said she, "for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning: there 's a double tongue; there 's two tongues." Thus did she, an hour together, transshape thy particular virtues; yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, "Here dwells Benedick the married man!"

Bene. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company. Your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him. [*Exit*

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I 'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

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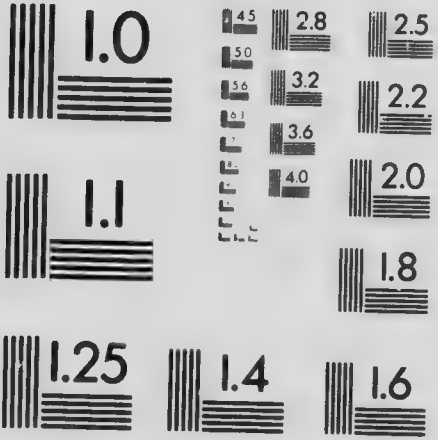

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Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you; let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad! Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and the Watch, with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO

Dogb. Come you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance. Nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now! two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what 's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there 's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What 's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her. My villainy they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he uttered it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea; and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is composed and framed of treachery.—
And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter. And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, *and the Sexton*

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes,
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him. Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast killed
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:
Record it with your high and worthy deeds.
'T was bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinned I not,
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he 'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died; and, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones—sing it to-night.—
To-morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew. My brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that 's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us:
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me.
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
From henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;

To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was packed in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous
In anything that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, which, indeed, is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There 's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation.

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health. I humbly give you leave to depart, and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it!—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt Dogberry, Verges, and Watch*

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I 'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro and Claudio*

Leon. Bring you these fellows on. We 'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt*

Scene II.—Leonato's Garden

Enter Benedick *and* Margaret, *meeting*

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living

shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice. I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs.

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Exit Marg.*

[*Singing*] *The god of love,*
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean, in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to "lady" but "baby," an innocent rhyme; for "scorn," "horn," a hard rhyme; for "school," "fool," a babbling rhyme—very ominous endings. No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.—

Enter BEATRICE

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior; and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. "Then" is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And,

I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; whic' maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love—a good epithet. I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think. Alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there 's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect, in this age, his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question:—why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise—if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary—to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder 's old coil at home: it is proved, my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—The Inside of a Church

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and Attendants, with music and tapers*

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*Reads from a scroll*]
" *Done to death by slanderous tongues*
Was the Hero that here lies :
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life, that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame."

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.—
Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight ;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan ;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily :
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night !
Yearly will I do this rite.
D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters : put your torches out.
The wolves have preyed ; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us : fare you well.
Claud. Good morrow, masters : each his several way.
D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds ;
And then to Leonato's we will go.
Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed 's,
Than this, for whom we rendered up this woe ! [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—A Room in LEONATO's House

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, MARGARET, BEATRICE, URSULA, FRIAR FRANCIS, *and* HERO

Fri. Did I not tell you she was innocent ?
Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her
Upon the error that you heard debated :
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.
Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And, when I send for you, come hither masked:
The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]—You know your office, brother:
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.
Ant. Which I will do with confirmed countenance.
Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.
Fri. To do what, signior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me; one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: 't is most true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince. But what 's your will?
Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoined
In the state of honourable marriage:—
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Fri. And my help.
Here come the prince and Claudio.

Enter DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO, *with Attendants*

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.
Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio:
We here attend you. Are you yet determined
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I 'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.
Leon. Call her forth, brother: here 's the friar ready.
[*Exit Antonio*
D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what 's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?
Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull.—
Tush! fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low:
And some such strange bull leaped your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, *with the Ladies masked*

Claud. For this I owe you: here come other reckonings.
Which is the lady I must seize upon?
Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.
Claud. Why, then she's mine.—Sweet, let me see your face.
Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar:
I am your husband, if you like of me.
Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife:
[*Unmasking*
And when you loved, you were my other husband.
Claud. Another Hero?
Hero. Nothing certainer.
One Hero died defiled; but I do live,
And, surely, as I live, I am a maid.
D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.
Fri. All this amazement can I qualify:
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I 'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.
Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?
Beat. I answer to that name. [*Unmasking*] What is your will?
Bene. Do not you love me?
Beat. Why, no; no more than reason.
Bene. Why, then, your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio, have been deceived: they swore you did.
Beat. Do not you love me?
Bene. Troth, no; no more than reason.
Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula
Are much deceived; for they did swear you did.
Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.
Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.
Bene. 'T is no such matter.—Then, you do not love me?
Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.
Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.
Claud. And I 'll be sworn upon 't, that he loves her;
For here 's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashioned to Beatrice.
Hero. And here 's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stol'n from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.
Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our

hearts.—Come, I will have thee ; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you ;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion, and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace ! I will stop your mouth.

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man ?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince : a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think : I care for a satire or an epigram ? No : if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it ; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it, for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee ; but, in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer ; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends. Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my word ; therefore play, music !—Prince, thou art sad ; get thee a wife, get thee a wife : there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with arméd men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow : I 'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance. Exeunt*

OTHELLO,

THE MOOR OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF VENICE
BRABANTIO, *a senator*
Other Senators
GRATIANO, *brother to Brabantio*
LODOVICO, *kinsman to Brabantio*
OTHELLO, *a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state*
CASSIO, *his lieutenant*
IAGO, *his ancient*
RODERIGO, *a Venetian gentleman*
MONTANO, *Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus*
Clown, servant to Othello

DESDEMONA, *daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello*
EMILIA, *wife to Iago*
BIANCA, *mistress to Cassio*

Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants

SCENE.—*For the First Act in Venice: during the rest of the play at a seaport in Cyprus*

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE

ACT ONE

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street

Enter RODERIGO *and* IAGO

Rod. Tush, never tell me ; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.
Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me :—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.
Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off capped to him ;—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I'm worth no worse a place ;—
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuffed with epithets of war ;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators ; for, " Certes," says he,
" I have already chose my officer."
And what was he ?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damned in a fair wife
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster, unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the togéd consuls can propose
As masterly as he : mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election :
And I—of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds,
Christian and heathen,—must be lee'd and calmed
By debitor-and-creditor, this counter-caster ;
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I—God bless the mark !—his Moorship's ancient.
Rod. By Heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.
Iago. But there's no remedy ; 't is the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affined
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then
Iago. O, sir, content you ;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him :
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly followed. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender ; and when he 's old, cashiered :
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,
Who, trimmed in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves ;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by 'em, and, when they've lined their coats,
Do themselves homage : these fellows have some soul ;
And such a one do I profess myself.
For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago :
In following him, I follow but myself ;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end :
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In complement extern, 't is not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at : I am not what I am.
Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry 't thus !
Iago. Call up her father ;
Rouse him :—make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets : incense her kinsmen :
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies : though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such chances of vexation on 't,
As it may lose some colour.
Rod. Here is her father's house ; I 'll call aloud.
Iago. Do ; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.
Rod. What, ho ! Brabantio ! Signior Brabantio, ho !
Iago. Awake ! what, ho ! Brabantio ! thieves ! thieves !
thieves !
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags !
Thieves ! thieves !

BRABANTIO *appears above, at a window*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons ?
What is the matter there ?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within ?

Iago. Are your doors locked ?
Bra. Why, wherefore ask you this ?
Iago. Zounds, sir ! you are robbed ; for shame, put on your gown ;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul ;
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise !
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.
Arise, I say.
Bra. What, have you lost your wits ?
Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice ?
Bra. Not I : what are you ?
Rod. My name is Roderigo.
Bra. The worser welcome :
I've charged thee not to haunt about my doors.
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter 's not for thee ; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
To start my quiet.
Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—
Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good sir.
Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing ? this is Venice ;
My house is not a grange.
Bod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.
Iago. Zounds, sir ! you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, and you think we are ruffians, you 'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse ; you 'll have your nephews neigh to you ; you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans.
Bra. What profane wretch art thou ?
Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.
Bra. Thou art a villain.
Iago. You are—a senator.
Bra. This thou shalt answer : I know thee, Roderigo.
Rod. Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you,
If 't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,—
As partly, I find, it is,—that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,

We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself:
If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper!—call up all my people!—
This accident is not unlike my dream:
Belief of it oppresses me already.—
Light, I say! light! [*Exit from above*

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you;
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produced—as, if I stay, I shall—
Against the Moor; for I do know, the state—
However this may gall him with some check—
Cannot with safety cast him; for he 's embarked
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
Which even now stands in act, that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the raiséd search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit*

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, *and Servants with torches*

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what 's to come of my despiséd time
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—
How didst thou know 't was she?—O, she deceives me
Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers!
Raise all my kindred!—Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. O Heaven!—How got she out?—O, treason of the blood!—
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Is there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood

May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?
Rod. Yes, sir; I have, indeed.
Bra. Call up my brother.—O, would you had had her!—
Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?
Rod. I think, I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.
Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.—
On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—Venice. Another Street

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and Attendants, with torches*

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerked him here under the ribs.
Oth. 'T is better as it is.
Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,
Are you fast married? Be assured of this,
That the magnifico is much beloved;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law—with all his might to enforce it on—
Will give him cable.
Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services which I have done the signiory
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'T is yet to know,—
Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate,—I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reached: for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhouséd free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look, what lights come yond?
Iago. Those are the raiséd father, and his friends:
You were best go in.
Oth. Not I; I must be found:

My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter CASSIO *and certain Officers with torches*

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?
Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.
Oth. What is the matter, think you?
Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine.
It is a business of some heat: the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, raised and met,
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly called for
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out.
Oth. 'T is well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit*
Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?
Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-carack:
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.
Cas. I do not understand.
Iago. He's married.
Cas. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
Oth. Have with you
Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.
Iago. It is Brabantio.—General, be advised;
He comes to bad intent.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, *and Officers, with torches and weapons*

Oth. Holla! stand there!
Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.
Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both sides*
Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.
Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—
Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.
Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed my daughter?—

Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage that she shunned
The wealthy curlèd darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou,—to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 't is not gross in sense,
That thou hast practised on her with foul charms;
Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That weaken motion.—I 'll have 't disputed on;
'T is probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant,—
Lay hold upon him: if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison; till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?

Off. 'T is true, most worthy signior:
The duke's in council, and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away.
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 't were their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. [*Exeunt*

Scene III.—The Same. A Council Chamber

The Duke, *and Senators, sitting at a table; Officers attending*

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

First Sen. Indeed, they're disproportioned:
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.
Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.
Sec. Sen. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,—
As in these cases where the aim reports
'T is oft with difference,—yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.
Sailor. [*Within*] What, ho! what, ho! what, ho!
Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a Sailor

Duke. Now, what's the business?
Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes:
So was I bid report here to the state
By Signior Angelo.
Duke. How say you by this change?
First Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason: 't is a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dressed in:—if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain
To wake and wage a danger profitless.
Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he 's not for Rhodes.
First Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.
First Sen. Ay, so I thought.—How many, as you guess?
Mess. Of thirty sail; and now do they re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.
Duke. 'T is certain then for Cyprus.—
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

First Sen. He's now in Florence.
Duke. Write from us to him ; post-post-haste despatch.
First Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and Officers*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—
[*To Brabantio*] I did not see you ; welcome, gentle signior ;
We lacked your counsel and your help to-night.
Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me ;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business
Hath raised me from my bed ; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me, for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.
Duke. Why, what's the matter ?
Bra. My daughter ! O, my daughter !
Sen. Dead ?
Bra. Ay, to me ;
She is abused, stolen from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks ;
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.
Duke. Whoe'er he be that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense ; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.
Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor ; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.
Duke and Sen. We are very sorry for it.
Duke. [*To Othello*] What, in your own part, can you say to this ?
Bra. Nothing, but this is so.
Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her :
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace ;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used

Their dearest action in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,—
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,—
I won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold ;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blushed at herself ; and she—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, everything—
To fall in love with what she feared to look on !
It is a judgment maimed and most imperfect
That will confess, perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature ; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I, therefore, vouch again.
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more wider and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

First Sen. But, Othello, speak :
Did you by indirect and forcéd courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections ;
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth ?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father :
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them ; you best know the place.— [*Exeunt Iago and Attendants*
And, till she come, as truly as to Heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I 'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;
Still questioned me the story of my life,

From year to year,—the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have passed.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history;
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was the process;—
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This, to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange;
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
That Heaven had made her such a man: she thanked me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake.
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used:
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA *with* IAGO, *and Attendants*

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter too.—
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.
Bra. I pray you, hear her speak:

If she confess that she was half the wooer
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man !—Come hither, gentle mistress :
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience ?
Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty :
To you I am bound for life and education :
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you ; you 're the lord of duty,—
I 'm hitherto your daughter : but here 's my husband ;
And so much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.
Bra. God be with you !—I have done.—
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs :
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.—
Come hither, Moor :
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I'm glad at soul I have no other child ;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.
Duke. Let me speak like yourself ; and lay a sentence,
Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robbed that smiles, steals something from the thief :
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.
Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile ;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears ;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That to pay grief must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :
But words are words ; I never yet did hear,
That the bruised heart was piercéd through the ear.
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.
Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus :—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you ; and though we have there a substitute of

most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place, and exhibition;
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please, be 't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. N[illegible]; I would not there reside,
To put my father in[illegible]patient thoughts,
By being in his eye. [illegible]lost gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart 's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Let her have your voice.
Vouch with me, Heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat,—the young affects,
In me defunct,—and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And Heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant
For she is with me. No, when light-winged toys
Of feathered Cupid seel with wanton dullness
My speculative and officed instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,

And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation.
Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going. The affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it.
First Sen. You must away to-night.
Oth. With all my heart
Duke. At nine i' the morning here we 'll meet again.—
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you,
With such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.
Oth. So please your grace, my ancient ;
A man he is of honesty and trust :
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.
Duke. Let it be so.—
Good night to every one.—[*To Brabantio*] And, noble signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.
First Sen. Adieu, brave Moor ; use Desdemona well.
Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see :
She has deceived her father, and may thee.
[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, etc.*
Oth. My life upon her faith !—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee :
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona ; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee : we must obey the time.
[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona*
Rod. Iago !
Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart ?
Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou ?
Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.
Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.
Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it.
Why, thou silly gentleman !
Rod. It is silliness to live when to live is torment ; and
then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.
Iago. O, villainous ! I have looked upon the world for
four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt
a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how
to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself
for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity
with a baboon.
Rod. What should I do ? I confess, it is my shame
to be so fond ; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money:—the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change, she must: therefore, put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst; if sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore, make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me.—Go, make money.—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go: provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.
Rod. I 'll be with thee betimes.
Iago. Go to ; farewell.—Do you hear, Roderigo ?
Rod. What say you ?
Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear ?
Rod. I am changed. I 'll go sell all my land.
Iago. Go to ; farewell ! put money enough in your purse [*Exit Roderigo*

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse ;
For I mine own gained knowledge should profane
If I would time expend with such a snipe
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor ;
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office : I know not if 't be true ;
Yet I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well ;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio 's a proper man : let me see now ;
To get his place, and to plume up my will
In double knavery,—How, how ?—Let's see :
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife :—
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose.
To be suspected ; framed to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.—
I have 't. It is engendered. Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. [*Exit*

ACT TWO

Scene I.—A Seaport Town in Cyprus. A Platform

Enter Montano *and two Gentlemen*

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea ?
First Gent. Nothing at all : it is a high-wrought flood ;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main
Descry a sail.
Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land ;
A fuller blast ne'er shook out battlements ;
If it hath ruffianed so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise ? What shall we hear of this ?
Sec. Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet :
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds ;
The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixéd pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.
Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not ensheltered and embayed, they are drowned;
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman

Third Gent. News, lads! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so banged the Turks,
That their designment halts: a noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance
On most part of their fleet,
Mon. How! is this true?
Third Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronesa; Michael Cassio
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself 's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.
Mon. I am glad on 't; 't is a worthy governor.
Third Gent. But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort.
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.
Mon. Pray heavens he be;
For I have served him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let 's to the sea-side, ho!
As well to see the vessel that 's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue
An indistinct regard.
Third Gent. Come, let 's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio

Cas. Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor.—O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.
Mon. Is he well shipped?
Cas. His bark is stoutly timbered, and his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.
[*Within*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter a fourth Gentleman

Cas. What noise?

Fourth Gent. The town is empty ; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry " A sail ! "
Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.
[*Guns heard*
Sec. Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy :
Our friends, at least.
Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 't is that is arrived.
Sec. Gent. I shall. [*Exit*
Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wived ?
Cas. Most fortunately : he hath achieved a maid
That paragons description and wild fame ;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And, in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.

Re-enter second Gentleman

How now ! who has put in !
Sec. Gent. 'T is one Iago, ancient to the general.
Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed :
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The guttered rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteeped to clog the guiltless keel,—
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.
Mon. What is she ?
Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago ;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath.
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renewed fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort ?—

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and Attendants*

O, behold,
The riches of the ship is come on shore !
Ye men of Cyprus let her have your knees.—
Hail to thee, lady ! and the grace of Heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round !
Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord ?
Cas. He is not yet arrived : nor know I aught
But that he 's well, and will be shortly here.
Des. O, but I fear—How lost you company ?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship : but, hark ! a sail.
[*Within*] A sail, a sail ! [*Guns heard*
Sec. Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel :
This likewise is a friend.
Cas. See, for the news !—
[*Exit Gentlemen*
Good ancient, you are welcome :—[*To Emilia*] welcome,
mistress :
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners : 't is my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. [*Kissing her*
Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You 'd have enough.
Des. Alas, she has no speech.
Iago. In faith, too much ;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep :
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Emil. You have little cause to say so.
Iago. Come on, come on : you 're pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.
Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer !
Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk :
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.
Emil. You shall not write my praise.
Iago. No, let me not.
Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst
praise me ?
Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't ;
For I am nothing, if not critical.
Des. Come on ; assay.—There 's one gone to the harbour ?
Iago. Ay, madam.
Des. I am not merry ; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how wouldst thou praise me ?
Iago. I am about it ; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize,—
It plucks out brains and all : but my Muse labours,
And thus she is delivered.
If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one 's for use, the other useth it.
Des. Well praised ! How, if she be black and witty ?
Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She 'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.
Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish ?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair ;
For even her folly helped her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes. to make fools laugh i' the ale-house. What miserable praise hast thou for her that 's foul and foolish ?

Iago. There 's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance !—thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed ? one, that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself ?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud ;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud ;
Never lacked gold, and yet went never gay ;
Fled from her wish, and yet said, " Now I may ; "
She that, being angered, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly ;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail ;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind :
She was a wight, i fever such wights were,—

Des. To do what ?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion !—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio ? is he not a most profane and liberal counseller ?

Cas. He speaks home, madam : you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside*] He takes her by the palm : ay, well said, whisper : with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do ; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true, 't is so, indeed : if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good ; well kissed, an excellent courtesy ! 't is so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips ? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake !—[*A trumpet heard*] The Moor ! I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'T is truly he.

Des. Let 's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes !

Enter OTHELLO *and Attendants*

Oth. O my fair warrior !

Des. My dear Othello !

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy !

If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death;
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell 's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'T were now to be most happy for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.
Des. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!
Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough to this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be [*Kissing her*
That e'er our hearts shall make!
Iago. [*Aside*] O, you are well tuned now;
But I 'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.
Oth. Come, let us to the castle.—
News, friends: our wars are done, the Turks are drowned.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well-desired in Cyprus;
I 've found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers.
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.
[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants*

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant,—as they say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard:—first, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 't is not possible.

Iago. Lay thy fingers thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies; and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? when the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite—loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for the want of these required conveniences,

her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted,—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,—who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble, no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden-loose affection? why, none; why none: a slipper and subtle knave; a finder-out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: a devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after; a pestilent complete knave: and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her: she is full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand! an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay 't upon you: Cassio knows you not:—I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler, and, haply, may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by-and-by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it:

That she loves him, 't is apt, and of great credit;
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think he 'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust—though, peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin—
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leaped into my seat; the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards
And nothing can or shall content my soul,
Till I am evened with him, wife for wife;
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
For his quick hunting, stand the putting-on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused:
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used. [*Exit*

Scene II.—A Street

Enter a Herald, with a proclamation; people following

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello! [*Exeunt*

Scene III.—A Hall in the Castle

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, *and Attendants*

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let 's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;

But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.
Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: to-morrow with your earliest
Let me have speech with you.—[*To Desdemona*] Come, my dear love:
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit 's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants*

Enter IAGO

Cas. Welcome, Iago: we must to the watch.
Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, who let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for Jove.
Cas. She 's a most exquisite lady.
Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.
Cas. Indeed, she 's a most fresh and delicate creature.
Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.
Cas. An inviting eye, and yet methinks right modest.
Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?
Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.
Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.
Cas. Not to-night, good Iago. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.
Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup; I 'll drink for you.
Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.
Iago. What, man! 't is a night of revels: the gallants desire it.
Cas. Where are they?
Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.
Cas. I 'll do 't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit*
Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He 'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love has turned almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
Potations pottle-deep; and he 's to watch.
Three lads of Cyprus—noble, swelling spirits,

That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle—
Have I to-night flustered with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle:—but here they come.
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, *with him* MONTANO, *Gentlemen, and Servant with wine*

Cas. 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

[*Sings*] *And let me the canakin clink, clink;*
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span;
Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

Cas. 'Fore God, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general!

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I 'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'T is pride that pulls the country down;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear 't again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things.—Well, God 's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It 's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the genera
nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.
Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.
Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me: th
lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let 's hav
no more of this; let 's to our affairs.—God forgive us ou
sins!—Gentleman, let 's look to our business. Do no
think, gentleman, I am drunk: this is my ancient;—this
my right hand, and this is my left hand.—I am not drun
now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.
All. Excellent well.
Cas. Why, very well then; you must not think then
that I am drunk. [*Ex*
Mon. To the platform, masters: come, let 's set th
watch.
Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before:
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction; and do but see his vice.
'T is to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 't is pity of him.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.
Mon. But is he often thus?
Iago. 'T is evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He 'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.
Mon. It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO

Iago. [*Aside to him*] How now, Roderigo?
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit Roderigo*
Mon. And 't is great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft infirmity.
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.
Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil.—But hark! what noise?
[*Cry within:* "Help! Help!"

Re-enter CASSIO, *pursuing* RODERIGO

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!
Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?
Cas. A knave teach me my duty!
I 'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me!
Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue? [*Striking Roderigo*
Mon. Nay, good lieutenant [*Staying him*
I pray you sir, hold your hand.
Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I 'll knock you o'er the mazzard.
Mon. Come, come; you 're drunk,
Cas. Drunk! [*They fight*
Iago. [*Aside to Roderigo*] Away, I say! go out, and cry a mutiny. [*Exit Roderigo*
Nay, good lieutenant,—God's will, gentleman!
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir—Montano,—sir;—
Help, masters!—Here 's a goodly watch, indeed!
[*Bell rings*
Who 's that which rings the bell?—*Diablo*, ho!
The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant, hold!
You will be shamed for ever.

Enter OTHELLO *and Attendants*

Oth. What is the matter here?
Mon. I bleed still: I am hurt to the death.
Oth. Hold, for your lives!
Iago. Hold, ho! Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—gentlemen!—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!
Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turned Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.
Iago. I do not know:—friends all but now, even now,
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed; and then, but now—
As if some planet had unwitted men—
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!
Oth. How came it, Michael, you are thus forgot?
Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.
Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth

The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: what 's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.
Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—
Of all that I do know; nor know I aught
By me that 's said or done amiss this night,
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.
Oth. Now, by Heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approved in this offence,
Though he had twinned with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'T is monstrous.—Iago, who began it?
Mon. If partially affined, or leagued in office
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.
Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And Cassio following him with determined sword
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour—as it so fell out—
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I returned the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath, which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back—
For this was brief—I found them close together,
At blow and thrust, even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter can I not report :—
But men are men : the best sometimes forget :—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine.—

Re-enter DESDEMONA, *attended*

Look, if my gentle love be not raised up !
I 'll make thee an example.

Des. What 's the matter ?

Oth. All 's well now, sweeting ; come away to bed.—
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon :—
Lead him off.— [*Montano is led off*
Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
Come, Desdemona ; 't is the soldiers' life,
To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

[*Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio*

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?

Cas. Ay ; past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, Heaven forbid !

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation ! O, I have lost my reputation. I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation !

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound ; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition ; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving : you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man ! there are ways to recover the general again : you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice ; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he 's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk ? and speak parrot ? and squabble ? swagger ? swear ? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow ?— O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword ? What had he done to you ?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is 't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing di tinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O God, th men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal aw their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how can you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness, to giv place to the devil wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the tim the place, and the condition of this country stands, I coul heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it i mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again,—he shall te me, I am a drunkard. Had I as many mouths as Hydr such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensibl man, by-and-by a fool, and presently a beast! O, strange —Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient i a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You or any man living may be drunk at a time man. I 'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general:—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she 'll help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit*

Iago. And what 's he then, that says I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal to thinking, and, indeed, the course
To win the Moor again? For 't is most easy

The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit: she 's framed as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor,—were 't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeeméd sin,—
His soul is so enfettered to her love
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackest sins put on
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now; for whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I 'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

Re-enter RODERIGO

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent: I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashiered Cassio.
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
Content thyself awhile.—By the mass, 't is morning;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Roderigo*] Two things are to be done,—
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I 'll set her on;
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find

Soliciting his wife :—ay, that 's the way ;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [E

ACT THREE

Scene I.—Before the Castle

Enter Cassio, *and some Musicians*

Cas. Masters, play here,—I will content your pains,—
Something that 's brief ; and bid, " Good-morrow
general." [*Mus*

Enter Clown

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been i
Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus ?
First Mus. How, sir, how ?
Clo. Are these, I pray you, called wind-instruments ?
First Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.
Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.
First Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir ?
Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that
know. But, masters, here 's money for you ; and th
general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love'
sake, to make no more noise with it.
First Mus. Well, sir, we will not.
Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard
to 't again ; but, as they say, to hear music the general doe
not greatly care.
First Mus. We have none such, sir.
Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I 'll away.
Go ; vanish into air, away !

[*Exeunt Musicians*

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend ?
Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend ; I hear you.
Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets. There 's a poor
piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman that attends
the general's wife be stirring, tell her there 's one Cassio
entreats her a little favour of speech : wilt thou do this ?
Clo. She is stirring, sir : if she will stir hither, I shall
seem to notify unto her.
Cas. Do, good my friend. [*Exit Clown*

Enter Iago

In happy time, Iago.
Iago. You have not been a-bed, then ?
Cas. Why, no ; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife : my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I 'll send her to you presently ;
And I 'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free.

Cas. I humbly thank you for 't. [*Exit Iago*
I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant : I am sorry
For your displeasure ; but all will sure be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly : The Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom
He might not but refuse you ; but he protests he loves you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings
To take the saf'st occasion by the front
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in :
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and Gentlemen*

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the senate :
That done, I will be walking on the works ;
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord ; I 'll do 't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see' t ?

Gent. We 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—The Garden of the Castle

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* EMILIA

Des. Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do : I warrant it grieves my husband
As if the cause were his.

Des. O, that 's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He 's never anything but your true servant.
Des. I know 't : I thank you. You do love my lord
You have known him long : and be you well assured,
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.
Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.
Des. Do not doubt that : before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee
If I do vow a friendship I 'll perform it
To the last article : my lord shall never rest ;
I 'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience ;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift ;
I 'll intermingle everything he does
With Cassio's suit. Therefore, be merry, Cassio ;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO, *at a distance*

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.
Cas. Madam, I 'll take my leave.
Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.
Cas. Madam, not now : I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.
Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit Cassi*
Iago. Ha ! I like not that.
Oth. What dost thou say ?
Iago. Nothing, my lord : or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife ?
Iago. Cassio, my lord ? No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I do believe 't was he.
Des. How now, my lord ?
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
Oth. Who is 't you mean ?
Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take ;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?
Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemon; some other time.
Des. But shall 't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.
Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?
Oth. No, not to-night.
Des. To-morrow dinner then?
Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.
Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:—
I pr'ythee, name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days; in faith, he 's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,—
Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of her best,—is not almost a fault
To incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—
Oth. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.
Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'T is as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.
Des. Shall I deny you? no. Farewell, my lord.
Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I 'll come to thee straight.
Des. Emilia, come.—Be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit, with Emilia*
Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
Iago. My noble lord,—
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with h
Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed: discern'st thou aught
that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord?
Oth. Honest! ay, hones
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord?
Oth. Think, my lord
By Heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something.
I heard thee say even now,—thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
And, when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, "Indeed!"
And didst contract and purse thy brow together
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think thou dost
And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore, these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that 's just
They're close delations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.
Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.
Oth. I think so too.
Iago. Men should be what they seem
Or, those that be not, would they might seem none!
Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.
Iago. Why then, I think Cassio 's an honest man.
Oth. Nay, yet there 's more in this.
I pray thee speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.
Iago. Good my lord, pardon me:

Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false,—
As where 's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wronged, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,—that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is something, nothing;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By Heaven, I 'll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 't is in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O! beware my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damnéd minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet soundly loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—
Good Heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why, why is this?
Think'st thou, I 'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt

Is once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make me jealous
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;
I 'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of it: for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit; therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife: observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure;
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abused: look to 't.
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let Heaven see the prank
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscien
Is—not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when she seemed to shake and fear your looks,
She loved them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, the
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seel her father's eyes up close as oak,—
He thought 't was witchcraft:—but I 'm much to blame
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for eve

Iago. I see this hath a little dashed your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love.—But, I do see you 're moved;
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio 's my worthy friend
My lord, I see you 're moved.

Oth. No, not much moved.—
I do not think but Desdemona 's honest.
Iago. Long live she so ! and long live you to think so !
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—
Iago. Ay, there 's the point :—as - to be bold with you—
Not to affect many proposéd matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends :
Foh ! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But pardon me ; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell.
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more ;
Set on thy wife to observe.—Leave me, Iago.
Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going*
Oth. Why did I marry ?—This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
Iago. [*Returning*] My lord, I would I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further ; leave it to time.
Although 't is fit that Cassio have his place,
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,—
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means :
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity ;
Much will be seen in that. In the meantime,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,—
As worthy cause I have to fear I am,—
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit*
Oth. This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learnéd spirit,
Of human dealings ; if I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I 'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have ; or, for I am declined
Into the vale of years ;—yet that 's not much :
She 's gone, I am abused ; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage !
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites. I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,

Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogatived are they less than the base;
'T is destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forkéd plague is fated to us
When we do quicken. Look, where she comes.
If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I 'll not believe it.

Re-enter DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.
Oth. I am to blame.
Des. Why do you speak so faintly
Are you not well?
Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.
Des. 'Faith, that 's with watching; 't will away aga
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
Oth. Your napkin is too little.
[*He puts the handkerchief from him, and she drop*
Let it alone. Come, I 'll go in with you.
Des. I 'm very sorry that you are not well.
[*Exeunt Othello and Desdem*
Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin:
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal 't; but she so loves the token,—
For he conjured her she should ever keep it,—
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk too. I 'll have the work ta'en out,
And give 't Iago:
What he will do with it Heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Re-enter IAGO

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?
Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.
Iago. A thing for me?—it is a common thing—
Emil. Ha?
Iago. To have a foolish wife.
Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief?
Emil. What handkerchief!
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.
Iago. Hast stol'n it from her?
Emil. No, faith: she let it drop by negligence;

And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up.
Look, here it is.
Iago. A good wench ; give it me.
Emil. What will you do with 't, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it ?
Iago. Why, what 's that to you ?
[*Snatching it*
Emil. If 't be not for some purpose of import,
Give 't me again : poor lady ! she 'll run mad
When she shall lack it.
Iago. Be not acknown on 't ; I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit Emilia*
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it : trifles, light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something ;
The Moor already changes with my poison :
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste ;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so :—
Look, where he comes !

Re-enter OTHELLO

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday.
Oth. Ha ! ha ! false to me.
Iago. Why, how now, general ? no more of that.
Oth. Avaunt ! be gone ! thou hast set me on the rack.—
I swear, 't is better to be much abused
Than but to know 't a little.
Iago. How now, my lord ?
Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust ?
I saw 't not, thought it not, it harmed not me :
I slept the next night well, was free and merry ;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips :
He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know 't and he 's not robbed at all.
Iago. I am sorry to hear this.
Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !
Farewell the plumèd troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,

The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone!

Iago. Is 't possible, my lord—

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,—
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my waked wrath.

Iago. Is 't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see 't; or, at the least, so prove it
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,—
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed:
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven forgive me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence
I 'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty 's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not:
I 'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I 'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion.
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would! nay, I will.

Iago. And may: but how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on,—
Behold her tupped?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,

To bring them to that prospect ; damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own ! What then ? how then ?
What shall I say ? Where 's satisfaction ?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk : but yet, I say
If imputation, and strong circumstances
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might have it.
Oth. Give me a living reason she 's disloyal.
Iago. I do not like the office ;
But, sith I am entered in this cause so far,
Pricked to 't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs :
One of this kind is Cassio.
In sleep I heard him say,—" Sweet Desdemona ;
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves ! "
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry,—" O sweet creature ! " and then kiss me hard.
As if he plucked up kisses by the roots
That grew upon my lips : then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sighed, and kissed ; and then
Cried,—" Curséd fate, that gave thee to the Moor ! "
Oth. O monstrous ! monstrous !
Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.
Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion :
'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.
Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.
Oth. I 'll tear her all to pieces.
Iago. Nay, but be wise : yet we see nothing done ;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this :
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand ?
Oth. I gave her such a one : 't was my first gift.
Iago. I know not that : but such a handkerchief—
I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.
Oth. If it be that,—
Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.
Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives !
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 't is true.—Look here, Iago ;

All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven :
'T is gone.—
Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell !
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate ! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 't is of aspics' tongues !
Iago. Yet be content.
Oth. O, blood, blood, blood !
Iago. Patience, I say ; your mind perhaps may change.
Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont ;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—[*Kneeling*] Now, by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.
Iago. Do not rise yet.— [*Kneeling*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above !
You elements that clip us round about !
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wronged Othello's service ! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.
Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to 't :
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio 's not alive.
Iago. My friend is dead ; 't is done at your request :
But let her live.
Oth. Damn her, lewd minx ! O, damn her !
Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.
Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt*

Scene IV.—Before the Castle

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, *and Clown*

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies ?
Clo. I dare not say he lies anywhere.
Des. Why, man ?
Clo. He is a soldier ; and for one to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.
Des. Go to. Where lodges he ?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.
Des. Can anything be made of this ?
Clo. I know not where he lodges ; and for me to devise a lodging, and say, he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.
Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report ?
Clo. I will catechise the world for him ; that is, make questions, and by them answer.
Des. Seek him ; bid him come hither ; tell him I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope all will be well.
Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit ; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit*
Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia ?
Emil. I know not, madam.
Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of crusadoes ; and but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.
Emil. Is he not jealous ?
Des. Who ? he ! I think the sun where he was born
Drew all such humours from him.
Emil. Look, where he comes.
Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be called to him.—

Enter OTHELLO

How is 't with you, my lord ?
Oth. Well, my good lady.—[*Aside*] O, hardness to dissemble !—
How do you, Desdemona ?
Des. Well, my good lord.
Oth. Give me your hand : this hand is moist, my lady.
Des. It yet has felt no age nor known no sorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart :
Hot, hot, and moist : this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout ;
For here 's a young and sweating devil here
That commonly rebels. 'T is a good hand,
A frank one.
Des. You may, indeed, say so ;
For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal hand : the hearts of old gave hands ;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.
Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.
Oth. What promise, chuck ?
Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.
Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me.
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Des. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not ?
Des. No, indeed, my lord.
Oth. That is a fault.
That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give ;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people : she told her, while she kept it,
'T would make her amiable and subdue my father
Entirely to her love ; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathéd, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me ;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wived,
To give it her. I did so : and take heed on 't ;
Make it a darling like your precious eye ;
To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.
Des. Is 't possible ?
Oth. 'T is true : there 's magic in the web of it.
A sibyl that had numbered in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sewed the work ;
The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk,
And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful
Conserved of maidens' hearts.
Des. Indeed ! is 't true ?
Oth. Most veritable ; therefore look to 't well.
Des. Then would to Heaven that I had never seen 't.
Oth. Ha ! wherefore ?
Des. Why do you speak so startlingly and rash ?
Oth. Is 't lost ? is 't gone ? speak, is it out o' the way
Des. Heaven bless us !
Oth. Say you ?
Des. It is not lost ; but what an if it were ?
Oth. How ?
Des. I say, it is not lost.
Oth. Fetch 't ; let me see 't.
Des. Why, so I can, sir ; but I will not now.
This is a trick, to put me from my suit :
I pray, let Cassio be received again.
Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief : my mind misgives.
Des. Come, come ;
You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief !
Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.
Oth. The handkerchief !
Des. A man that, all his time,

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shared dangers with you;—
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. In sooth, you are to blame.
Oth. Away! [*Exit*
Emil. Is not this man jealous?
Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there 's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.
Emil. 'T is not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full
They belch us.—Look you! Cassio and my husband.

Enter IAGO *and* CASSIO

Iago. There is no other way; 't is she must do 't:
And, lo, the happiness! go and importune her.
Des. How now, good Cassio? what 's the news with you?
Cas. Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you,
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Entirely honour: I would not be delayed.
If my offence be of such mortal kind
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purposed merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forced content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.
Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocation is not now in tune:
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour as in humour altered.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech. You must awhile be patient:
What I can do, I will; and more I will
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.
Iago. Is my lord angry?
Emil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.
Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puffed his own brother;—and can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him.
There 's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I pr'ythee, do so. [*Exit Iago*]—Something, su
of state--
Either from Venice, or some unhatched practice,
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him—
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'T is even so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful member ev'n to that sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was—unhandsome warrior as I am—
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul:
But now, I find, I had suborned the witness,
And he 's indicted falsely.
Emil. Pray Heaven it be state-matters, as you think
And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.
Des. Alas the day, I never gave him cause.
Emil. But jealous souls will not be answered so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 't is a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.
Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!
Emil. Lady, Amen.
Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I 'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.
Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emil*

Enter BIANCA

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!
Cas. What make you from home
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.
Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!
Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been pressed;
But I shall, in a more continuate time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchie*
Take me this work out.
Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend.

To the felt absence now I feel a cause.
Is it come to this? Well, well.
Cas. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.
Bian. Why, whose is it?
Cas. I know not neither: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well: ere it be demanded
(As like enough it will), I 'd have it copied:
Take it, and do 't; and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you! wherefore?
Cas. I do attend here on the general,
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me womaned.
Bian. Why, I pray you?
Cas. Not that I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.
Cas. 'T is but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here; but I 'll see you soon.
Bian. 'T is very good: I must be circumstanced.
[*Exeunt*

ACT FOUR

Scene I.—Before the Castle

Enter Othello *and* Iago

Iago. Will you think so?
Oth. Think so, Iago?
Iago. What,
To kiss in private?
Oth. An unauthorised kiss.
Iago. Or to be naked with her friend a-bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Naked a-bed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously and yet do so,
The[illegible]il their virtue tempts, and they tempt Heaven.
Iago. If they do nothing, 't is a venial slip;
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—
Oth. What then?
Iago. Why, then 't is hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.
Oth. She is protectress of her honour too:
May she give that?
Iago. Her honour is an essence that 's not seen;

They have it very oft that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—
Oth. By Heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.
Thou saidst,—O! it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.
Iago. Ay, what of that?
Oth. That 's not so good, now.
Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,
Who, having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convincéd or supplied them, cannot chose
But they must blab—
Oth. Hath he said anything?
Iago. He hath, my lord; but, be you well assured,
No more than he 'll unswear.
Oth. What hath he said?
Iago. 'Faith, that he did—I know not what he did.
Oth. What? what?
Iago. Lie—
Oth. With her?
Iago. With her, on her; what you will.
Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her, when they belie her. Lie with her! that 's fulsome.—Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief.—To confess, and be hanged for his labour;—first, to be hanged, and then to confess:—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shakes me thus.—Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips.—Is 't possible?—Confess—handkerchief!—O devil!— [*Falls in a trance*
Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!
My lord, I say! Othello!—

Enter Cassio

How now, Cassio?
Cas. What 's the matter?
Iago. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.
Cas. Rub him about the temples.
Iago. No, forbear.
The lethargy must have his quiet course;
If not, he foams at mouth; and by-and-by
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,

He will recover straight : when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.— [*Exit Cassio*
How is it, general ? have you hurt your head ?
Oth. Dost thou mock me ?
Iago. I mock you ! no, by Heaven.
Would you would bear your fortune like a man !
Oth. A hornéd man 's a monster, and a beast.
Iago. There 's many a beast then in a populous city
And many a civil monster.
Oth. Did he confess it ?
Iago. Good sir, be a man ;
Think, every bearded fellow that 's but yoked
May draw with you : there 's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper beds
Which they dare swear peculiar : your case is better.
O, 't is the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know ;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
Oth. O ! thou art wise ; 't is certain.
Iago. Stand you awhile apart ;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, o'erwhelméd with your grief—
A passion most unsuiting such a man—
Cassio came hither : I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstacy ;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me ;
The which he promised. Do but encave youself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face ;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife :
I say, but mark his gesture.—Marry, patience ;
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.
Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago ?
I will be found most cunning in my patience ;
But—dost thou hear ?—most bloody.
Iago. That 's not amiss ;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw ?
[*Othello withdraws*
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that by selling her desires
Buys herself bread and clothes : it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio, as 't is the strumpet's plague
To beguile many and be beguiled by one.
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter.—Here he comes.—
As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad ;

And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour
Quite in the wrong.

Re-enter CASSIO

How do you now, lieutenant ?

Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition. Who want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on 't. [*Speaking lower*] Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's dower, How quickly should you speed !

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff !

Oth. [*Aside*] Look, how he laughs already !

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue ! I think, i' faith, she loves me.

Oth. [*Aside*] Now he denies it faintly, and laughs out.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio ?

Oth. [*Aside*] Now he importunes him To tell it o'er. Go to ; well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her : Do you intend it ?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha !

Oth. [*Aside*] Do you triumph, Roman ! do yo triumph ?

Cas. I marry her !—what, a customer ? I pr'ythee bear some charity to my wit ; do not think it so unwhole some :—ha, ha, ha !

Oth. [*Aside*] So, so, so, so. They laugh that win.

Iago. Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.—

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. [*Aside*] Have you scored me ? Well.

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out : she i persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery not out of my promise.

Oth. [*Aside*] Iago beckons me, now he begins the story.

Cas. She was here even now ; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes the bauble ; and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck ;—

Oth. [*Aside*] Crying, O dear Cassio ! as it were : his gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me ; so hales and pulls me : ha, ha, ha !—

Oth. [*Aside*] Now he tells, how she plucked him to my chamber. O ! I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me ! look, where she comes.

Cas. 'T is such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.

Enter BIANCA

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work!—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work! There, give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I 'll take out no work on 't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now, how now!

Oth. [*Aside*] By Heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Bian. An you 'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith, I must; she 'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit Cassio*

Oth. [*Advancing*] How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing.—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that 's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is.—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear.—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She 's the worse for all this.

Oth. O! a thousand, a thousand times. And then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.
Oth. Nay, that 's certain :—but yet the pity of it, Iag
—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago !
Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give
patent to offend : for, if it touch not you, it comes n
nobody.
Oth. I will chop her into messes :—cuckold me !
Iago. O ! 't is foul in her.
Oth. With mine officer !
Iago. That 's fouler.
Oth. Get me some poison, Iago ; this night :—I 'll r
expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovi
my mind again.—This night, Iago.
Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her be
even the bed she hath contaminated.
Oth. Good, good : the justice of it pleases ; very good
Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker : y
shall hear more by midnight.
Oth. Excellent good.—[*A trumpet within*]—What tru
pet is that same ?
Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'T is Lodovico,
Come from the duke ; and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, *and Attendants*

Lod. God save the worthy general !
Oth. With all my heart, si
Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.
[*Giving him a pack*
Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.
[*Opens the packet, and rea*
Des. And what 's the news, good cousin Lodovico ?
Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior :
Welcome to Cyprus.
Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio ?
Iago. Lives, sir.
Des. Cousin, there 's fall'n between him and my lord
An unkind breach, but you shall make all well.
Oth. Are you sure of that ?
Des. My lord ?
Oth. [*Reading*] " This fail you not to do, as you will "—
Lod. He did not call ; he 's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio ?
Des. A most unhappy one : I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.
Oth. Fire and brimstone !
Des. My lord !
Oth. Are you wise ?
Des. What ! is he angry ?
Lod. May be, the letter moved him :

For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.
Des. Trust me I am glad on 't.
Oth. Indeed !
Des. My lord ?
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
Des. Why, sweet Othello ?
Oth. Devil ! [*Striking her*
Des. I have not deserved this.
Lod. My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw it. 'T is very much :
Make her amends, she weeps.
Oth. O devil, devil !
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—
Out of my sight.
Des. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going*
Lod. Truly, an obedient lady.—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.
Oth. Mistress !
Des. My lord !
Oth. What would you with her, sir ?
Lod. Who, I, my lord ?
Oth. Ay ; you did wish, that I would make her turn :
Sir, she can turn and turn and yet go on,
And turn again ; and she can weep, sir, weep,
And she 's obedient, as you say, obedient,—
Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion !—
I am commanded home.—Get you away ;
I 'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice.—Hence ! avaunt !—
[*Exit Desdemona*
Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together :
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys !
[*Exit*
Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient ? Is this the nature
Whom passion could not shake ? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce ?
Iago. He is much changed.
Lod. Are his wits safe ? is he not light of brain ?
Iago. He 's that he is : I may not breathe my censure,
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to Heaven, he were !
Lod. What, strike his wife ?
Iago. Faith, that was not so well ; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?
Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
And his own courses will denote him so
That I may save my speech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry that I am deceived in him. [*Exeu*

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle

Enter OTHELLO *and* EMILIA

Oth. You have seen nothing then?
Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.
Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.
Emil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.
Oth. What, did they never whisper?
Emil. Never, my lor
Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?
Emil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. That 's strange.
Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head
Let Heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There 's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.
Oth. Bid her come hither:—go.—
[*Exit Emil*
She says enough;—yet she 's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:
And yet she 'll kneel, and pray; I 've seen her do 't.

Re-enter EMILIA, *with* DESDEMONA

Des. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray, chuck, come hithe
Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth. Let me see your eyes:
Look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy 's this?
Oth. [*To Emilia*] Some of your function, mistress;
Leave procreants alone and shut the door;

Cough or cry hem if anybody come:
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.
[*Exit Emilia*

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damned,—
Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? how am I false?

Oth. Ah, Desdemon!—away, away, away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with affliction; had they rained
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;
Steeped me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me
The fixéd figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at,—
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garnered up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence,
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubin;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee,—'would thou hadst ne'er been born?

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write "whore" upon? What committed?
Committed!—O thou public commoner!

I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed ?
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks ;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed ?
Impudent strumpet !

Des. By Heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet ?

Des. No, as I am a Christi

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore ?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is 't possible ?

Des. O, Heaven forgive us !

Oth. I cry you mercy then :
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell !

Re-enter EMILIA

You, you, ay, you :
We have done our course ; there 's money for your pains
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Ex*

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive ?—
How do you, madam ? how do you, my good lady ?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what 's the matter with my lord

Des. With who ?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord ?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none : do not talk to me, Emilia :
I cannot weep ; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember ;—
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here 's a change, indeed ! [*Exit*

Des. 'T is meet I should be used so, very meet.
How have I been behaved, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse ?

Re-enter EMILIA *with* IAGO

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam ? How is 't with you ?

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks :
He might have chid me so ; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.
Iago. What 's the matter, lady ?
Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.
Des. Am I that name, Iago ?
Iago. What name, fair lady ?
Des. Such as she says my lord did say I was.
Emil. He called her whore : a beggar in his drink
Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.
Iago. Why did he so ?
Des. I do not know ; I am sure, I am none such.
Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day !
Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be called whore ? would it not make one weep ?
Des. It is my wretched fortune.
Iago. Beshrew him for 't !
How comes this trick upon him ?
Des. Nay, Heaven doth know.
Emil. I will be hanged, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office
Have not devised this slander ; I 'll be hanged else.
Iago. Fie, there is no such man : it is impossible.
Des. If any such there be, Heaven pardon him !
Emil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones !
Why should he call her whore ? who keeps her company ?
What place ? what time ? what form ? what likelihood ?
The Moor's abused by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow :—
O Heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to the west !
Iago. Speak within door.
Emil. O, fie upon them ! Some such squire he was,
That turned your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.
Iago. You are a fool ; go to.
Des. O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again ?
Good friend, go to him ; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel :—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed ;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form ;

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say "whore:"
It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 't is but his humour
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 't were no other,—

Iago. 'T is but so, I warrant.
[*Trump*
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
The messengers of Venice stay the meat.
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Em*

Enter RODERIGO

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me

Iago. What in the contrary!

Rod. Every day thou daff'st me with some devi
Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st fr
me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the le
advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure
nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what alrea
I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your wo
and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted mys
out of my means. The jewels you have had from me,
deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votari
you have told me she hath received them, and return
me expectations and comforts of sudden respect a
acquaintance; but I find none

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man: n
't is not very well: by this hand, I say it is very scurv
and begin to find myself fopped in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 't is not very well. I will make mys
known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewe
I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitatio
if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there 's mettle in thee ; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo : thou hast taken against me a most just exception ; but yet, I protest I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it : if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it ? is it within reason and compass ?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true ? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no ! he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident ; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean, removing him ?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place ; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do ?

Iago. Ay : if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him : he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence—which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one—you may take him at your pleasure : I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me ; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste : about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt*

Scene III.—Another Room in the Castle

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, *and Attendants*

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me ; 't will do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir ?—
O,—Desdemona,—
Des. My lord ?
Oth. Get you to bed on the instant ; I will be returne
forthwith : dismiss your attendant there : look it b
done.
Des. I will, my lord.
[*Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendant*
Emil. How goes it now ? he looks gentler than he did
Des. He says, he will return incontinent ;
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.
Emil. Dismiss me !
Des. It was his bidding ; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu :
We must not now displease him.
Emil. I would you had never seen him.
Des. So would not I : my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.
Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed
Des. All 's one.—Good faith, how foolish are ou
minds !—
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee shroud me
In one of those same sheets.
Emil. Come, come, you talk.
Des. My mother had a maid called Barbara :
She was in love ; and he she loved proved mad,
And did forsake her : she had a song of " willow " ;
An old thing 't was, but it expressed her fortune,
And she died singing it : that song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind ; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.
Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown ?
Des. No, unpin me here.—
This Lodovico is a proper man.
Emil. A very handsome man.
Des. He speaks well.
Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked
barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.
Des. [*Singing.*]

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree ;
Sing all a green willow ;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee ;
Sing willow, willow, willow :
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured her moans ;
Sing willow, willow, willow :
Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones ;

Lay by these.—

Sing willow, willow, willow.

Pr'ythee, hie thee: he 'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland,
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that 's not next.—Hark, who is it that knocks?

Emil. It is the wind.

Des. *I called my love, false love; but what said he then?*
Sing willow, willow, willow:
If I court moe women, you 'll couch with moe men.

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'T is neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!—
Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light:
I might do 't as well i' the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing: 't is a great price
For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emil. In troth, I think I should, and undo 't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and, having the world for your labour, 't is a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage
As would store the world they played for.
But, I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall. Say, that they slack their duties
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,

Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite:
Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is. And doth affection breed it?
I think it doth. Is 't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too. And have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them use us well; else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night: Heaven me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend! [*Exeunt*

ACT FIVE

SCENE I.—Cyprus. A Street

Enter IAGO *and* RODERIGO

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I 'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in 't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand.
[*Retires*

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons.—
'T is but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.

Iago. I have rubbed this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I bobbed from him
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him: there stand I in much peril.
No, he must die:—be 't so; I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO

Rod. I know his gait; 't is he.—Villain, thou diest.
[*Rushing out, and making a pass at Cassio*

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine. [*Draws, and wounds Roderigo*
Rod. O, I am slain!
[*Iago rushes from his post, cuts Cassio behind in the leg, and exit*
Cas. I am maimed for ever.—Help, ho! murder, murder! [*Falls*

Enter OTHELLO, *at a distance*

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.
Rod. O, villain that I am!
Oth. It is even so.
Cas. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!
Oth. 'T is he.—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me:—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies:—strumpet, I come!
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stained, shall with lust's blood be spotted.
[*Exit*

Enter LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO, *at a distance*

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!
Gra. 'T is some mischance; the cry is very direful.
Cas. O, help!
Lod. Hark!
Rod. O wretched villain!
Lod. Two or three groans.—It is a heavy night!
These may be counterfeits; let 's think 't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.
Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.
Lod. Hark!

Re-enter IAGO, *with a light*

Gra. Here 's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.
Iago. Who 's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?
Lod. We do not know.
Iago. Did not you hear a cry?
Cas. Here, here! for Heaven's sake, help me!
Iago. What 's the matter?
Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.
Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.
Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?
Cas. Iago? O! I am spoiled, undone by villains:
Give me some help.
Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.
Iago. O treacherous villains!—
[*To Lodovico and Gratiano*] What are you there?
in, and give some help.
Rod. O, help me here!
Cas. That 's one of them.
Iago. O murderous slave! O vil
[*Stabs Rod*
Rod. O damned Iago! O inhuman dog!
Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bl
thieves?—
How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good, or evil?
Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.
Iago. Signior Lodovico?
Lod. He, sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy. Here 's Cassio hurt by vill
Gra. Cassio?
Iago. How is 't, brother?
Cas. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry, Heaven forbid!
Light, gentlemen; I 'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is 't that cried
Iago. Who is 't that cried?
Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspe
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?
Cas. No.
Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to
you.
Iago. Lend me a garter:—so.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!
Bian. Alas! he faints.—O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.—
Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come.
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?
Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,
Roderigo? no:—yes, sure. O Heaven! Roderigo.
Gra. What, of Venice?
Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?
Gra. Know him? ay.
Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio ?—O, a chair, a chair !
Gra. Roderigo !
Iago. He, he, 't is he.—[*A chair brought in*] O ! that 's well said ;—the chair.—
Some good man bear him carefully from hence ;
I 'll fetch the general's surgeon.—[*To Bianca*] For you, mistress,
Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you ?
Cas. None in the world ; nor do I know the man.
Iago. [*To Bianca*] What, look you pale ?—O, bear him out o' the air.— [*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off*]
Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress !
Do you perceive the ghastness of her eye ?—
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.—
Behold her well : I pray you, look upon her :
Do you see, gentlemen ? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA

Emil. 'Las ! what 's the matter ? what 's the matter, husband ?
Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scaped.
He 's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.
Emil. Alas, good gentleman ! alas, good Cassio !
Iago. This is the fruits of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supped to-night.—
What ! do you shake at that ?
Bian. He supped at my house; but I therefore shake not.
Iago. O, did he so ? I charge you, go with me.
Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet !
Bian. I am no strumpet ; but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.
Emil. As I ? foh ! fie upon thee !
Iago. Kind gentlemen, let 's go see poor Cassio dressed.—
Come, mistress, you must tell 's another tale.—
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happed.—
Will you go on afore ?—[*Aside*] This is the night,
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—A Bedchamber

DESDEMONA *in bed asleep. A light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars !—
It is the cause.—Yet I 'll not shed her blood ;

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she 'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then,—put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have plucked thy
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither:—I 'll smell it on the tree —
[*Kissi*
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.—One more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes.

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you prayed to-night, Desdemon?

Des. Ay, my lo

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconciled as yet to Heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No,—Heaven forfend!—I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth Ay, I do.

Des. Then, Heav
Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear I know no
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to y

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death 's unnatural that kills for loving.—
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!
Des. I will so. What 's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief, which I so loved and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.
Des. No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury: thou art on thy death bed.
Des. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Des. Then Lord have mercy on me!
Oth. I say, Amen.
Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio,
But with such general warranty of Heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.
Oth. By Heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.
O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.
Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him.—Send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.
Oth. He hath confessed.
Des. What, my lord?
Oth. That he hath used thee.
Des. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Des. He will not say so.
Oth. No; his mouth is stopped:
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.
Des. O, my fear interprets.—What, is he dead?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all,
Des. Alas! he is betrayed, and I undone.
Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?
Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down, strumpet!
Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night.
Oth. Nay, if you strive,—
Des. But half an hour!
Oth. Being done, there is no pause.
Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [*He smothers h*
Emil. [*Within*] My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lor
my lord!
Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet qu
dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
So, so.
Emil. [*Within*] What, ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth. Who's there
Emil. [*Within*] O, good my lord! I would speak a wo
with you.
Oth. Yes:—'t is Emilia:—by-and-by.—She 's dead.
'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? Were 't good?—
I think she stirs again:—no.—What 's best to do?
If she come in, she 'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.
Emil. [*Within*] I do beseech you
That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!
Oth. I had forgot thee. O, come in, Emilia.—
Soft,—by-and-by:—let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou? What 's the matter with thee now?
[*Unlocks the do*

Enter EMILIA

Emil. O, my good lord! yonder 's foul murder done.
Oth. What! now?
Emil. But now, my lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Emil. Cassio, my lord, has killed a young Venetian
Called Roderigo.
Oth. Roderigo killed!
And Cassio killed!
Emil. No; Cassio is not killed.
Oth. Not Cassio killed! Then murder 's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.
Des. O, falsely, falsely murdered!
Emil. Alas! what cry is that
Oth. That! what?
Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.
Emil. O, who hath done this deed?
Des. Nobody; I myself. Farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell! [*Dies*
Oth. Why, how should she be murdered?
Emil. Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.
Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She 's like a liar gone to burning hell:
'T was I that killed her.
Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!
Oth. She turned to folly, and she was a whore.
Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was false as water.
Emil. Thou art rash as fire to say
That she was false: O, she was heavenly true.
Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.
O, I were damned beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.
Emil. My husband?
Oth. Thy husband.
Emil. That she was false to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If Heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I 'd not have sold her for it.
Emil. My husband?
Oth. Ay, 't was he that told me first:
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
Emil. My husband?
Oth. What needs this iterance, woman? I say, thy husband.
Emil. O mistress! villainy hath made mocks with love.—
My husband say that she was false!
Oth. He, woman;
I say, thy husband: dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.
Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
Oth. Ha!
Emil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm

As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword; I 'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor has killed my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, *and* IAGO

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general?
Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.
Gra. What is the matter?
Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false.
I know thou didst not, thou 'rt not such a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.
Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false?
Iago. I did.
Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damnéd lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie.—
She false with Cassio!—Did you say with Cassio?
Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongu
Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound
speak.
My mistress here lies murdered in her bed.
All. O heavens forfend!
Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.
Oth. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.
Gra. 'T is a strange truth.
Mon. O monstrous act!
Emil. Villainy! villainy! villainy
I think upon 't,—I think,—I smell 't:—O villainy!
I thought so then:—I 'll kill myself for grief.—
O villainy, villainy!
Iago. What! are you mad? I charge you, get yo
home.
Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:
'T is proper I obey him, but not now—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. O! O! O! [*Falling on the be*
Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;
For thou hast killed the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.
Oth. [*Rising*] O, she was foul.—
I scarce did know you, uncle. There lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopped.
I know this act shows horrible and grim.
Gra. Poor Desdemon! I am glad thy father 's dead.
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobance.
Oth. 'T is pitiful; but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed: Cassio confessed it;
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognisance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.
Emil. O Heaven! O heavenly powers!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Emil. 'T will out, 't will out:—I hold my peace, sir? no;
No, I will speak as liberal as the north:
Let Heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I 'll speak.
Iago. Be wise, and get you home.
Emil. I will not. [*Iago offers to stab his wife*
Gra. Fie!
Your sword upon a woman?
Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,—
More than, indeed, belonged to such a trifle,—
He begged of me to steal it.
Iago. Villainous whore!
Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,
And I did give 't my husband.
Iago. Filth, thou liest!
Emil. By Heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen.—
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife? [*Iago stabs Emilia, then runs out*
Oth. Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!
Gra. The woman falls: sure, he hath killed his wife.
Emil. Ay, ay. O, lay me by my mistress' side!
Gra. He 's gone, but his wife 's killed.
Mon. 'T is a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recovered from the Moor.
Come, guard the door without: let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I 'll after that same villain,
For 't is a damnéd slave. [*Exit*
Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music.—[*Singing*] *Willow, willow, willow.*—
Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee, cruel Moor,
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as, I think, I die,—I die. [*Di*
Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber;
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.
O, here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.
Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.
Oth. Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.
Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold, I have a weapon
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I've seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I 've made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop.—But, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 't is not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed:
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismayed? 't is a lost fear:
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires.—Where should Othello go?—
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starred wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity.
O, curséd, curséd slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO *carried in a chair, and officers, with* IAGO *prisoner*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
Oth. That 's he that was Othello;—here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet,—but that 's a fable:
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee. [*Wounds Iago*
Lod. Wrench his sword from him.
Iago. I bleed, sir; but not killed.
Oth. I am not sorry neither: I 'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 't is happiness to die.
Lod. O thou Othello, that wert once so good,

Fall'n in the practice of a damnéd slave,
What shall be said to thee?
Oth. Why, anything:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought did I in hate but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confessed his villainy:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?
Oth. Ay.
Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask you pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.
Lod. What! not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou dost best.
Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo:
And here another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.
Oth. O villain!
Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!
Lod. Now, here 's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damnéd villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.
Oth. O thou pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief,
That was my wife's?
Cas. I found it in my chamber;
And he himself confessed but even now
That there he dropped it, for a special purpose
Which wrought to his desire.
Oth. O fool! fool! fool!
Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast; and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.
Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest

Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state.—Come, bring him away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unusèd to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcisèd dog,
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himse*
Lod. O bloody period!
Gra. All that 's spoke is marred.
Oth. I kissed thee, ere I killed thee:—no way but thi
[*Falling upon Desdemon*
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Di*
Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.
Lod. [*To Iago*] O Spartan dog!
More fell than anguish, hunger or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture:—O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeun*

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[Exeunt

PERICLES

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ANTIOCHUS, *king of Antioch*
PERICLES, *prince of Tyre*
HELICANUS } *two lords of Tyre*
ESCANES }
SIMONIDES, *king of Pentapolis*
CLEON, *governor of Tarsus*
LYSIMACHUS, *governor of Mitylene*
CERIMON, *a lord of Ephesus*
THALIARD, *a lord of Antioch*
PHILEMON, *servant to Cerimon*
LEONINE, *servant to Dionyza*
Marshal
A Pander. BOULT, *his servant*

The daughter of Antiochus
DIONYZA, *wife to Cleon*
THAISA, *daughter to Simonides*
MARINA, *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa*
LYCHORIDA, *nurse to Marina*
A Bawd

DIANA
GOWER, *as Chorus*

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers

SCENE.—*Dispersedly in various Countries*

PERICLES

ACT ONE

Enter GOWER

Before the Palace of Antioch

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come,
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit 's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria,—
I tell you what my authors say:
This king unto him took a fere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:—
Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none.
By custom what they did begin
Was, with long use, account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures playfellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,—
To keep her still, and men in awe,—
That whoso asked her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.

What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [E

SCENE I.—Antioch. A Room in the Palace

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, *and Attendants*

Ant. Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv
The danger of the task you undertake.
Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Emboldened with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.
Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothéd like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, till Lucina reigned,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit
To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS

Per. See where she comes, apparelled like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the ring
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
You gods, that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflamed desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!
Ant. Prince Pericles,—
Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.
Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touched;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues and semblance pale
That without covering save yon field of stars,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going on death's net, whom none resist.
Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,

And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remembered should be like a mirror
Who tells us life 's but breath, to trust it, error.
I 'll make my will then; and, as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did:
So, I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came,
[*To the Daughter of Antiochus*] But my unspotted fire of love to you.
Thus, ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice,—read the conclusion then;
Which read and not expounded, 't is decreed,
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all 'sayed yet, may'st thou prove prosperous!
Of all 'sayed yet, I wish thee happiness.

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage. [*Reads the riddle*

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed;
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father.
He 's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;
For he 's no man on whom perfections wait,
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You 're a fair viol, and your sense the strings,
Who, fingered to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down and all the gods to hearken;
But being played upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that 's an article within our law
As dangerous as the rest. Your time 's expired;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'T would braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He 's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;
For vice repeated 's like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in other's eyes to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear—
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copped hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is thronged
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for 't.
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law 's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. [*Aside*] Heaven, that I had thy head! he ha
found the meaning;
But I will gloze with him.—Young Prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenor of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise.
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we 'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt all but Pericles*

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you 're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child
(Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father),
And she an eater of her mother's flesh
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, where men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
They 'll shun no course to keep them from the light:
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder 's as near to lust as flame to smoke;

Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropped to keep you clear,
By flight I 'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit*

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS

Ant. He hath found the meaning; for the which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathéd manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD

Thal. Doth your highness call?
Ant. Thaliard!
You 're of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here 's poison, and here 's gold;
We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?
Thal. My lord, 't is done.
Ant. Enough.—

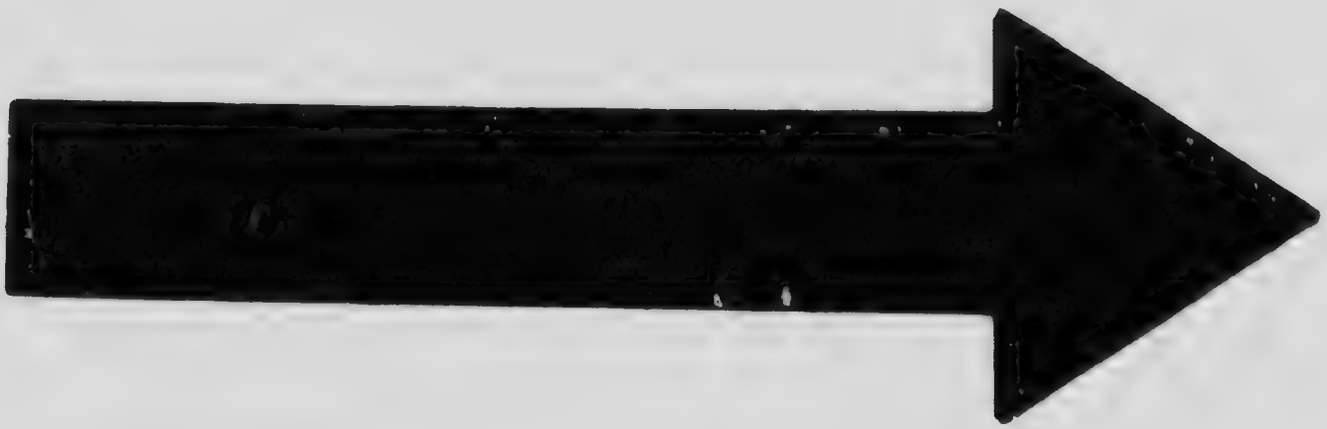
Enter a Messenger

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
Mess. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit*
Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and, as an arrow, shot
From a well-experienced archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return
Unless thou say, "Prince Pericles is dead."
Thal. My lord,
If I get him within my pistol's length,
I 'll make him sure enough: farewell to your highness.
Ant. Thaliard, adieu. [*Exit Thaliard*]—Till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit*

SCENE II.—Tyre. A Room in the Palace

Enter PERICLES

Per. [*To those without*] Let none disturb us.—Why should this charge of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
Be my so used a guest, as not an hour
In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night—



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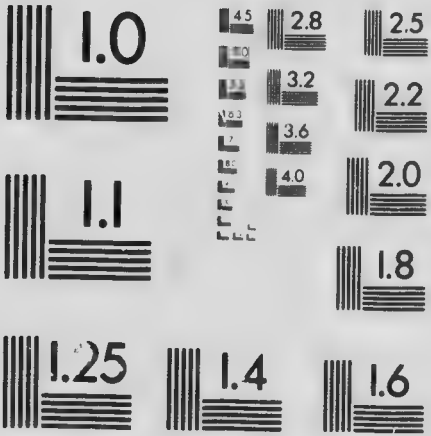

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The tomb where grief should sleep—can breed me quiet?
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun ther
And danger which I feared 's at Antioch,
Whose aim seems far too short to hit me here;
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now and cares it be not done.
And so with me:—the great Antiochus—
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he 's so great, can make his will his act—
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He 'll stop the course by which it might be known.
With hostile forces he 'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state,
Our men be vanquished ere they do resist,
And subjects punished that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,—
Who am no more but as the tops of trees
Which fence the roots they grow by and defend them,—
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.

Enter HELICANUS *and other Lords*

First Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!
Sec. Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!
Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience a tongue.
They do abuse the king that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flattered, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.
Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading 's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords*]—Helicanus, thou
Hast movéd us: what seest thou in our looks?
Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?
Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?
Per. Thou know'st I 've power
To take thy life from thee.
Hel. [*Kneeling*] I 've ground the axe;
Do you but strike the blow.
Per. Rise, prithee, rise;
Sit down; I thank thee for 't, thou art no flatterer,
And Heaven forbid but kings should let their ears
Hear their faults chid!
Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?
Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.
Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty
From whence an issue I might propagate
As arms to princes that bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest:
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seemed not to strike, but smooth; but thou know'st this,
'T is time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss;
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night
Who seemed my good protector: and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years.
And should he doubt it—as no doubt he doth—
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope.
To lop that doubt he 'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all for mine, if I may call 't, offence,
Must feel war's blow who spares not innocence:
Which love to all,—of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'dst me for it,—
Hel. Alas, sir!
Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts

How I might stop this tempest ere it came ;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. My lord, since you have given me leave to spea
Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Fates do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any ; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I 'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith ; but should he wron
My liberties in my absence ?

Hel. We 'll mingle our bloods together in the earth
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tarsus
Intend my travel, where I 'll hear from thee,
And by whose letters I 'll dispose myself.
The care I had, and have, of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I 'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath ;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both.
But in our orbs we 'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince. [*Exeun*

SCENE III.—Tyre. An Ante-chamber in the Palace

Enter THALIARD

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must I kill King Pericles ; and if I do not, I am sure to be hanged at home : 't is dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets : now do I see he had some reason for 't ; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush ! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, *and other Lords*

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure :
His sealed commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he 's gone to travel.

Thal. [*Aside*] How ! the king gone ?

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I 'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—

Thal. [*Aside*] What from Antioch ?
Hel. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know not—
Took some displeasure at him : at least, he judged so ;
And doubting lest that he had erred or sinned,
To show his sorrow he 'd correct himself ;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.
Thal. [*Aside*] Well, I perceive
I shall not be hanged now, although I would ;
But since he 's gone, the king it sure must please,
He scaped the land, to perish on the seas.—
Now I 'll present myself.—[*To them*] Peace to the lords of Tyre !
Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.
Thal. From him I come,
With message unto princely Pericles ;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord 's betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.
Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us :
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—Tarsus. A Room in the Governor's House

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, *and Attendants*

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 't will teach us to forget our own ?
Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it ;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressèd lord, even such our griefs are ;
Here they 're but felt and seen with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topped, they higher rise.
Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish ?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
Into the air ; our eyes do weep till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder ; that
If heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I 'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.
Dio. I 'll do my best, sir.
Cle. This Tarsus, o'er which I 've the government,
A city, on whom plenty held full hand,

For Riches strewed herself even in the street ;
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kissed the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld, but wondered at ;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorned,
Like one another's glass to trim them by :
Their tables were stored full to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight ;
All poverty was scorned, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 't is too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do ! By this our chang
These mouths whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defiled for want of use,
They are now starved for want of exercise :
Those palates, who, not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it :
Those mothers, who, to nousle up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life.
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping ;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true ?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities that of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears :
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord

Lord. Where 's the lord governor ?

Cle. Here.
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir
That may succeed as his inheritor ;
And so in ours. Some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuffed these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already ;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory 's got to overcome.

Lord. That 's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags displayed, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.
Cle. Thou speak'st like him 's untutored to repeat:
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground 's the lowest, and we 're half way there.
Go, tell their general we attend him here
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes
And what he craves.
Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit*
Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, *with Attendants*

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be, like a beacon fired, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets;
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load:
And these our ships you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuffed within
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.
All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we will pray for you.
Per. Rise, pray you rise;
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.
Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,—
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,—
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when,—the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,—
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.
Per. Which welcome we 'll accept; feast here awhile,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [*Exeunt*

ACT TWO

Enter GOWER

Gower. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, iwis, to incest bring;
A better prince and benign lord
That will prove awful both in deed and word:
Be quiet, then, as men should be,

Till he has passed Necessity:
I'll show you, those in trouble's reign
Losing a mite a mountain gain.
The good in conversation—
To whom I give my benison—
Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he speken can;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

DUMB-SHOW

Enter at one door, PERICLES, *talking with* CLEON; *thei Trains with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman with a letter to* PERICLES; *who shows the letter to* CLEON *then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him Exeunt* PERICLES *and* CLEON, *with their Trains.*

Gow. Good Helicane, that stayed at home
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours; though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And hid intent to murder him;
And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men ben there's seldom ease:
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe is wracked and split;
And he, good prince, all having lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost.
All perishen, of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till Fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower;—this longs the text. [*Exit*

SCENE I.—Pentapolis. An Open Place by the Sea-side

Enter PERICLES, *wet*

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;

And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Washed me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death :
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes ;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he 'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen

First Fish. What, ho, Pilch !

Sec. Fish. Ho, come, and bring away the nets.

First Fish. What, Patch-breech, I say !

Third Fish. What say you, master ?

First Fish. Look how thou stirr st now ! come away, or I 'll fetch thee with a wanion.

Third Fish. Faith, master, am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

First Fish. Alas, poor souls ! it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

Third Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled ? they say, they 're half fish, half flesh : a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

First Fish. Why, as men do a-land—the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale ; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they 've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [*Aside*] A pretty moral.

Third Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

Sec. Fish. Why, man ?

Third Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too ; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind—

Per. [*Aside*] Simonides ?

Third Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [*Aside*] How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men ;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect !—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

Sec. Fish. Honest! good fellow, what 's that? if it h
day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody l
after it.

Per. Y' may see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—

Sec. Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea, to c
thee in our way!—

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

First Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? Here 's th
in our country of Greece, gets more with begging than
can do with working.

Sec. Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practised it.

Sec. Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here
nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on:
A man thronged up with cold; my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

First Fish. Die, quoth-a? Now, gods forbid it! I
have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm
Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt g
home, and we 'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fastin
days, and moreo'er puddings and flapjacks; and thou sha
be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

Sec. Fish. Hark you, my friend,—you said you could no
beg.

Per. I did but crave.

Sec. Fish. But crave? Then I 'll turn craver too, an
so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

Sec. Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all: for if all you
beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office tha
to be a beadle. But, master, I 'll go draw up the net.

[*Exeunt two of the Fishermen*

Per. [*Aside*] How well this honest mirth becomes
their labour!

First Fish. Hark you, sir,—do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

First Fish. Why, I 'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis,
and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good King Simonides, do you call him?

First Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so called, for
his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

First Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I 'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to joust and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

First Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for his wife's soul.

Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a net

Sec. Fish. Help, master, help! here 's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 't will hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't; 't is come at last, and 't is turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see 't.
Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all thy crosses
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself,
And though it was mine own; part of mine heritage
Which my dead father did bequeath to me
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,
"Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death"—and pointed to this brace;—
"For that it saved me, keep it; in like need—
From which the gods protect thee!—it may defend thee."
It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it,
Till the rough seas that spare not any man
Took it in rage, though calmed have given 't again.
I thank thee for 't: my shipwreck now 's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

First Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it;
And that you 'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with 't I may appear a gentleman:
And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I 'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

First Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I 'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

First Fish. Why, do ye take it; and the gods give thee good on 't.

Sec. Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 't was we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you 'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe 't, I will.
By your furtherance I am clothed in steel;
And spite of all the rapture of the sea,
This jewel holds his gilding on my arm:
Unto thy value will I mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friends, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

Sec. Fish. We 'll sure provide: thou shalt have my b
gown to make thee a pair, and I 'll bring thee to the co
myself.

Per. Then honour be but equal to my will!
This day I 'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exe*

SCENE II.—Pentapolis. A public Way or Platform leadi
to the Lists. A Pavilion near it, for the reception
the KING, PRINCESS, Ladies, Lords, etc.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, *Lords, and Attendants*

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

First Lord. They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a Lo*

Thai. It pleaseth you, my father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit 's less.

Sim. 'T is fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'T is now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I 'll perform.

Enter a Knight: he passes over the stage, and his Squir
presents his shield to the Princess

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renownéd father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Ethiop, reaching at the sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.
[*The second Knight passes over*
Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield

Is an armed knight, that 's conquered by a lady ;
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu por dulzura que por fuerza.*
[*The third Knight passes over*
Sim. And what 's the third ?
Thai. The third of Antioch ;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry ;
The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex.*
[*The fourth Knight passes over*
Sim. What is the fourth ?
Thai. A burning torch, that 's turnéd upside down ;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*
Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.
[*The fifth Knight passes over*
Thai. The fifth, a hand environéd with clouds,
Holding out gold that 's by the touchstone tried ;
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*
[*The sixth Knight* (*Pericles*) *passes over*
Sim. And what 's
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy delivered ?
Thai. He seems to be a stranger ; but his present 's
A withered branch, that 's only green at top ;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*
Sim. A pretty moral :
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.
First Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend ;
For by his rusty outside he appears
To have practised more the whipstock than the lance.
Sec. Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honoured triumph strangely furnishéd.
Third Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.
Sim. Opinion 's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit for the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming ; we 'll withdraw
Into the gallery.
[*Exeunt*
[*Great shouts within, all crying,* " The mean Knight ! "

SCENE III.—Pentapolis. A Hall of State.—A Banquet prepared

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, *Ladies, Lords, Knights, and Attendants*

Sim. Knights,
To say you 're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,

As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes, and my guests.
Thai. But you, my knight and gue
To whom this wreath of victory I give
And crown you king of this day's happiness.
Per. 'T is more by fortune, lady, than by merit.
Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist art hath thus decreed,
To make some good but others to exceed;
And you're her laboured scholar.—Come, queen o' t
feast,—
For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place:
Marshal the rest as they deserve their grace.
Knights. We are honoured much by good Simonides
Sim. Your presence glads our days: honour we lov
For who hates honour hates the gods above.
Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.
Per. Some other is more
First Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemer
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.
Per. You are right courteous knights.
Sim. Sit, sir; sit.
Per. [*Aside*] By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughi
These cates resist me, she but thought upon.
Thai. [*Aside*] By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all viands that I eat
Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat.
Sure, he 's a gallant gentleman.
Sim. [*Aside*] He 's but a country gentleman:
Has done no more than other knights have done,
Has broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.
Thai. [*Aside*] To me he seems like diamond to glass.
Per. [*Aside*] Yon king 's to me like to my fathe
picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was,
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun for them to reverence;
None that beheld him but like lesser lights
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;
Where now his son 's a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time 's the king of men;
He 's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

First Knight. Who can be other in this royal presence ?
Sim. Here, with a cup that 's stored unto the brim,—
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,—
We drink this health to you.
Knights. We thank your grace.
Sim. Yet pause awhile ;
Yon knight doth sit with us too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa ?
Thai. What is it
To me, my father ?
Sim. O, attend, my daughter :
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them ;
And princes, not doing so, are like to gnats
Which make a sound, but killed are wondered at.
Therefore, to make his entrance more sweet,
Here say, we drink this standing-bowl to him.
Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold :
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.
Sim. How !
Do as I bid you, or you 'll move me else.
Thai. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.
Sim. Furthermore tell him, we desire to know
Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.
Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.
Per. I thank him.
Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.
Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name, and parentage.
Per. A gentleman of Tyre,—my name, Pericles,
My education been in arts and arms,—
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.
Thai. He thanks your grace ; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.
Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are addressed,

Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.
[*The Knights d*
So this was well asked, 't was so well performed.
Come, sir;
Here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent.
Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.
Sim. O, that 's as much as you would be denied
Of your fair courtesy. [*The Knights and Ladies da*
Unclasp, unclasp:
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
[*To Pericles*] But you the best.—Pages and lights, conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings!—Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.
Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.
Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that 's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore, each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best. [*Exeu*

SCENE IV.—Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House

Enter HELICANUS *and* ESCANES

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free:
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to his heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot
Of priceless value, and his daughter with him,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivelled up
Their bodies, even to lo: thing; they so stunk,
That those whose eyes adored them ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.
Esca. 'T was very strange.
Hel. And yet but just; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft; but sin had his reward.
Esca. 'T is very true.

Enter two or three Lords

First Lord. See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he.

Sec. Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.
Third Lord. And cursed be he that will not second it.
First Lord. Follow me then.—Lord Helicane, a word.
Hel. With me? and welcome.—Happy day, my lords.
First Lord. Know, that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.
Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not the prince you love.
First Lord. Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground 's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we 'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we 'll find him there;
And be resolved, he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral
And leaves us to our free election.
Sec. Lord. Whose death 's, indeed, the strongest in our censure:
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,—
As goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin,—your most noble self,
That best know how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, our sovereign.
All. Live, noble Helicane!
Hel. For honour's cause forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where 's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me still entreat
You to forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expired he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like his noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find and win unto return
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.
First Lord. To wisdom he 's a fool that will not yield:
And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.
Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we 'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace

Enter SIMONIDES, *reading a letter: the Knights meet him*

First Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.
Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she 'll not undertake

A married life.
Her reason to herself is only k own,
Which yet from her by no mea is can I get.
Sec. Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord ?
Sim. Faith, by no means ; she hath so strictly tied l
To her chamber, that it is impossible.
One twelve moons more she 'll wear Diana's livery ;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vowed,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.
Third Knight. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leave
[*Exeunt Knig*
Sim. So,
They 're well dispatched ; now to my daughter's letter.
She tells me here, she 'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'T is well, mistress ; your choice agrees with mine ;
I like that well :—how absolute she 's in 't.
Not minding whether I dislike or no !
Well, I commend her choice,
And will no longer have it be delayed.
Soft, here he comes : I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides !
Sim. To you as much, sir ! I 'm beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night : I do
Protest, my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.
Sim. Sir, you are music's master.
Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
Sim. Let me ask one thing.
What do you think of my daughter, sir ?
Per. A most virtuous princess.
Sim. And she is fair too, is she not ?
Per. As a fair day in summer ; wondrous fair.
Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you ;
Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar : therefore, look to it.
Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.
Sim. She thinks not so ; peruse this writing else.
Per. [*Aside*] What 's here ?
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre ?
'T is the king's subtilty, to have my life.—
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aimed so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitched my daughter, and thou art
A villain.
Per. By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never act of mine did yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.
Sim. Traitor, thou liest.
Per. Traitor!
Sim. Ay, traitor.
Per. Even in his throat, unless it be the king,
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.
Sim. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relished of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove, he 's honour's enemy.
Sim. No?
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?
Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?
Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—
[*Aside*] I am glad on 't with all my heart.—
I 'll tame you; I 'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, although not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger? [*aside*] who, for aught I know,
May be—nor can I think the contrary—
As great in royal blood as I myself.—
Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine; and you, sir, hear you.
Either be ruled by me, or I will make you—
Man and wife.
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too;
And being joined, I 'll thus your hopes destroy;
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!—
What, are you both pleased?
Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.
Per. Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.
Sim. What! are you both agreed?
Both. Yes, if 't please your majesty.
Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I 'll see you wed;
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed. [*Exeunt*

ACT THREE

Enter GOWER

Gow. Now sleep-yslakéd hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
All the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded.—Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly eche;
What 's dumb in show, I 'll plain with speech.

DUMB-SHOW

Enter from one side, PERICLES *and* SIMONIDES, *with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives* PERICLES *letter:* PERICLES *shows it to* SIMONIDES; *the Lord kneel to* PERICLES. *Then enter* THAISA *with child, an* LYCHORIDA: SIMONIDES *shows his daughter the letter she rejoices: she and* PERICLES *take leave of her father and all depart.*

Gow. By many a dern and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing coigns
Which the world together joins,
Is made, with all due diligence
That horse, and sail, and high expense,
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre—
Fame answering the most strange inquire—
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenor these:—
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny there he hastes t' oppress;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Yravishéd the regions round,
And every one with claps gan sound,

" Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dreamed, who thought of such a thing?"
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen, with child, makes her desire
(Which who shall cross?) along to go;
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood
Varies again; the grizzly north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives.
The lady shrieks, and well-a-near
Does fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I nill relate, for action may
Conveniently the rest convey,
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit*

SCENE I

Enter PERICLES, *on shipboard*

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having recalled them from the deep. O, still
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes!—O, how, Lychorida,
How does my queen?—Thou stormest venomously;
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard. Lychorida!—Lucina, O!
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida!

Enter LYCHORIDA, *with an Infant*

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.
Per. How, how, Lychorida!
Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.

Here 's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.
Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie honour with you.
Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.
Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blusterous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!
For thou 'rt the rudeliest welcome to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon 't!

Enter two Sailors

First Sail. What courage, sir? God save you!
Per. Courage enough. I do not fear the flaw;
It has done to me the worst. Yet for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.
First Sail. Slack the bowlines there! Thou wilt not, w
thou? Blow, and split thyself.
Sec. Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billo
kiss the moon, I care not.
First Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard: the s
works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the shi
be cleared of the dead.
Per. That 's your superstition.
First Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath bee
still observed, and we are strong in custom. Therefor
briefly yield her, for she must overboard straight.
Per. As you think meet.—Most wretched queen!
Lyc. Here she lies, sir.
Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallowed to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffined, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erhelm thy corse,
Lying with simple shells.—O Lychorida!

Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.
[*Exit Lychorida*

Sec. Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bituméd ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

Sec. Sail. We are near Tarsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course from Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

Sec. Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tarsus.—
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I 'll leave it
At careful nursing.—Go thy ways, good mariner:
I 'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—Ephesus. A Room in CERIMON's House

Enter CERIMON, *a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men:
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now I ne'er endured.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return:
There 's nothing can be ministered to nature,
That can recover him.—[*To Philemon*] Give this to the pothecary,
And tell me how it works. [*Exeunt all but Cerimon*

Enter two Gentlemen

First Gent. Good morrow.

Sec. Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?

First Gent. Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all to topple. Pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

Sec. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'T is not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well.
First Gent. But I much marvel that your lords having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
'T is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compelled.
Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'T is known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have—
Together with my practice—made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags
To please the fool and death.
Sec. Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus pour forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restored:
And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as never shall decay.

Enter two or three Servants with a chest

Serv. So; lift there.
Cer. What is that?
Serv. Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:
'T is of some wreck.
Cer. Set it down; let 's look upon 't.
Sec. Gent. 'T is like a coffin, sir.
Cer. Whate'er it be,
'T is wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
'T is a good strain of fortune belched upon us.
Sec. Gent. 'T is so, my lord.
Cer. How close 't is caulked and bitumed!
Did the sea cast it up?
Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As tossed it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open.
Soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.
Sec. Gent. A delicate odour.
Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.
O you most potent gods! what 's here? a corse!
First Gent. Most strange!
Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balmed and entreasured
With spices and full bags! A passport too:
Apollo, perfect me i' the characters! [*Reads from a scroll*

Here I give to understand,
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land),
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe!—This chanced to-night.
Sec. Gent. Most likely, sir.
Cer. Nay, certainly, to-night;
For look, how fresh she looks. They were too rough,
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within:
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet. [*Exit a Servant*
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpressed spirits. I heard of an Egyptian,
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliances recovered.

Re-enter Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The vial once more;—how thou stirr'st, thou block!—
The music there! I pray you, give her air.
Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranced
Above five hours. See, how she gins to blow
Into life's flower again!
First Gent. The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.
Cer. She is alive! behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part
Their fringes of bright gold: the diamonds
Of a most praiséd water do appear

To make the world twice rich. O live, and make
Us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [*She m*
That. O dear Diana!
Where am I? Where 's my lord? What world is th
Sec. Gent. Is not this strange?
First Gent. Most rare.
Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours!
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen: now this matter must be looked to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us! [*Exeunt, carrying Thaisa a*

SCENE III.—Tarsus. A Room in CLEON'S House

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, *with* MARINA *in her arms*

Per. Most honoured Cleon, I must needs be gone:
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You and your lady
Take, from my heart, all thankfulness; the gods
Make up the rest upon you!
Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt y
mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.
Dion. O your sweet queer
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought h
hither,
To have blessed mine eyes with her!
Per. We cannot but ob
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 't is. My gentle babe Marina—whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so—here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care, beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may
Be mannered as she is bo n.
Cle. Fear not, my lord, but thi
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn—
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you—
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relieved, would force me to my duty;
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!
Per. I believe you;

Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissared shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blesséd in your care
In bringing up my child.
Dion. I 've one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.
Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.
Cle. We 'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the shore ;
Then give you up to the masked Neptune, and
The gentlest winds of heaven.
Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears :
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. Ephesus. A Room in CERIMON'S House

Enter CERIMON *and* THAISA

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer : which are now
At your command. Know you the character ?
Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipped at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning time ; but whether there
Delivered, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery I will take me to,
And never more have joy.
Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may dwell until your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.
Thai. My recompense is thanks, that 's all ;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. [*Exeunt*

ACT FOUR

Enter GOWER

Gow. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,
Welcomed and settled to his own desire.

His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tarsus, and by Cleon trained
In music, letters; who hath gained
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, alack!
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earnéd praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage-rite: this maid
Hight Philoten; and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be 't when she weaved the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needle wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And curséd Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry wingéd time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza doth appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. *Exit*

SCENE I.—Tarsus. An Open Place near the Seashore

Enter DIONYZA *and* LEONINE

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do 't:
'T is but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.
Leon. I 'll do 't; but yet she is a goodly creature.
Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have her.
Here she comes weeping her old nurse's death.
Thou art resolved?
Leon. I am resolved.

Enter MARINA, *with a basket of flowers*

Mar. No, I will rob fair Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy grave with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last. Ah me, poor maid!
Born in a tempest when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.
Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord, how your favour 's changed
With this unprofitable woe! Come, come,
Give me your flowers, ere the sea shall mar it.
Walk with Leonine; there the air is quick,
It pierces, and makes sharp the stomach. Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.
Mar. No, I pray you;
I 'll not bereave you of your servant.
Dion. Come,
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage,
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you;
Walk, and be cheerful once again: preserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Exit

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I 've no desire to it.
Dion. Come, come,
I know 't is good for you.—
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least.—
Remember what I have said.
Leon. I warrant you, madam.
Dion. I 'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while.
Pray you, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have care of you.
Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.
[*Exit Dion*
Is the wind westerly that blows?
Leon. South-west.
Mar When I was born, the wind was north.
Leon. Was 't so
Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried "Good seamen!" to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with haling of the ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.
Leon. When was this?
Mar. When I was born:
Never were waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. "Ha!" says one, "wilt out?"
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.
Leon. Come; say your prayers.
Mar. What mean you?
Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it. Pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.
Mar. Why will you kill me?
Leon. To satisfy my lady.
Mar. Why would she have me killed?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life.
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never killed a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or life imply her danger?
Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do 't.
Mar. You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.

You are well-favoured, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it showed well in you: do so now.
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.
Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch. [*Seizes her*

Enter Pirates

First Pir. Hold, villain! [*Leonine runs away*
Sec. Pir. A prize! a prize!
Third Pir. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let 's have her aboard suddenly. [*Exeunt Pirates with Marina*

SCENE II.—Near the Same

Enter LEONINE

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seized Marina. Let her go:
There 's no hope she 'll return. I 'll swear she 's dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I 'll see further;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravished must by me be slain. [*Exit*

SCENE III.—Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel

Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT

Pand. Boult!
Boult. Sir?
Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants: we lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchless.
Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.
Pand. Therefore, let 's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.
Bawd. Thou say'st true: 't is not the bringing up of poor bastards,—as I think, I have brought up some eleven—
Boult. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?
Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.
Pand. Thou say'st true; they 're too unwholesome,

o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, t
lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made
roast-meat for worms. But I 'll go search the market.
[E

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pre
a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a sha
to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodit
nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefo
if in our youths we could pick up some pretty esta
't were not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, t
sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be stro
with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we? ay, and better ; we offe
worse. Neither is our profession any trade, it 's
calling. But here comes Boult.

Re-enter BOULT, *with the Pirates and* MARINA

Boult. [*To Marina*] Come your ways.—
My masters, you say she 's a virgin?

First Pir. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this piece, yo
see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has ex
cellent good clothes: there 's no further necessity
qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What 's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall hav
your money presently. Wife, take her in: instruct he
what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her en
tertainment. [*Exeunt Pander and Pirate*

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her, the colou
of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warran
of her virginity, and cry, "He that will give most, shal
have her first." Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing
if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command
you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit*

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates—
Not enough barbarous—had not o'erboard thrown me
To seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault
To scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes. indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well: you shall have the difference of all complexions. What, do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult 's returned.

Re-enter BOULT

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs: I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And, I pr'ythee, tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who? Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. [*To Marina*] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that

you live as ye do, makes pity in your lovers: seldom, that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinio mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her hon these blushes of hers must be quenched with some pres practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must; your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to with warrant.

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, m tress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so?

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I li the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed ye

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: repo what a sojourner we have; you 'll lose nothing by custo When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a go turn; therefore, say what a paragon she is, and thou ha the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not awake the beds of eels, as my giving out her beauty st up the lewdly-inclined. I 'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana?
Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeun*

Scene IV.—Tarsus. A Room in Cleon's House

Enter Cleon *and* Dionyza

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza! such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er looked upon.

Dion. I think
You 'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I 'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth,
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poisoned too.
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night ; I 'll say so. Who can cross it ?
Unless you play the pious innocent,
And, for an honest attribute, cry out,
" She died by foul play."
Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.
Dion. Be one of those that think
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.
Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources.
Dion. Be it so, then ;
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes : none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face ;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin
Not worth the time of day. It pierced me through ;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness,
Performed to your sole daughter.
Cle. Heavens forgive it !
Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say ? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn for her : her monument
Is almost finished, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 't is done.
Cle. Thou 'rt like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.
Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies :
But yet, I know, you 'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt*

Enter GOWER, *before the monument of* MARINA *at Tarsus*

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make
short ;
Sail seas in cockles, have a wish but for 't ;
Making—to take thus your imagination—

From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardoned, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you,
The stages of our story.—Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tarsus—think his pilot thought,
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on—
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I 'll reconcile.

DUMB-SHOW

Enter from one side PERICLES, *with his Train; from th other* CLEON *and* DIONYZA. CLEON *shows* PERICLES *th tomb of* MARINA; *whereat* PERICLES *makes lamenta tion, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs Then exeunt* CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

Gow. See, how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrowed passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devoured,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-showered,
Leaves Tarsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on Marina's monument*

The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,
Who withered in her spring of year:
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter.
Marina was she called; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallowed some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflowed,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestowed:
Wherefore she does (and swears she 'll never stint)
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.

No visor does become black villainy
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter 's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By Lady Fortune ; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy service. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen. [*Exit*

SCENE V.—Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen

First Gen. Did you ever hear the like ?

Sec. Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

First Gent. But to have divinity preached there ! did you ever dream of such a thing ?

Sec. Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses. Shall 's go hear the vestals sing ?

First Gent. I 'll do anything now that is virtuous ; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.—The Same. A Room in the Brothel

Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her ! she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation : we must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees, that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she 'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me !

Bawd. Faith, there 's no way to be rid on 't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS

Lys. How now ! How a dozen of virginities ?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour !

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so ; 't is the better for you that your

resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholes
iniquity! have you that a man may deal withal, and
the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but t
never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she 'd do the deed of darkness, thou wou
say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 't is to say,
enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you s
see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, sir! I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less t
it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter MARINA

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk
never plucked yet, I can assure you.—Is she not a
creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at s
Well, there 's for you: leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave, a wo
and I 'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd [*To Marina*] First, I would have you note, t
is an honourable man.

Mar. I do desire to find him so, that I may worth
note him.

Bawd. Next, he 's the governor of this country, an
man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to h
indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencin
will you use him kindly? He will line your apron wi
gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfu
receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she 's not paced yet; you must ta
some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we w
leave his honour and her together.

Lys. Go thy ways. [*Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and Bo*
—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name 't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please yo
to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into 't? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seed and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How 's this? how 's this?—Some more:—be sage.

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath placed me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,—
O, that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallowed place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dreamed thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had altered it. Hold, here 's gold for thee:
Persever in the clear way that thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be your thought only
That with no ill intent I came; to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold, here 's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear more from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter BOULT

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damnéd door-keeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away! [*E*
Boult. How 's this? We must take another course w
you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a bre
fast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall u
a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Co
your ways.
Mar. Whither would you have me?
Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or
common hangman shall execute it. Come your w
We 'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come y
ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd

Bawd. How now! what 's the matter?
Boult. Worse and worse, mistress: she has here spok
holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.
Bawd. O, abominable!
Boult. She makes our profession as it were to sti
afore the face of the gods.
Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!
Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her li
a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ba
saying his prayers, too.
Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasur
crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleab
Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground th
she is, she shall be ploughed.
Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!
Bawd. She conjures: away with her! Would she h
never come within my doors!—Marry, hang you!—She
born to undo us.—Will you not go the way of womankind
Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary a
bays! [*E*
Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with me.
Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?
Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.
Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.
Boult. Come now, your one thing.
Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?
Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, o
rather, my mistress.
Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou art the damnéd door-keeper to every
Coystril that comes inquiring for his Tib;
Unto the choleric fist of every rogue

Thy ear is liable ; thy food is such
As hath been belched on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do ? go to the wars, would you ? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not enough money in the end to buy him a wooden one ?

Mar. Do anything but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth ;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman :
Any of these ways are yet better than this ;
For what thou art, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. O that the gods
Would from this place safely deliver me !
Here, here is gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain gold by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I 'll keep from boast ;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of ?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee ; if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress hath bought you, there 's no going but by their consent ; therefore, I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come ; I 'll do for thee what I can : come your ways. [*Exeunt*

ACT FIVE

Enter GOWER

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admiréd lays.
Deep clerks she dumbs ; and with her needle composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses ;
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry ;
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her ; and her gain

She gives the curséd bawd. Here we her place,
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost,
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells: and on this coast
Suppose him anchored now. The city strived
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimmed with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight;
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:
Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discovered; please you, sit and hark. [

Scene I.—On board Pericles' ship, off Mitylene. Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; Peric within it, reclining on a couch. A barge lying bes the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, other to the barge; to them Helicanus

Tyr. Sail. [*To the Sailor of Mitylene*] Where is L Helicane? he can resolve you.
O, here he is.—
Sir, there 's a barge put off from Mitylene,
And in it is Lysimachus, the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?
Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.
Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen

First Gent. Doth your lordship call?
Hel. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would co aboard: I pray you greet them fairly.
[*Gentlemen and Sailors descend, and go on board the ba*

Enter, from thence, Lysimachus *and Lords; the Tyri Gentlemen and the two Sailors*

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can in aught you would
Resolve you.
Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!
Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.
Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place?
Lys. I 'm governor of this place you lie before.
Hel. Sir
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief.
Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?
Hel. 'T would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.
Lys. May we not see him?
Hel. You may;
But bootless is your sight: he will not speak
To any.
Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.
Hel. Behold him. [*Pericles discovered*] This was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.
Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!
Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you!
First Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.
Lys. 'T is well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafened parts,
Which now are midway stopped:
She is all happy as the fair'st of all,
And with her fellow-maids is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.
[*Whispers one of the attendant Lords. Exit Lord*
Hel. Effectless, sure; yet nothing we 'll omit.
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretched thus far, let us to this beseech you,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.
Lys. O, sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.
Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you;—
But see, I am prevented.

Re-enter Lord, with MARINA *and a young Lady*

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for.—Welcome, fair one!—
Is 't not a goodly presence?
Hel. She 's a gallant lady.
Lys. She 's such a one, that were I well assured
She came of gentle kind, and noble stock,
I 'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.—
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.
Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffered to come near him.
Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous!—[MARINA *sings*
Marked he your music?
Mar. No, nor looked on us.
Lys. See, she will speak to him.
Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.
Per. Hum! ha!
Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But hath been gazed on like a comet: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weighed.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings;
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—[*Aside*] I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till he speak."
Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?
Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.
Per. I do think so.—Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You are like something that—What country-woman?
Here of these shores?
Mar. No, nor of any shores;
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been : my queen's square brows ;
Her stature to an inch ; as wand-like straight ;
As silver-voiced ; her eyes as jewel like,
And cased as richly ; in pace another Juno ;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live ?
Mar. Where I am but a stranger : from the deck
You may discern the place.
Per. Where were you bred ?
And how achieved you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe ?
Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies, disdained in the reporting.
Per. Prithee, speak :
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crowned truth to dwell in. I 'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible ; for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends ?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back—
Which was when I perceived thee—that thou cam'st
From good descending ?
Mar. So indeed I did.
Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou saidst
Thou hadst been tossed from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were opened.
Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.
Per. Tell thy story ;
If thine considered prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffered like a girl : yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends ?
How lost thou them ? Thy name, my most kind virgin ?
Recount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by me.
Mar. My name is Marina.
Per. O, I am mocked,
And thou by some incenséd god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.
Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I 'll cease.
Per. Nay, I 'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power;
My father, and a king.
Per. How! a king's daughter?
And called Marina?
Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.
Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?—
Motion!—Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore called Marina?
Mar. Called Marina,
For I was born at sea.
Per. At sea! what mother?
Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Delivered weeping.
Per. O! stop there a little.—
[*Aside*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal; this cannot be.
My daughter 's buried.—Well:—where were you bred?
I 'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.
Mar. You scorn to believe me; 't were best I did give
o'er.
Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?
Mar. The king, my father, did in Tarsus leave me,
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having wooed
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It
may be,
You think me an impostor: no, good faith;
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.
Per. Ho, Helicanus!
Hel. Calls my lord?
Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?
Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. Never she would tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.
Per. O Helicanus! strike me, honoured sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again.—O Helicanus!
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirmed enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.
Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?
Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drowned queen's name—as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect,—thou 'rt heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.
Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.
Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments! Mine own, Helicanus;
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?
Hel. Sir, 't is the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.
Per. I embrace you.—
Give me my robes: I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens, bless my girl! But hark! what music?—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?
Hel. My lord, I hear none.
Per. None?
The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.
Lys. It is not good to cross him: give him way.
Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?—
Lys. My lord, I hear. [*Music*
Per. Most heavenly music:
It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [*Sleeps*

Lys. A pillow for his head.

[*The curtain before the pavilion of* PERICLES *is cl*

So, leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I 'll well remember you. [*Exeunt all but Per*

SCENE II.—The Same

PERICLES *on the deck asleep;* DIANA *appearing to him a vision*

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thithe
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's call,
And give them repetition to the life.
Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:
Do it, and happy, by my silver bow!
Awake, and tell thy dream. [*Disappe*

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, *and* MARINA

Hel. Sir?

Per. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I 'll tell thee why.—
Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. Sir,
With all my heart; and when you come ashore,
I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeun*

Enter GOWER, *before the Temple of* DIANA *at* Ephesus

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.
This, my last boon, pray you give me,
For such kindness must relieve me,
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,

What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylen,
To greet the king. So well he thrived,
That he is promised to be wived
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feathered briefness sails are filled,
And wishes fall out as they 're willed.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful doom. [*Exit*

SCENE III.—The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus; THAISA standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending

Enter PERICLES, *with his Train;* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and a Lady*

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the King of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed,
At Pentapólis, the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child called Marina; who, O goddess!
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus
Was nursed with Cleon, whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.
Thai. Voice and favour:—
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [*Faints*
Per. What means the woman? she dies: help, gentlemen!
Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.
Per. Reverend appearer, no:
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.
Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.
Per. 'T is most certain.
Cer. Look to the lady.—O! she 's but o'erjoyed.
Early in blustering morn this lady was

Thrown on this shore. I oped the coffin, found
Rich jewels there; recovered her, and placed her
Here in Diana's temple.
Per. May we see them?
Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my ho
Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is
Recovered.
Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. Like him you speak,
Like him you are. Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?
Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!
Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposéd dead
And drowned.
Per. Immortal Dian!
Thai. Now I know you better.
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.
[*Shows a r*
Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your pres
kindness
Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.
Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
[*Kneels to Thai*
Per. Look, who kneels here. Flesh of thy flesh, Thais
Thy burden at the sea, and called Marina,
For she was yielded there.
Thai. Blessed, and mine own!
Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!
Thai. I know you not
Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyr
I left behind an ancient substitute:
Can you remember what I called the man?
I have named him oft.
Thai. 'T was Helicanus then.
Per. Still confirmation!
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found,
How possibly preserved, and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.
Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this is the man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power, tha
can
From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?
Cer. I will, my lord:
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came to be placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.
Per. Pure Dian! bless thee for thy vision; I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothéd of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament,
Makes me look dismal, will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touched,
To grace thy marriage-day, I 'll beautify.
Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father 's dead.
Per. Heavens, make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We 'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead 's the way. [*Exeunt*

Enter GOWER

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen, and daughter, seen,
Although assailed with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven and crowned with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty.
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learnéd charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their curséd deed, and honoured name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn;
The gods for murder seeméd so content
To punish them,—although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending. [*Exit*

GLOSSARY

GLOSSARY

Abate: blunt, subdue; except.
Abhor: "it doth — me," it is abhorrent to me.
Abide: undergo.
Abjects: the most servile of her subjects.
Abode: tarrying; remaining.
About: out.
Abridgement: a brief performance.
Abroach: on foot.
Absolute: positive; decided, firm; faultless, perfectly accomplished.
Abstract: inventory.
Abuse: to deceive; delusion; slander.
Abuser: corrupter.
Aby it dear: pay dearly for it
Accommodations: luxuries.
Accomplished: furnished.
Accompt: reckoning.
Account: consider, 'picture' (quibblingly); accounted.
Acheron: one of the rivers of Hades.
Achieved: won.
Acknown: "be not — on't," profess to know nothing of it.
Acquittance: acquit.
Act: action, working.
Actæon: cuckold.
Adam: Adam Bell, the famous outlaw and archer whose name had become proverbial of good marksmanship.
Adamant: lodestone.
Adder: originally *nadder*.
Addiction: inclination.
Addition: title.
Address: to prepare; to make ready; to accoutre.
Adhere: accord.
Admirable: wonderful.
Admired: astonishing.
Admittance: "of great —," admitted into high society; "of Venetian —," the accepted fashion in Venice.
Advantage: opportunity.
Advantaging: increasing.
Adversary: used humorously for 'advocate,' a jest at Caius' expense.
Advertise: proclaim, state, inform.
Advertisement: admonitions, sage advice.
Advice: consideration.
Advised: premeditated; "well —," in my senses; "be —," reflect; careful, wary, circumspect.
Advisedly: deliberately.
Aery: a brood of eagle nestlings.
Affect: love, worship; "—the letter,' employ alliteration.
Affection: disposition; feeling, impulse; passion; desire.
Affects: affections; tendencies.
Affeered: assessed (a legal term).
Affined: bound, under any obligation; "partially —," swayed by any link of affinity.
Affinity: family connections.
Against: in view of.
Agate: alluding to the figures carved upon agate stones set in rings; hence symbol of smallness.
Aggravate: subdue; "— his style," get him a worse name.
Agnize: avow, confess.
Aim: conjecture; "— better at me," form a better opinion of me.
Alarm: call to arms.
Albeit: although.
All-hallowmass: November 1st, about five weeks *after* Michaelmas (Simple's blunder).
All hid: the call in the game of 'hide and seek.'
Alliance: marriage.
Allicholy: Mistress Q.'s blunder for 'melancholy.'
Alligant: Mistress Q.'s pronunciation of 'elegant.'
Allow: acknowledge; to approve.
Allowance: "and your —," and has your sanction.
Allowed: "you are —," you have a fool's privilege.
All's one: 'all right.'
All Souls' Day: November 2nd.
All-thing: all ways, every way.
Almost: "cannot reason —," can hardly speak.
Amaimon: name of a demon supposed to have dominion over 'the north part of the infernal gulf.'
Amaze: to bewilder.
Am put: have cause.
An alms: a charity.
Anchor: plot.
Ancient: ensign-bearer.
Angel: guardian spirit; a gold coin worth about ten shillings.
Annothanize: Armado's blunder for 'anatomize.'
Annoyance: mischief, injury.
Answer: "bound to your —," compelled to give account of your conduct; be held responsible for.

Anthropophaginian: cannibal.
Antick: buffoon; grotesque; "*antickly*," fantastically.
Antique: antic.
Antres: caverns.
Apes: "lead — to hell," the penalty of dying an old maid.
Apology: explanatory address.
Apostrophas: probably diæreses, which Holfernes says Nathaniel should have read.
Apparent: manifest.
Appeal: challenge.
Appealed: charged against me.
Appear itself: disclose itself in reality.
Apple: "upon the — of her eye," at a glance from her.
Appointment: preparation.
Apprehension: "professed —," set up for a wit; appreciation.
Approve: testify; to prove, to test; bear out; adore; to prove guilty.
Approved allowance: well-tested capability.
Apricocks: apricots.
Apt: natural, lifelike.
Arch: arrant, dire.
Argument: subject for raillery; proof; subject.
Armigero: ablative case of *armiger*, bearer of arms, or esquire.
Aroint: probably from Lat. *averruncо*, I drive away evil.
Arrainging: upbraiding.
Artificial: skilfully accomplished; creative.
Aspics: asps, poisonous snakes.
Assay: to essay, to try, to exert; to test.
As thick as tale: as quickly as counting.
At a word: in a word.
Ate: goddess of discord, malice and strife. "*Ates*," disturbances.
At once: briefly, in a word.
Atone: to reconcile.
Attach: arrest.
Attainder: disgrace.
Attainder of suspect: taint of suspicion.
Attempt: tempt.
Attend: listen to; to await.
Attorney: "by —," as deputy.
Attribute: reputation.
Augur: soothsaying, prediction.
Aunt: gossip.
Authentic: of acknowledged authority.
Avail: gain advantage.
Aves: acclamations (Lat. *ave*=hail!).
Avised: aware, informed, "be —," reflect, consider.
Avouch: assert.
Aweless: no longer awe-inspiring.
Awful: holy, reverent.
Awkward: adverse.

Badged: blotched.
Baille: hand over (Fr. *baillez*).
Baldrick: belt.
Banbury cheese: a flat thin cheese said to be all rind (alluding to Slender's leanness).
Band: old form of 'bond.'
Bane: destruction; to poison; "per —," own destruction.
Barbason: the name of a demon.
Barbed: caparisoned with warl accoutrements.
Bark: strip off.
Barm: yeast.
Barns: quibble on 'bairns.'
Base: slavish.
Bases: embroidered skirts worn knights on horseback, hangi from the waist to the knees.
Basilisk: a fabulous reptile, wh look and breath were said to fatal (v. '*cockatrice*').
Bastard: a sweet and heady Spani wine.
Bate: blunt.
Bated: brought down, reduced; l out, omitted; "I cannot be —,' cannot get them to rebate me.
Battle: army.
Bay: extremity; an architectu term for a certain division of building.
Beadle: one of whose duties was execute public whippings.
Beads: rosary.
Bear: the constellation of the Bea "— in hand," beguile with fa hopes.
Bear-ward: bear-keeper.
Beaver: helmet.
Bede: the name of a fairy.
Beer: "small —," petty housecho accounts.
Beg: "you cannot — us," you cann hold us in ward as idiots (t guardianship of an idiot wi management of his property w often a profitable appointment).
Beholding: beholden, indebted.
Bel: "god *Bel's* priests," a staine glass representation of *Bel* and t Dragon.
Believe him not: *i.e.* the voice conscience.
Belongings: endowments.
Bend up: strain.
Benevolences: taxes, a name given conceal the real nature of the lev
Benison: blessing.
Bent: "full —," utmost intensit (extreme tension of the bow i archery); disposition.
Ben venuto: welcome.
Best: "at the —," making the bes of it.
Bestow: conceal.
Beteem: pour forth, allow.
Betide of: happen to.
Betime: betide; early.
Bettering: exaggerating.
Bias: particular bent (technically, i the game of bowls, a bowl weighte so as to swerve in a particula direction).
Bid: endured; invite.
Bilbo: "latten —," worthless sword *latten*, a base metal composed o copper and alloy; *bilbo*, name after Bilbao in Spain, famous fo excellent sword-blades.

Billets: small logs of wood.
Bills: halberds, pikes; "set up his —," publicly placarded his challenge.
Bird-bolt: a short blunt arrow that killed by the blow without piercing (part of the outfit of the licensed jester).
Birdlime: lime to catch birds.
Birthdom: mother-land.
Bite the law by the nose: treat the law contemptuously.
Black: of dark complexion.
Blank: the aim (properly the white mark in the centre of the target).
Blazon: interpretation.
Blazoning: praising, laudatory
Blench: deviate.
Blent: blended.
Blind-worm: glow-worm.
Blood: "in —," full of vitality; temperament; passion.
Blood-boltered: plastered with clotted blood.
Bloody fire: heating of the blood.
Blown = swollen; filled; foully exaggerated, infamous.
Boarded: accosted.
Bobbed: obtained by trickery.
Boding: foreboding.
Boitier: a box (of ointment).
Bold: confident.
Bold-bea ing: brow-beating.
Bolins: bow lines.
Bombast: padding used in dress.
Bonum,quo, etc.: the more ancient a good thing is the be ter it is.
Book: tablets (for memoranda).
Book of Riddles: a popular collection of riddles and proverbs.
Book of Songs and Sonnets: probably alluding to the book of *Songs and Sonnets* by 'the Earl of Surrey and others,' published in 1557.
Books: 'good books.'
Boot: makeweight; to aid, to avail; profit, advantage; "to —," in addition.
Bootless: useless, profitless, vain.
Borne in hand (v. '*bear in hand*').
Borrows money, etc.: *i.e.* begs it.
Bosom: heart's desire; private, intimate.
Bottle: barrel or keg; "— of hay," bundle of hay (O.F. *botel*, diminutive of *botte*).
Bottled: bottle-shaped.
Bottom: hold of a vessel.
Bought and sold: fooled by malicious trickery.
Brace: armour for the arm (Fr. *bras* = arm); equipment for defence.
Braid: upbraid.
Brakes of ice: restraints of chastity.
Brave: fitting (with a suggestion of 'elaborate'); defy.
Braved: made brave, gorgeously emblazoned.
Bravery: finery; "upon malicious —," urged by malicious bravado.
Brawl: raise the outcry; a dance, 'wherein many (men and women) holding hands, sometimes in a ring and otherwhiles a length, move all together' (Cotgrave).
Break: divulge; broach the matter; 'draw' recklessly.
Breathed: full of vigour.
Breathing: verbal; exercise.
Brecknock: Brecknock Castle, Buckingham's estate in South Wales.
Breed-bate: mischief-maker, instigator of quarrels.
Breeds with it: grows by reason of it.
Brewage: brewed drink.
Bribed: poached.
Bridge: London Bridge, upon which traitors' heads were exposed.
Brief: short note; curt.
Brinded: brindled, streaked.
Bring: accompany; escort.
Broached: stabbed, pierced.
Broad: bold.
Broken rancour: wound that has begun to heal.
Broke with: broached the matter to.
Brooch: an ornament worn in the hat, hence 'badge.'
Bruise: lines of care.
Bruising-irons: heavy battle maces.
Buck: a quibble on the animal and its horns.
Buck-basket: a basket for clothes requiring *bucking* = washing.
Bucklers: "give thee the —," surrender, own myself defeated.
Bucklersbury: close to the Mansion House, London, the residence of the grocers and apothecaries.
Buck-washing: laundry work.
Building: (probably) fixture.
Bulk: body; projection.
Bully: boaster, swaggerer.
Bully-rook: dashing fellow.
Bunch-backed: hunch-backed.
Burdened: burdensome.
Burial: grave.
Burn daylight: wander from the matter.
But answer: only just compensate.
Butt: goal, limit.
Buttons: "In his —," within his compass, 'just what he is capable of.'
Butt-shaft: a kind of unbarbed arrow used for shooting at the *butts*.
Buxom: fresh, lively.
By'r lakin: 'By our Ladykin,' *i.e.* the Virgin Mary; an oath.
By-the-way: by indirect means.

Cabined: checked, constrained.
Cable: scope, power.
Cacodemon: evil spirit.
Cain-coloured: yellow, as Cain's beard was conventionally represented in old tapestries.
Caitiff: wretch, slave; "poor —," poor thing, used as a condescending term of endearment.
Callat: a low woman.
Call in: revoke.
Calmed: becalmed, restrained from action.

Can: did, a corruption of the earlier word 'gan.'
Canakin: little can.
Canaries: probably, the nearest Mistress Q. could get to 'quandary,' difficulty.
Canary: a quick, lively dance; a sweet wine from the *Canary* Islands.
Candle-wasters: 'bookworms,' students.
Canker: dog-rose; a worm that infests and eats flowers.
Capable: quick of comprehension; adequate, terrible, far-reaching.
Caparison: array in warlike accoutrements.
Capon: love-letter, used as the Fr. *poulet*; a contemptuous expression, possibly punning on 'cap on' a fool's head.
Carack: a large kind of merchant-vessel.
Cardinally: Elbow's blunder for 'carnally.'
Carduus Benedictus: the holy thistle, believed to have the power of curing any disease.
Career: tilt at full gallop (a term of the lists).
Careful: full of care, anxious.
Careires: "conclusions passed the —,' words came at full tilt.
Care killed the cat: an old proverb, the force of which lies in the suggestion that cats have nine lives.
Carnal: flesh-consuming, blood-thirsty.
Caroused: drunk.
Carpet-mongers: 'carpet knights.'
Carriage: "fashion a —," assume an unnatural bearing.
Carry: perform, carry out.
Carve: to make amorous gestures; to design; "— for," indulge.
Cashiered: relieved of his cash.
Casing: encompassing.
Cast: sounded; degraded in office.
Castilion, King-Urinal: a grotesque title constructed probably of allusions to the medical practice of '*casting* the water,' and the opprobrium attaching to the name *Castilian*.
Cataian: Chinaman (a thief).
Cat-a-mountain: wild cat.
Catch: securely obtain; to grip.
Cater-cousins: on good terms.
Cates: choice dainties.
Caudle: a warm drink of thin gruel, with wine or ale and spice added.
Cavalery: cavalier.
Censure: opinion; sentence; judgment.
Cerecloth: a cloth saturated with wax, used for enfolding embalmed bodies.
Ceremony: sacred possession.
Certes: certainly.
Chamber: London had been entitled 'The King's Chamber' since the Norman Conquest.
Chamberers: effeminate, drawing-room creatures.
Champion: challenge.
Chances: events.
Changeling: a fairy substitute a human child.
Chapmen: sellers.
Chaps: jaws.
Character: handwriting.
Characters: written records, quibble on 'marked dispositi
Characts: inscriptions, mottos.
Charge: cost, expense; comma appointment; "— you," be an pense to you.
Charge-house: school-house.
Chariness: strictness, constancy
Charity: "my —," the charity ceive.
Charm: silence, restrain.
Charmer: sorceress, fortune-tell
Charms: enchantments.
Chaudron: entrails.
Cheapen: bargain, bargain for.
Cheater: escheator, an officer of Exchequer employed to exact fi (with a play upon 'one v cheats').
Cheer: aspect, countenance, face
Chequin: an Italian gold coin.
Chidden: lashed to fury.
Chide: quarrel.
Childing: fruitful.
Choose: leave it alone.
Chose: choice.
Chough: a crow.
Chuck: a term of endearment.
Churl: a rustic; an ill-bred p son.
Cinque-pace: a quick lively da of five paces or steps.
Circum circa: round and round.
Circummured: walled about.
Circumscription: limitation, enco passment.
Circumstance: circumstantial planation; circumlocution; appu tenances; "be *circumstance* yield to circumstances.
Cited up: recalled, recounted.
Cittern-head: the cittern or guit commonly had a grotesque he carved at the extremity of the ne and finger-board.
Civet: a musk flavoured perfum manufactured from a secretion civets.
Civil: punning on Seville; civi ized.
Civil doctor: doctor of civil law.
Civility: civilization.
Clack-dish: beggar's dish, with cover that could be *clacked* attract attention.
Clap: begin at once.
Clapper-claw: thrash.
Claw: to stroke, to flatter.
Clean: quite, completely, entirely wholly.
Clean timbered: well built.
Clear: pure; honourable.
Clearness: clear from suspicion.
Clept: called.
Clime: country, native land.
Cling: wither, shrink.
Clip: embrace.

Close: secret, reserved, uncommunicative; combine; make peace; "— delations," secret accusations.
Closure: enclosure.
Cloudy: frowning, gloomy.
Clout: the white mark in the centre of the target.
Clyster-pipes: tubes for syringing.
Coat: coat-of-arms; suit of armour.
Cock: cock-crowing.
Cockatrice: a fabulous creature said to kill by a look (v. '*basilisk*').
Cockled: enclosed in a shell.
Cock-shut time: twilight; *cock-shut* nets were stretched across avenues in the woods at dusk to catch woodcock.
Codpiece: the bagged appendage to the hose in male attire.
Cog: to cheat, to deceive, to delude.
Coign: angle, corner; '*coigns*,' alluding to the four points of the compass.
Coil: disturbance, turmoil, uproar; "old —," a great fuss, 'a pretty kettle of fish.'
Cold: restrained.
Coldly: patiently.
Collied: dark; clouded, obscured.
Coloquintida: the bitter apple, colocynth.
Colour: "show no —," make no excuse.
Colourable colours: specious pretexts.
Colours: banners, ensigns.
Colt: a foolish, wild young fellow.
Combinate: betrothed.
Combined: bound.
Come off: pay dearly.
Commend: commit.
Commodity: bundle, quantity; commercial transactions.
Commoner: harlot.
Common houses: brothels.
Common sense: ordinary perception.
Compact: joined in conspiracy; composed.
Companion: rascally fellow; "her mild —," the companion of her mildness.
Compasses: circuits of the earth, *i.e.* years.
Compassionate: filled with self-pity.
Competitor: confederate, associate.
Complements: accomplishments ('a past master of etiquette').
Complete: fully armed.
Complexion: temperament, nature; mind.
Complices: accomplices.
Compliment: etiquette; "— extern," outward appearance.
Complots: conspiracies.
Composition: constitution; terms of peace; consistency.
Comprehended: Dogberry's blunder for 'apprehended.'
Compromised: mutually agreed.
Compt: trust; 'the day of judgment.'
Compunctious: conscience-stirring.
Con: Saxon *connan*, to learn by rote.
Conceit: conception, imagination; comprehension, judgment, idea; apprehension, power of thinking.
Conceited: ingenious.
Concern: suit.
Concerning her observance: that she should observe.
Conclude: arrange matters amicably.
Concluded: officially decreed.
Concolinel: probably the title of Moth's song.
Condition: disposition, qualities.
Confineless: boundless.
Confirmed: immovable; "thy age —," thy riper years.
Confixed: fixed.
Confound: destroy; spend, consume (in imagination).
Confusions: conclusions, experiments.
Conjunctive: 'heart to heart.'
Conjured: bewitched.
Consent: advice; "— in," conspire together.
Conscionable: actuated by conscience.
Considerate: critical.
Consist: "on peace —," stand on peace, come in peace.
Consistory: repository of confidences (properly 'clerical court').
Consorted: confederate.
Constancy: consistency.
Constant: firm, resolute.
Contain: hold, keep.
Contemptible: contemptuous, scornful.
Content: joy; reward, recompense; pay.
Continent: restraining; that which contains anything; complete embodiment; — canon: law of continency.
Continents: banks.
Continuate: continuous, uninterrupted.
Contract: betrothed.
Contrary: wrong.
Contrive: to conspire, to plan, to act deliberately.
Controlment: restraint.
Conveniences: satisfactions.
Convented: summoned.
Conversation: intercourse; conduct (*i.e.* Pericles).
Converse of breath: words.
Convert: to change.
Convey: steal, cheat; carry on secretly.
Conveyance: "made quick —," speedily removed; "impossible —," incredible dexterity.
Convince: overpower; confute.
Cony-catch: poach, steal (cony = rabbit).
Cope: requite; meet; the dome of the sky.
Copped: conical.
Copy: copy-hold (legal term for life-tenure).

Coram: Slender has seen the formula *jurat coram me* above the signature of the Justice in attestations, and mistaken it for part of the title.
Cormorant: glutton; ravenous.
Corner-cap: the biretta, or three-cornered cap of the Roman Catholic priest.
Cornuto: cuckold.
Corporal agent: bodily faculty.
Corporal of the field: aide-de-camp.
Corrigible: corrective.
Corse: corpse.
Costard: colloquialism for 'head.'
Cotsall: referring to the annual sports held at Whitsuntide on the Cotswold Hills.
Couch: crouch.
Council: the Star Chamber.
Counsel: "known in —," kept secret.
Counsellor: proser, babbler.
Counsels: secrets, confidences.
Counted: acknowledged.
Countenance: deceptive appearance.
Counter-caster: accountant (in contrast to a man of action, a soldier).
Counterfeit: picture, portrait.
Counter-gate: the gate of the *Counter*, the chief debtor's prison in London.
Countervail: equal.
Counties: counts.
Country: district.
Couplement: couple.
Courageous: fortunate.
Course for Tyre: which is now for Tyre.
Coursing: chasing.
Courtesy: curtsey, used for the obeisances of both sexes.
Courtship: courtesy, fine manners.
Cousin: nephew (used for any kinsman or kinswoman).
Cousin-germane: combining play upon *cousin* and 'cozen'=a cheat, and *germans* = (1) kinsmen, (2) natives of Germany.
Cousins: kinsfolk, evidently in the dependent position of *attendants*.
Covert'st sheltered: most screened by secrecy.
Cowl-staff: a pole on which a bucket or basket was carried between two persons.
Coxcomb: fool (alluding to the cap topped with a cock's comb).
Coy: fondle, caress.
Coystril: low fellow.
Cozeners: thieving scoundrels.
Cozening: misleading, cheating; deceiving.
Crabs: crab-apples.
Crack: boast.
Cracks: explosions, reports.
Creation: nature.
Credent bulk: considerable credit.
Crest: "beauty's —," brightness.
Cried I aim? Did I encourage you? To *cry* '*aim*' was an expression of applause and incitement to the competitors in archery.
Cried on: announced, proclaimed.
Cries on: cries out.
Crisped: curled.
Critic: caviller, reviler; cynical.
Crosby Place: Crosby Hall in Bishopsgate Street, London; Richard's residence when Duke of Gloucester.
Cross: "broke —," broken across the opponent's body.
Crosses: coins, money (stamped with a *cross*).
Crossly: adversely.
Cross-row: alphabet.
Crotchets: whims (quibbling on the musical sense).
Crown: head.
Cruelty: misery.
Crusadoes: Portuguese gold coins marked with a cross, and worth between six and seven shillings each.
Cry: pack of hounds.
Cuckoo-birds: with quibbling allusion to cuckolds.
Cuckoo-buds: probably cowslip buds.
Cunning: knowledge; clever, ingenious.
Cupid's flower: the pansy.
Curious: dainty, refined.
Curious-knotted: with intricately devised flower beds.
Curled darlings: dandies, having their hair curled in ringlets
Current: intrinsic.
Curst: shrewish, spiteful.
Curtal: dock-tailed, indicating unfitness for the chase.
Custalorum: corruption of *custos rotulorum*, Keeper of the Rolls.
Custom: "lose nothing by —," gain by the customers it attracts.
Customer: harlot.
Cut and long tail: properly applied to horses and dogs, 'any kind of man.'

Daff: to doff, to put off; take off, set aside.
Daff'st: put me off.
Dancing-horse: a famous performing horse. Ultimately both horse and master were burnt at Rome as wizards.
Danger: power (to do harm).
Dangerous: threatening; "— success," doubtful issue.
Darkling: in the dark.
Date: duration; period of life.
Daubery: trickery, jugglery.
Day-bed: couch.
Day-woman: dairymaid.
Dazzling: (intrans.) being dazzled.
Dead: evil.
Dear: extreme; momentous, weighty; flagrant, scandalous; dire; costly, intensely felt; "— happiness," notable blessing.
Dearest: highest, best; most strenuous.
Death: "to the —," I would rather die.
Death-like: deadly.
Debate: conflict.
Deceivable: deceitful, false.

Decline: review all these questions in succession.
Defeat: destroy; to deceive, to cheat; "— thy favour," disfigure thy face.
Defect: effect.
Defend: forbid.
Defiance: refusal.
Defiled: slandered (Cf. V. i. 88, '*slandered* to death').
Deftly: skilfully.
Defused: shapeless.
Defy: reject.
Delations: (see '*close*').
Delighted: delightful.
Deliver: relate, tell, say.
Demerits: merits.
Demise: bequeath.
Demonstrable: "made —," come to light.
Denier: a tenth of a penny.
Denunciation: proclamation.
Deny: to refuse.
Depart: part.
Depose: examine upon oath.
Deprave: malign, vilify.
Deputation: deputyship.
Dern: dismal, solitary.
Descant: comment, almost in the technical sense: 'sing a part extempore upon a plain-song'; discourse.
Design: mark out, show.
Designment: design, plan.
Desired: beloved.
Desperately mortal: doomed here and hereafter.
Despised: hateful.
Despite: contempt, abuse.
Determinate: certain, compelling; set a term to.
Determined: limited, bound.
Determines: allots.
Detest: Mistress Q.'s and Elbow's blunder for 'protest.'
Dewlap: loose flesh about the throat (properly applied to cattle).
Dian's bud: a herb said to have the virtue of keeping men and women chaste (*Diana*, goddess of chastity).
Dickon: Dick.
Dictynna: one of the names of Diana.
Diet: physical habits of life; feed.
Difference: technical term in heraldry for the distinguishing mark in the coat-armour of different branches of the same family.
Diffused: confused, incoherent.
Digression: transgression.
Dilate: relate fully.
Direction: "of sound —," skilled in directing military tactics.
Directly: straightforwardly.
Disabling: underestimating.
Discerns: Dogberry's blunder for 'concerns.'
Discharge: perform.
Discomfortable: affording no comfort.
Discontented: complaining.
Discover: expose; recognise; to disclose.
Discoursed: treated of.
Discourse of thought: meditation, the flow of thoughts through the mind.
Disfigure: destroy.
Disgrace: disfigurement.
Dislikes: displeases.
Dispark: to divest a park of its name and character, destroying boundaries and game.
Dispenses with: excuses.
Displaced: driven away.
Displeasure: the *displeasure* you have incurred.
Disports: pleasures, pastimes.
Dispose: disposition.
Disposed: inclined to be somewhat loose in merriment.
Dispute it: endure it, strive with it.
Dissemble not: do not merely ignore.
Dissembling: *i.e.* by concealing a man's true disposition in an inappropriate form.
Dissolved: Slender's blunder for 'resolved,' — '*and dissolutely*,' = and resolutely.
Distain: outrage; stain.
Distance: hostility.
Distaste: be distasteful.
Distemperature: disagreement; malady.
Disvalued: depreciated.
Disvouched: contradicted.
Divided councils: Holinshed relates that Richard summoned a council of those who were faithful to the King, and on the same day called together his own followers to procure the crown for himself.
Divine: predict.
Division: method of arrangement.
Doit: a small coin.
Dole: lot, portion; grief.
Dominical: the red letter in old almanacs denoting Sundays—in allusion to Katherine's hair.
Don worm: the 'gnawing' of conscience was formerly attributed to a worm, hence the worm became the symbol of remorse.
Dooms: decision, judgment.
Dotage: doting love.
Double: overruling all others; false, deceitful.
Double-fatal: the wood being used for bows, and the leaves being poisonous.
Double set: twice twelve hours, a day and a night straight off.
Doublet and hose, etc.: *i.e.* without his cloak, which completes his attire as *wit* (good sense) completes his mental equipment (alluding to the removal of the cloak for duelling).
Doubt: fear; suspicion; "— it," suspect it.
Doubtingly lest: supposing, fearing.
Draw: *i.e.* draw the bow across the strings.
Drawn in: taken in, swindled.
Dream: conception, expectation.
Dribbling: trifling, ineffectual.

Drive: commute.
Dropping: dripping (with water).
Drowse: get drowsy.
Drumble: dawdle.
Dry-beaten: thrashed soundly.
Dry hand: a sign of cool blood (in contrast to the *moist* hand of a lover).
Ducat: there were two Venetian silver ducats, worth 4s. 4d. and 2s. 10d. respectively.
Dudgeon: haft, hilt.
Duke: leader, general.
Dull: fatal.
Dumps: melancholy.
Dunnest: darkest.
Dwell: remain, continue.

Eaning time: "on my —," just when I should have been delivered.
Eanlings: new-born lambs.
Ear: till, plough.
Earnest: pledge, deposit.
Eche: 'eke out,' extend.
Ecstasy: strong emotion; madness; trance.
Effect: executor, perpetrator.
Effects: actions.
Eftest: quickest, readiest.
Eftsoons: soon.
Egally: equally.
Eglantine: sweet brier.
Eld: age = old age, aged people.
Elder: "heart of —," *i.e.* pith (contrast with 'heart of oak').
Elements: pure product, concentrated essence.
Eleven: "to —," to eleven years of age.
Elvish marked: disfigured by fairies.
Embassage: message.
Embayed: enclosed in a bay.
Ember-eves: the eves of ember-days (days appointed for fasting).
Empery: empire.
Encave: conceal.
Enchafed: lashed to fury.
Enfranchise: liberate.
Engaged: pledged.
Engines: instruments of torture.
Engluts: engulfs.
Engross: pamper.
Enmew: encage (technical term in falconry).
Enow: enough.
Ensconce: seek protection as in a *fortress*.
Enshield: concealed.
Enskied: dwelling in heaven.
Ensteeped: lying buried under the water.
Entertain: show, maintain; employ; crave for; to engage, to take into office.
Entertainment: reinstated in office.
Entreats: entreaties.
Envy: malice, hatred.
Enwheel: enfold, encompass.
Ephesian: boon-companion.
Epitheton: Armado's extension of the word 'epithet.'
Equinox: parallel, match.
Ergo: therefore.
Eringoes: sea-holly, supposed to be provocative.
Erring: straying.
Erst: erstwhile, formerly.
Escape: escapade, prank.
Esquire: landed proprietor, squire.
Estate: resources, health and spirits; "— unto," confer upon.
Estimation: reputation.
Eternal: infernal, damned.
Eternal jewel: immortal soul.
Even: plain.
Ever: always.
Every-day: *every day* after.
Evil: scrofula.
Evils: privies.
Eyas-musket: young male sparrow-hawk.
Exactly: duly, implicitly.
Excellent: surpassing.
Except: object to; excepted.
Excess: interest.
Exclaims: lamentations.
Excommunication: examination.
Excrement: outgrowth, hair and nails.
Execution: activity, complete service.
Exercise: technically, 'exposition of Scripture,' *i.e.* of his priestly duties.
Exhales: hales out, draws forth.
Exhibit: propose, move.
Exhibition: maintenance; present, gift; "— to examine," probably 'examination to exhibit,' *i.e.* to show Leonato (Cf. III. v. 52).
Expectation: the expected guests.
Expedience: expedition.
Experimental seal: the seal of experience.
Expiate: terminated, complete.
Exposition: interpretation.
Exsufflicate: inflated, empty.
Extemporal: spontaneous.
Extenuate: mitigate.
Extincted: extinguished.
Extravagant: wandering, roving, nomadic.
Extreme parts: precipitancy (*parts*, plural in reference to the many instances of the kind).
Extremity: misery; "— out of act," keenest suffering with calmness.

Facile: easy.
Fact: act; deed, crime.
Faculties: Royal prerogatives.
Fadge not: comes to nothing.
Fain: gladly.
Fair: well; beauty.
Fairings: presents (originally those bought at fairs).
Faith: fidelity to his friends; "by — enforced," in honour bound.
Faithful: accepting the Christian faith.
Fall: let fall, drop; fell, throw down.
Fallible: groundless.
False: illegal.
False-boding: falsely prophesying.
Familiar: familiar spirit.
Fancy: love.

Fantastical: creatures of imagination.
Fantasy: fancy.
Fap: a slang term for 'maudlin drunk.'
Farrow: litter of pigs.
Farthingale: a hooped petticoat.
Fartuous: Mistress Q.'s pronunciation of 'virtuous.'
Fashion-monging: foppish.
Fashions: "from all —," defiant of conventions.
Fast: faithful.
Father-in-law: *i.e.* stepfather.
Father's herself: features her father.
Fathom: capacity, resource.
Fatting: "to —," for fattening.
Fault: misfortune.
Faultless: innocent.
Faustuses: the name was familiar from Marlowe's '*Doctor Faustus*.'
Favour: leave, permission; present; with a play upon 'face'; face, features, countenance, appearance; forgiveness.
Fear: fear for; frighten.
Feared: frightened.
Fearful: full of fear; terrified; alarming, fear-compelling.
Feature: body, personal appearance.
Fedary: originally 'feudal vassal,' used also for 'confederate,' here 'one of the human race.'
Fell: fierce, cruel; furious, ferocious, relentless; dire; scalp.
Fere: mate.
Fetch me in: draw a confession from me.
Fewness: in few words.
Fico: fig.
Fierce: fervent.
Fights: canvas screens hung in ships during an engagement.
File: "valued —," list arranged in order of value.
Filed: polished; defiled.
Fill-horse: shaft-horse.
Fine: consequence, conclusion: "— and recovery," absolute ownership, a legal term for converting a conditional tenure into perpetual possession.
Fineless: limitless.
Fire-new: brand new.
First head: fifth year.
Fitchew: pole-cat.
Fits: emergencies; befits.
Flaky: flecked with glimmers of the dawn.
Flap-dragon: a small burning substance floated in liquor and swallowed flaming.
Flap-jacks: pancakes.
Flask: powder flask.
Flaw: sudden blast; failings, faults; sudden burst of passion.
Fleer: sneer; to grin.
Fleet: company.
Fleeting: shifty, inconstant.
Flemish: the Dutch were notorious drunkards.
Fleshed: brutalised.
Flewed: with overhanging upper lip.
Flight: a kind of light and well-feathered arrow.
Flighty: fleeting.
Flood: sea.
Flood-gate: unquenchable.
Flourish: mere semblance; decorate, adorn.
Flout odd ends: ridicule me with old endings of letters.
Foil: setting.
Foin: to thrust.
Foison: abundance, plenty.
Folly: unchastity.
Fond: foolish, weak.
Fool-gudgeon: the gudgeon was regarded as a senseless fish and easily caught.
Foot-cloth: adorned with a long cloth under the saddle, reaching nearly to the ground.
Fopped: duped, made a fool of.
Foppery: folly.
Forbear: spare, tolerate, bear with.
Forbid: cursed, excommunicated.
Force: care: to reinforce.
Fordo: to destroy, to overcome.
Forehand sin: wrong only in being premature.
Foreign passages: pilgrimages.
Foreward: vanguard.
Forfeit: transgress, offend (Fr. *forfaire*); "the— of my servant's life," the pardon of my servant whose life is forfeit to the law.
Forfend: forbid.
Forge: foment.
Forgeries: inventions.
Forgot: "are thus—," have so forgotten yourselves.
Fork: forked tongue.
Formal vice: conventional Vice (of the old Morality plays).
Forswear: to commit perjury.
Fortitude: military strength.
Fortune: chance.
Foul: foully; plain.
Founded: immovably fixed.
Four complexions: humours, viz. blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy.
Frame: order; "nature's —," the order of the Universe; shape their course.
Frampold: troublous, harassing.
Franchised: free, untainted.
Franked up: confined in a *frank* or sty.
Fraught: freighted; freight, burden.
Free: clear, put away; faithful, honest; liberal, generous; innocent.
French crown: bald head.
French thrift: alluding to the economical practice of employing a page in place of a band of retainers.
Fretted: rotted.
Friend: "to —," offer opportunities; lover.
Frize: a coarse woollen material manufactured chiefly in Wales.
Fruitful: bountiful, generous.
Fulham: a kind of false dice.

Full: fully proficient; "you have it —," you are completely answered.
Function: action; control and guidance of his faculties.
Fustian: nonsense.

Gaberdine: a large loose cloak.
Gaged: pledged, bound to pay.
Gallant-springing: full of youthful beauty and promise.
Galled: sore.
Gallimaufry: hotch-potch, all kinds.
Gallow glasses: Irish foot-soldiers bearing pole-axes.
Gallows: knave.
Galls: temper, capacity for resentment.
Gar: Dr. Caius' pronunciation of 'God.'
Garb: "rank —," coarsest fashion, grossest manner.
Garland: crown.
Garnered: treasured.
Garnish: clothing, suit.
Garter: part of the insignia of the Order of the Garter.
Gat: begat.
Gawds: baubles, finery.
Gear: business in hand.
Gelded: castrated; mutilated; robbed.
Geminy: couple.
Gender: species, sort.
General: populace.
Generally: singly.
Generous: noble; high-born, of noble rank.
Genius: guardian spirit.
Gentle: soothed; kind; well-bred.
George: the figure of St. George as part of the insignia of the Order of the Garter.
Germins: seeds.
Get: beget.
Get the sun: get the right way of the sun, so that it is in *their* eyes.
Ghastness: ghastliness.
Ghostly: spiritual.
Gig: a kind of top.
Giglots: wantons.
Gin: bird trap.
Ging: gang.
Girdle: "turn his —," give a challenge; the buckle of the girdle was turned to the back for wrestling.
Glance: hint.
Glassy: used to express both the reflecting power and the fragility of a mirror.
Gleek: scoff.
Glozes: sophistries.
Gnarling: snarling, growling.
Gobbo: Italian for hunchback.
God dig you den: a grotesque form of the common rustic corruption of 'God give you good den' (day).
God 'ild us: corruption of 'God yield us.'
Goes to the world: gets married.
Golden stamp: a coin called an angel; worth about ten shillings.
Gone through: bid the highest price, 'done my level best.'
Good den: corruption of 'good even ing.'
Good jer: corruption of Fr. *goujere* a disease.
Good life: respectability.
Goodness: success.
Good time: opportunely.
Goodyear: v. '*good jer*.'
Goose: a tailor's flat iron.
Gossips: godmothers, hence (contemptuously) 'patronesses.'
Gossip's bowl: a mixture of ale, spice, sugar, and crab-apples, as prepared for christening feasts.
Gourd: a kind of false dice.
Gouts: congealed drops (Fr. *gouttes*).
Government: self-control.
Graced: gracious.
Gracious: comely.
Gramercy: many thanks (Fr. *grand merci*).
Grange: a granary, a solitary farmhouse.
Grant: "fairest —, etc.," most suitable gift is that which meets the need.
Gratify: recompense, reward.
Gratulate: congratulate; subject for congratulation.
Grave: weighty, valuable.
Graved: buried.
Graymalkin: cat, 'gray cat,' familiar spirit of the first witch.
Greasily: foully.
Great: filled with emotion.
Great Cham: the Khan of Tartary.
Green wit: probably, as suggested by the Cambridge Editors, an allusion to the 'green withs' with which Delilah bound Samson.
Grief: tale of woe.
Griefs: grievances.
Grieve: trouble us.
Gripe: grasp.
Grise: stage, step.
Groat: a coin worth fourpence.
Gross: dense; "— in sense," obviously certain.
Ground: (technically 'plain-song') theme.
Guards: trimming, ornamentation.
Guerdon: recompense.
Guiled: treacherous.
Gulf: gullet.
Gull: trick.
Gyve: catch, entrap; a fetter.

H: ache (formerly pronounced 'aitch').
Habit: behaviour; "the outward —, etc.," apparently an inversion.
Habits: "thin —," superficial assumptions.
Hack: probably, 'become common and degraded.'
Haggard: a wild untrained hawk.
Hair: "against the —," 'against the grain.'
Halberd: a pike.
Hale: to haul, to drag.
Half-cheek: profile.
Hands: "of all —," unavoidably, anyhow.

Hang: "you must *hang* it first," alluding to the ancient barbarity of dragging on hurdles to execution.
Hannibal: Elbow's blunder for 'cannibal.'
Haply: perhaps, maybe.
Happily: haply, perhaps.
Happiness: good luck; "good outward —," attractive appearance.
Happy: accomplished.
Hardly: scarcely, with difficulty.
Hardness: hardship.
Hare-finder: "tell us Cupid is a good —, etc.," *i.e.* propound mockeries to us, such as that the blind Cupid is quick of sight, and Vulcan the blacksmith a good carpenter.
Harms: injuries.
Harness: armour.
Hatched: with the hatch (half-door) [closed.
Hateful: full of hate.
Haught: haughty.
Have with you: come along with me; I'm going with you.
Having: allowance; estate.
Hawthorn-buds: dandies.
Hay: a country dance.
Head: face.
Heap: body, crowd, throng.
Hearted throne: throne in my heart.
Heat: urgency.
Heavy: sad, sorrowful; slumberous, drowsy.
Hector: sharper.
Hedge-priest: travelling priest of the lowest order.
Heed: guide, lodestar.
Height: highest degree.
Hell's: *hell* being regarded as a community of evil spirits having "*their* factors" on earth.
Helm: helmet.
Helmed: steered, guided.
Helpless: unavailing.
Hempen homespuns: coarse home-bred fellows.
Henchman: a page of honour.
Hent: taken possession of.
Hermits: beadsmen, bound to pray for their patrons.
Herod: the violent tyrant of the old Miracle plays.
Hesperides: the garden of the Hesperides; properly the daughters of Hesperus, the guardians of the golden apples which it was one of Hercules' labours to procure.
Hie: hurry, hasten.
Hiems: winter.
High-proof: to the last degree.
High-stomached: proud, wrathy.
Hight: is called, is named.
Hind: quibble on 'peasant,' 'boor,' and a deer (*i.e.* an *irrational* hind); a servant.
Hint: theme.
Hip: "on the —," completely in my power (a term in wrestling).
Hobby-horse: a wooden horse manipulated by a boy, the ballad humorously lamenting its disuse at fairs and festivals is frequently alluded to by Shakespeare; a buffoon, a dolt.
Hold him: keep him lingering.
Holds you well: regards you with affection.
Holp: helped.
Holy-ales: church-festival holidays.
Home: to the point, touching the spot; to the end, to the utmost; 'to the heart of the matter.'
Honesty: befitting.
Honorificabilitudinitatibus: 'the state of being loaded with honours'; the longest word in mediæval Latin, and frequently mentioned as an example of the extravagant word-making of the colleges.
Hood: condition, position.
Hope: "I died for —," death was the reward of my attempt to support you.
Horn-book: primer, so called from the cover of thin horn by which it was kept clean and intact.
Horologe: clock.
Hot-house: warm-bath house.
Howlet: owlet.
Hull: float, drift.
Human: humane.
Humble: voluble in gratitude.
Humility: kindness, benevolence.
Humorous: capricious.
Humour: constantly used (by Nym) in ridicule of the current misuses of the word by the Elizabethan world of fashion.
Humours: moods.
Hungarian: poverty stricken (with allusion to gypsies).
Hungerly: hungrily.
Hydra: the many-headed monster of Grecian fable.
Hyrcanian deserts: a district south of the Caspian Sea, noted for tigers.

Idea: likeness.
Idle: barren.
Ill-erected: ill-fatedly erected.
Illness: evil.
Image: notion, conception.
Imbrue: stain.
Immediately: purposely.
Imp: (properly) to artificially replace missing feathers in a falcon
Impeach: lower oneself.
Impertinent: Gobbo's blunder for 'pertinent.'
Important: importunate.
Imposition: injunction; penalties.
Impress: heraldic motto or device; press into his service.
Incapable: lacking understanding.
Incarnadine: redden.
Incarnation: Gobbo's blunder for 'incarnate.'
Incensed: instigated; incited.
Incision: lancing.
Incontinent: immediately.
Incony Jew: dainty, delectable pet: *jew*, probably derived from *choux* =a plaything, or *bijou*=a jewel.
Increase: produce.
Index: preface, explanatory introduction (the *index* was formerly placed at the beginning of a book).

Indifferent: impartial.
Indign: unworthy, undignified.
Induction: preparation.
Infection: Mistress Q.'s error for 'affection'; plague.
Infer: allege.
Infinite: boundless range.
Inflict: afflict.
Informal: deranged.
Informs: takes form.
Ingener: inventor (of laudatory phrases).
In hac spe vivo: 'In that hope live.'
Inheritor: possessor, gainer.
Inhibited: prohibited.
Injointed: joined, united.
Injuries: "in your —," while inflicting injuries.
Inkle: tape; some kind of silken embroidered strips.
Inn: originally a dwelling-place.
Inordinate: immoderate.
Insane: causing insanity.
Insanie: madness.
Insculped: carved in bas-relief.
Instance: "wanting —," ungrounded; intimation; "old —," out-of-date argument.
Intellect: character, implying specifically 'signature.'
Intelligencer: commissioner, negotiator.
Intend: to pretend, to affect.
Intendment: intention.
Intention: scrutiny.
Intentively: with undivided attention.
Interdiction: exclusion.
Intermission: delay, hesitation.
Intrenchant: indivisible.
Invention: imagination.
Inward: intimate; confidential.
Iron-witted: dense, block-headed.
Issues: conclusions.
Iterance: reiteration, repetition.

Jack: Jack o' the clock (*q.v.*); low-born fellow; jackanapes.
Jack-a-Lent: a puppet set up, during Lent, for boys to throw at.
Jack o' the clock: the small figure which at the division of the hours struck a gong in old clocks.
Jade: a worthless horse.
Janus: the two-headed god of Roman mythology.
Jauncing: hard riding.
Jays: loose women.
Jealousies: suspicions.
Jesses: straps fastened to the legs of hawks and held by the falconer.
Jet: strut, insolently encroach.
Jew: used as a term of endearment.
Joan: a general name for a commonplace woman.
Joint-ring: a ring so divided into two that the parts could be placed together and show no division, the separate pieces were worn by lovers as tokens.
Journal: daily (Fr. *journalier*).
Jump: to accord, to agree; hazard, risk; precisely.
Just: exact; joust, compete in the lists.
Justly: truthfully, faithfully.
Jutty: projection.
Juvenal: youth; Armado's perversion of 'juvenile.'

Keels: cools by stirring or skimming.
Keep: remain within; to dwell; to associate.
Kerns: Irish foot-soldiers.
Kersey: a coarse woollen cloth.
Key-cold: deadly cold, a proverbial expression from the practice of placing a key against the spine to stop bleeding of the nose.
Kibe: chilblain.
Kind: taken by the murderer to mean 'natural'; (in this) respect; natural: those of the same nation.
Kingly-poor flout: having no merit beyond its utterance by a king.
Kissing-comfits: sugar-plums.
Knapp: to snap, crack, or nibble.
Knave: servant.
Knee-crooking: obsequious.
Knot-grass: a low growing herb supposed to be able to stunt children's growth.
Knots: flower-beds of fantastic shapes.
Know: reflect, consider; make sure.

Labras: Spanish for 'lips.'
Lack: miss.
Lady-smocks: the *cardamine pratensis*, so-called for the resemblance of its flowers to little white smocks hung out to dry.
Lag: late.
Lances: lancers.
Lap: wrap.
Lapped in proof: encased in tested armour.
Lapwing: the female *lapwing* (or plover) when disturbed flies noiselessly close to the ground so as not to disclose the whereabouts of her nest, and chirps when at a distance.
Large: liberal 'broad'; free, gross.
Last: continue still to be.
Latch: catch.
Latched: smeared, anointed.
Late: recently.
Late dignities: lately conferred dignities.
Lated: belated.
Laundry: for 'launder.'
Lavish: uncurbed.
Leaped: covered.
Leave your courtesy: cease bowing.
Leavened: ripened.
Lee'd: disposed of on the lee, *i.e.* the sheltered side.
Leets and law-days: days on which courts were held.
Leiger: *resident* ambassador.
Leisure: the spare time (being so brief).
Leman: lover.
Lessoned: taught.
Lethe: water of oblivion.
Level: aim.
Levels: is in keeping with.

Leviathan: a sea-monster often identified with the whale.
Lewd: worthless, groundless.
Lewsters: libertines.
Liable: suitable, correct.
Libels: defamatory writings.
Liberal: licentious; free-spoken.
Lie: *i.e.* in prison; lodge.
Lien: lain.
Light: fallen.
Lighted: alighted, descended.
Light-foot: swift travelling.
Lightly: easily; frequently, usually.
Light o' love: an old dance-tune.
Like: likely to be believed.
Likelihood: sign, indication.
Likes: pleases.
Liking: physical characteristics.
Lily-livered: cowardly.
Lime: put *lime* in the sack to make it sparkle.
Limed: trapped (as birds with lime).
Limit: to appoint, to fix; appointed time.
Line: reinforce.
Lingered: prolonged.
List: to long, to crave; selvedge; limit, boundary; listen to, 'mark what I say,' "patient —," the limits of patience.
Lists: place appointed for trials by combat.
Liver: heart; the *liver* was formerly regarded as the seat of passion.
Liveries: proper garb.
Liver-vein: the style of a lover, the *liver* being the seat of love.
Living: vital, *i.e.* not circumstantial.
Livings: estates.
Lob: clumsy person.
Lock: a 'love-*lock*, a long *lock* of hair tied with a ribbon which hung down behind the ear to the shoulders; gratuitously associated with *key* by Dogberry.
Lode-star: pole-star.
Lodge: lay low; a solitary hut occupied by a watchman or game-keeper.
Lodged: beaten down.
'Long of you: your doing.
Longs: belong to.
Loon: brute.
Loose; "his very —," the very moment of letting the arrow (of destiny) fly.
Lop: cut off, destroy.
"Lord have mercy on us": the words inscribed upon the doors of plague-stricken houses.
Lose: forget.
Lost: groundless.
Loud music: the clashing of armour.
Love-in-idleness: pansy.
Loves: attracts; "of all —," 'with all her heart,' 'by all you hold dear,' an earnest request.
Love's Tyburn: suggested by the triangular form of the gallows (*Tyburn*, the usual place of execution in London).
Low: short.
Lower-chair: easy-chair.
Lown: block-head, lout; low-born fellow.
Luces: pikes, "the dozen white —," no doubt an allusion to the coat-of-arms of Shakespeare's old enemy Sir Thomas Lucy.
Lucina: the goddess of childbirth.
Lunes: attacks of lunacy.
Lux tua vita mihi: 'Thy light is life to me.'
Luxury: lust, wantonness.

Machiavel: cunning schemer, proverbially named after Machiavelli.
Magnificent: pompous.
Magot-pies: old form of magpies.
Maidhood: maidenhood.
Main flood: the ocean.
Make a leg: bow or kneel.
Make away: get away.
Makes: does; makes mischief
Malapert: cheeky.
Malkin: a coarse wench.
Mammering: hesitating.
Man: wield.
Manage: handling, training; measures; use; carry on; management; control (of a horse).
Manager: wielder.
Mandragora: mandrake, the root of which was used medicinally as an opiate and anæsthetic.
Mane: crest.
Manner: "taken with the —," *mainour*, a legal term; 'taken with the plunder in his possession.'
Mansionry: dwelling.
Mantuan: Baptista Spagnolus, surnamed *Mantuanus*, whose writings rivalled Virgil in the opinion of many pedants of the time. The line quoted is the opening of his first eclogue.
Map: picture.
March-chick: *i.e.* hatched early, indicating precocity.
Margent: margin (alluding to the practice of writing quotations and notes in the margin of books).
Market: alluding to the Italian proverb 'Three women and a goose make a market.'
Marl: clayey earth.
Marry: corruption of 'Virgin Mary,' a mild oath.
Marry-trap: probably, equivalent to 'catch who catch can.'
Masked Neptune: *i.e.* with a calm.
Masque: a display by masked performers.
Master of fence: one who has taken his degree as master of fencing by public trial.
Mated: astounded, bewildered.
Matter: serious sense.
May: can.
Mazzard: jaw.
Mealed: mingled, mixed, Fr. *mêlé*.
Mean: means.
Measure: a stately dance; quibbling on the dance.
Mechanical=artisan, here used for vulgar, contemptible.
Medicinable: medicinal.

Medicine: doctor.
Meet: even.
Meetst; fittest, most appropriate.
Melancholy: sullen; misused by Mistress Q. for 'enraged.'
Memorise: make memorable, commemorate.
Mephistopholus: a name familiarised in England by public performances of Marlowe's '*Doctor Faustus*.'
Me pompæ provexit apex: 'The desire of renown drew me to this enterprise.'
Mercy; "cry thee —," ask your pardon.
Mere: absolute, certain; particular; complete, utter; sheer, unmitigated; "of your — own," absolutely your own.
Merely a dumb-show; absolutely a pantomime.
Merit: recompense.
Mess: the set of four; 'at great dinners the company was usually arranged in fours, who were served together.'
Metaphysical: supernatural.
Mete: to take measure, to aim.
Metheglin: mead, a strong liquor composed of honey and water fermented with yeast.
Methoughts: methought (*cf.* methinks).
Mewed: imprisoned.
Middle-earth: *i.e.* suspended between heaven and hell.
Mill-sixpences: the first milled coins made in England, and used for counters in adding up other money.
Mimic: actor.
Mince: walk affectedly (with extreme propriety).
Minimus: a being of the smallest size.
Minion: favourite, darling.
Minstrelsy: "use him for my —," appoint him one of my minstrels.
Minutely: every minute.
Mirrors: *i.e.* Edward and Clarence.
Miscarry: fail to recover.
Mischief's: despair's, misery's.
Misconster: misconstrue.
Mis-dread: misgiving.
Misgovernment: abandoned conduct.
Misgraffed: grafted on a wrong or unsuitable stock.
Misprison: mistake, misconception, misapprehension.
Missives: messengers.
Misuse: deceive; to abuse, to rail at.
Mock: ridicule.
Mockery: pretended.
Model: plan; copy.
Modern: ordinary, commonplace, conventional; "— seeming," common probability.
Moe: more.
Molestation: turmoil.
Momentany: momentary.
Monarcho: the name of an eccentric and ridiculously pretentious Italian who was a well-known resident in London, mentioned by other contemporary writers.
Montando: } an upward thrust in
Montant: } fencing.
Monument: memory.
Moral: occult meaning, innuendo; glib in moralizing.
Moralize: expound.
More, if might: more would be represented if the conditions (of the stage) permitted.
Mortal: deadly, fatal; "— staring," staring with deadly fixity, pitiless; "— consequences," forthcoming events of this mortal life.
Mortified man: an ascetic.
Motion: natural impulse; emotion, sensation; '*motion!*' 'a working pulse' (just proved experimentally).
Motions: proposals; impulses.
Motive: instrument.
Mountain-foreigner: alluding to the mountainous conformation of Wales.
Mountebanks: quacks, sorcerers.
Mouse: tear to pieces.
Mummy: a preparation made from corpses or mummies and supposed to have magical properties.
Murders: wounds.
Murky: dark.
Murrain: a disease of sheep and cattle.
Muse: wonder, marvel.
Mussel-shell: applied to Simple who stands with his mouth open.
Must: *must* come to.
Mutualities: familiarities.
My brother's love: love for my brother.
Mystery: trade.

Naked: unarmed.
Napkin: handkerchief.
Native: by nature; natural, actual.
Nature: the realm of nature.
Nature's mischief: evil tendencies of human nature.
Naught: worthless creature.
Naughty: wicked, evil, corrupt.
Nay-word: watchword, password.
Ne: nor.
Near: intimate with.
Nearest of life: most vital recesses of my life.
Neat: ox.
Needle: from 'neeld.'
Neeze: sneeze.
Neglect: cause neglect of.
Neif: a fist.
Neighbour: intimate of.
Neighbours: "good —," *i.e.* who uphold instead of slandering each other's character.
Ne intelligis, domine?: Do you understand me, sir?
Next: nearest, surest.
Niece: for 'grand-daughter.'
Nice: coy; over-scrupulous, unimportant; minutely correct.
Nicely: "inflame too —," render you fastidiously scrupulous.

Night-gown: dressing-gown.
Night-raven: whose cry was an ill-omen.
Night-rule: night-revel.
Nill: contraction of 'ne will,' will not.
Nit: particle, atom.
Noble: a gold coin worth six shillings and eightpence.
Nobless: old form of nobleness.
Noise: music.
Nonage: minority.
Non-com: properly an abbreviation of *non compos mentis* = not of sound mind; Dogberry probably means? *non plus*, quandary.
North: north wind.
Norways: Norwegians.
Nothing: pron. as 'noting,' hence the pun.
Notion: imagination.
Notorious: egregious: 'who should be exposed to notoriety.'
Nousle: nurse, cherish.
Novice: youth.
"Novi hominem, etc.": 'I know the man as well as I know you.'
Novum: a game of dice at which the successful throws were five and nine, hence the full name was *novem quinque*.
Nowl: head (Sax. *knol*).
Nuthook: a contemptuous term for 'catchpole,' applied in the sense of 'bailiff.'

Obliged: pledged.
Obscure bird: bird of night, the owl.
Obsequiously: as a mourner.
Observancy: exaggerated homage.
Observation: observance.
Obstruction: congealing of the blood.
Occasion: "sort —," seek an opportunity; "quarrelling with —," at odds with the matter in question.
Occident: the West.
Odd even: the 'small hours,' which are both 'late' and 'early.'
Odds: quarrel.
Od's heartlings: 'God's heartling' (little heart); an oath.
Od's nouns: Mistress Q.'s euphemism for 'God's wounds,' an oath.
Œillades: inviting glances.
O'er-looked: bewitched (by the glance of a fairy).
O'er-parted: overwhelmed by his part.
O'erpast: in the past.
Of: in; "too late —," too late for; "— all the day," during the whole day.
Offends: hurts pains.
Offered: attempted.
Officed instruments: vision appointed to your service.
Offices: kitchens, larders, etc., servants' quarters; services, employment.
Old: a colloquialism for abundant, excessive; 'the old-established custom of.'
Once: ever.
Open: hunting term for 'full cry'; reveal.
Opinion: being self opinionated; reputation; "rich —," the high esteem in which you are held.'
Opinioned: Dogberry's blunder for 'pinioned.'
Opposite: unsubmissive, at enmity; hostile, antagonistic; opponent; opposed; "daring an —," offering himself as an antagonist, boldly opposing himself.
Oppress: suppress.
Orbs: rings of luxuriant grass said to be caused by fairy dancers; spheres.
Orchard: garden.
Order: "take —," take measures make arrangements.
Original: originators.
Ork: Evan's pronunciation of 'work.'
Orphan heirs: unfathered beings, supposed, like Merlin, to have come spontaneously to birth, and, being supernatural in origin, to be unchanged by time ('of fixed destiny').
Orthography: orthographer, 'euphuist'=bombastic phrase-maker.
O's: smallpox marks.
Ostent: demeanour, appearance; ostentation, display.
Ounce: an animal of the leopard tribe.
Ouphes: goblins.
Ousel-cock: blackbird.
Out-facing: brazen, bold-faced.
Out-tongue: over-ride, outweigh.
Overcome: overshadow; "to —," by conquering.
Overgo: exceed.
Owe: to own, to possess; by owning.
Oyes: Old Fr. *oyez* = hear ye.—with which a public crier precedes his announcement.
Oxlip: a larger kind of cowslip.

Pace: exercise.
Packed in: party to.
Paddle: toy, play.
Paddock: toad (a familiar spirit of the witches).
Pageant: show, display.
Pain: penalty; labour.
Pains: services.
Painted: sham.
Painted cloth: wash-drawings of Alexander and other 'worthies' were frequently seen on wall-hangings.
Palabras: for the Spanish *pocas palabras*, 'few words.'
Pale: enclosure.
Pall: cover, envelop.
Pandarus of Troy: Cressida's uncle, who acted as go-between in her amours with Troilus.
Paper: letters.
Paragons: excels; beggars.
Parcel: company, group; 'part and parcel'; a part, a fragment.
Parcel-bawd: part bawd.
Parcelled: individual, limited to particular objects.

Pard: leopard.
Parlous = perilous; *un enfant terrible*: dangerously precocious.
Part: "my—in him," my government deputed to him.
Partakes: imparts.
Parted: left.
Party-verdict: agreement, assent.
Pass: portray, enact.
Passado: a forward thrust in fencing.
Passage: people passing by. [aldry.
Passant: walking; a term in her-
Passed: passed all bounds.
Passes: proceedings; passes all bounds.
Passing: surpassingly; "— on," passing sentence on.
Passion: grieve: emotion, overwrought emotion; outcry; grief.
Patch: fool, clown.
Patent: privilege; permission.
Pathetical: charming, fascinating.
Pattern: sample.
Pauca verba: *Lat.* few words.
Paul's: Old St. Paul's, used for public announcements.
Paved fountain: a stream with a pebbly bottom.
Pawn: a pledge; to pledge.
Peaches: impeaches.
Peak: fade, shrink; to sneak.
Peculiar: personal.
Pedant: schoolmaster.
Peevish: silly, foolish; senseless; "*peevish*-fond," weakly foolish.
Pegs: *i.e.* on which the strings of a musical instrument are fastened and wound up to the required tension.
Peise: weigh; weigh down. (Fr. *peser*, to weigh.)
Pelican: supposed to feed its young with its own blood.
Pelting: paltry, petty.
Penance: misapplied by Dull.
Pencils: fine paint brushes used for portraits.
Pensioners: gentlemen of the royal bodyguard; retainers.
Pent-house lid: eye-lid.
Pent-house like: overhanging, like the projecting roof of a shop (an affectation of profundity).
Perch: a measure of 5½ yards='rod,' 'pole,' or '*perch*.'
Perdurable: enduring, lasting.
Perdurably fined: everlastingly punished.
Peremptory: audacious.
Perfect: perfectly informed; blameless, immaculate.
Perfectest: most reliable.
Period: conclusion, end, ending.
Perjure: perjurer (a convicted perjurer was compelled to wear a paper on his breast setting forth his crime).
Perjured note: stain of perjury.
Pert: brisk; lively.
Perttaunt-like: an unexplained phrase, evidently implying complete subjection; it is plausibly suggested that *pour taut* underlies '*perttaunt*.'
Perused: examined.
Pestilence: poison.
Pew-fellow: comrade.
Phantasime: a fantastic personage.
Pheezar: humorously formed from *pheeze*, to fluster, to worry.
Phibbus: Phœbus.
Philemon's roof: alluding to the story of Philemon and Baucis, who received Jupiter into their cottage in the guise of a poor wanderer.
Philomel: Philomela, a classical name of the nightingale.
Phlegmatic: misapplied by Mistress Q. for 'choleric.'
Pia mater: the inner membrane enclosing the brain, here applied to the brain itself.
Picked: genteel, fastidious.
Pickt-hatch: a disreputable quarter of London.
Piece: masterpiece, marvel.
Pied: flecked with dashes of colour; spotted.
Piety: Dogberry's blunder for 'impiety.'
Pikes: spiked centre pieces screwed into sixteenth-century shields.
Pilled: pillaged.
Pilot thought: "think his —," assume thought to be his pilot.
Pin: the wooden *pin* that upheld the target.
Pines: plagues.
Pinnace: scouting vessel.
Pioneers: the roughest of the troops, employed on road-making and similar labour, generally as punishment for misconduct.
Pipe-wine: wine drawn directly from the *pipe* or cask, with quibbling allusion to *piping* for a dance, and *canary*, the name of a quick lively dance.
Pitch: loftiest aspirations (technical expression in falconry for the highest point attained by the hawk).
Pitch: played on by Biron in the sense of 'entanglement' in the snare (love) that he has always disdained (*cf.* '*pitch-balls* stuck in her face').
Pittie-ward: ? (Petty) Little Park.
Piu por dulzura, etc.: 'more by sweetness than by force.' (Ital. '*piu*,' used instead of Span.: 'mas.')
Place: pitch (in falconry) *q.v.*
Placket: a part of female dress.
Plagued: requited.
Plaining: complaining.
Plain-song: song without variations.
Plaintiffs: Dogberry's blunder for 'prisoners.'
Planched: planked, made of boards.
Pleached: folded; entwined.
Pleasance: pleasure.
Pliant: convenient.
Pluck on: compel, provoke; draw sword on.
Plummet: sounding line.

Point: a pun on the French negative particle, 'not at all,' 'by no means,' "at a —," thoroughly prepared.
Point-devise: precise.
Poise: moment, importance (with allusion to 'nice balance').
Pole: a long pole or quarter-staff with which the north-country men were very skilful.
Pomewater: a kind of apple.
Pompous: magnificent, gorgeous.
Pontic Sea: Black Sea.
Pooped: despatched (properly a nautical term).
Poorly: downcast.
Port: appearance, reputation.
Portable: endurable.
Portcullis: an iron or wooden grating made to slide vertically in a gate.
Position: positive assertion.
Possess: fill: to inform.
Possessed: gone mad; informed, worked upon.
Posset: a hot drink, a 'night-cap'; specifically, "hot milk, poured on ale, having sugar, grated bisket (biscuit), eggs, with other ingredients boiled in it, which goes all to a curd" (Holmes).
Possibilities: prospects.
Posters: rapid travellers.
Posy: motto, inscription.
Pottle: a half-gallon tankard; "*pottle*-deep," drained the *pottle* to the bottom.
Power: army, fighting force.
Practice: plot; plotting, scheming.
Preambula: let us walk apart.
Precedent: original draft; proof.
Preceptial medicine: the medicine of precepts.
Precise: thorough.
Preeches: breeches, *i.e.*, whipped.
Prefer: promote, advance; bring forward; "*prefers* itself," take precedence of all other matters; proficient; self-evident.
Preferred: proffered, proposed; recommended.
Pregnant: plausible; apt, prompt.
Preparations: accomplishments.
Preposterously: perversely.
Present: document for presentation; immediate, instant; represent.
Presently: immediately, forthwith.
Preserved: kept pure.
Press: alluding to the torture called *pine forte et dure*, which consisted of crushing the body with heavy weights.
Prest: already prepared; ready, prompt.
Prester John: the fabulous Asiatic Christian king described by Mandeville.
Pretence: purpose.
Pretend: design, purpose. [suasion.
Prevailment: weight, power of per-
Prevented: anticipated, forestalled.
Prey: ravage.
Pribbles and prabbles: wrangling and gossip.
Pricket: buck of the second year.
Prime: first.
Primero: a game at cards.
Print: "in —," precisely (probably alluding to a book of manners (*cf.* Touchstone's 'We quarrel *in print* by the book,' *As you like it*, V. iv.).
Prints: impressions.
Priscian: a famous Athenian grammarian, whose name had become typical of accuracy in Latin; "— a little scratched," a slight error in Latin grammar.
Privilege: safeguard.
Privy order: secret measures.
Prized: considered.
Probal: probable.
Probation: proof.
Probation with: proving to.
Proceeded well: playing upon the academic meaning of *proceed*=to take a degree.
Process: story.
Prodigious: monstrous.
Profanation: Elbow's blunder for 'profession.'
Profane: infamous.
Profit: warning; prosperity.
Profound: possessed of occult properties.
Prohibit: misapplied by Dogberry.
Prolixious: superfluous, hindering.
Prolonged: postponed, deferred.
Prompture: incitement, instigation.
Proof: experience; tested armour; "in your own —," making trial of her yourself.
Propagation: increase by remaining at interest.
Proper: exclusively; "— to," committed by; comely, well-proportioned, handsome; own.
Properties: stage requisites, apart from scenery and dresses.
Property: inherent virtue.
Propontic: the sea of Marmora (which "floweth and runneth out into Propontis; but never retireth backe againe within Pontus." Holland's trans. of Pliny's *Natural History*).
Proportion: measure; portion, competence.
Propose: to discourse, to talk.
Prorogue: "but to — only," enough to linger out.
Prosperous: propitious: felicitous.
Protest: exhibit.
Provokest: invokest.
Pruning: preening, trimming.
Puddings: intestines, stuffed and seasoned.
Puddled: deranged.
Puissance: strength.
Pumpion: pumpkin.
Punk: strumpet.
Punto: a back-handed stroke in fencing.
Purchase: gain, profit; win.
Pure: unaided.
Pursuivant: one of the lowest orders of heraldry.

Purveyor: precursor (properly an officer of the King sent before to secure provisions for the Royal party).
Push: attack; "made a — at," braved.
Push-pin: a child's game in which *pins* are pushed alternately.
Put on: to instigate, to incite; to urge, to press forward.

Quail: overpower.
Quaintly: skilfully.
Qualification: pacification.
Qualify: to dilute; to lower, to bring down.
Quality: profession, avocation.
Qualm: with quibble on 'calm.'
Quarry: a heap of slaughtered game.
Quat: pimple.
Quean: a general name for a woman, but often used as an abusive epithet.
Queasy: fastidious.
Quell: kill, murder (Saxon *quellam*, to kill).
Quern: a hand-mill.
Quest: inquest, jury.
Question: consideration; converse, debate; "in —," in demand (alluding to the legal examination under trial); "with more facile — bear it," win it by an easier contest; examination.
Questionless: unquestionably.
Questions: cross-examining.
Quests: spyings, search parties.
Quick: alive; bright, lively; vital, heart-felt; "set —," planted alive up to my neck; invigorating.
Quicken: begin life.
Quiet: peace.
Quillets: legal subtleties; quibbles.
Quirks: jokes; whims; extravagances.
Quit: requite; recompense; remit; acquit, forgive; "the portage —," thy birth compensate.
Quod me alit, me extinguit: 'that which gives me life, gives me death.'
Quoniam: since that.
Quote: read, interpret.
Quoted: "for foul hath amber —," makes amber plain by comparison.

Rabato: collar.
Rack: stretch to its utmost; to test.
Raged: enraged.
Ragged: rugged, harsh.
Raised up: aroused.
Rank: "something —," in readiness, in full swing.
Rapture: violent seizure.
Raught: reached.
Ravin: to devour eagerly.
Ravined: ravenous.
Raw: inexperienced.
Rawness: haste.
Raze: to tear off; to *raze out* = to erase.
Reasoned: conversed.
Reasons: reasoning.
Rebate: repress.
Receipt: receptacle; money I had received.
Received: understood.
Recheat winded: a blast blown on the horn to recall the hounds.
Reclusive: secluded.
Reconciliation: "present —," immediate reinstatement in office.
Recorder: a small flute.
Records: sings.
Recure: redress.
Redemption: Dogberry's blunder for 'perdition.'
Red-lattice phrases: tavern talk. Ale-houses were denoted by their red lattice windows.
Redoubted: 'high and mighty.'
Reduce: return (as the rivers bring the water back ultimately to the sea); bring back.
Reechy: smoky, dirty.
Re-edified: rebuilt.
Refelled: repulsed.
Reference: assignment.
Reformed: Dogberry's blunder for 'informed.'
Regard: approval; "indistinct —," inseparable to our vision on the horizon.
Regreet: greet; greet again.
Regreets: salutations.
Relent: repent.
Relume: rekindle.
Remember: remind; "— thy courtesy," a polite phrase for 'replace your hat.'
Remembered: "if I had been —," if it had occurred to me.
Remission: "apt —," readiness to pardon.
Remit: pardon.
Remonstrance: demonstration.
Remorse: gentleness; pity, compassion.
Remove: banish; "in our —," during our absence.
Rent: rend.
Repasture: repast.
Repeals: seeks the repeal of his degradation.
Repeated: disclosed.
Repent: regret.
Replenished: perfect.
Report: reputation.
Reproach: Lancelot's blunder for 'approach.'
Reprobance: reprobation.
Reprove: disprove.
Require: request
Rere-mice: bats.
Reserves: keeps.
Residence: "forted —," residence fortified.
Resist: repel, are distasteful to.
Resolve: answer; inform; solve.
Resolved: resolute; reconciled; assured.
Respect: idea; "sudden —," speedy recognition.
Respected: Elbow's blunder for 'suspected.'
Respective: careful, mindful.

Respects: considerations; regards, considers.
Respects thereof: points raised.
Respite: "determined — of my wrongs,' fixed limit of my freedom from the penalty of my misdeeds.
Re-stem: retrace.
Restrain: withhold.
Restrained: forbidden.
Retailed: repeated, related.
Return: tell; reply to.
Revolt: unfaithfulness.
Rheum: tears.
Ribs: walls.
Right: "do me —," duelling phrase for 'give me satisfaction.'
Right for right: 'measure for measure.'
Ringlets: hand-in-hand circles.
Ripe: urgent; ready to be gathered; ripen.
Roads: roadsteads, harbour.
Ronyon: scurvy wretch; mangy creature.
Rood: cross.
Rooky: gloomy.
Rooting hog: alluding to the white boar in Richard's armorial bearings.
Rosemary and bays: used for dressing dishes.
Round: plain, straightforward; crown.
Roundel: a circular dance; also used for a song.
Roundly: rudely.
Rouse: a deep draught.
Royal: a gold coin, value 10s.
Royal battle: a battle for the throne.
Rub: an obstruction (technical term in bowls).
Rude: harsh.
Ruffianed: blustered, stormed.
Ruin: refuse, husks.
Runagate: renegade.
Russet: plain (the common colour of homespun worn by peasants).

Sackerson: a celebrated bear, kept for baiting at the Paris Garden in Southwark.
Sacrament: oath; the Sacrament taken in confirmation of an oath.
Sad: serious.
Sadly: troubled; "— borne," seriously conducted.
Safe toward: regarding well.
Sag: sink.
Sain: said.
Saint Denis: the patron saint of France.
Salt: lustful, impure.
Salve: ointment; Moth quibbles on the Lat. *salve*, a word of salutation.
Salved: palliated.
Sand-blind: half blind.
Sanded: of a sandy colour.
Sans: without.
Satisfy: sustain.
Satis quod sufficit: 'enough is as good as a feast.'
Saturn: "born under —," saturnine, melancholy by nature.
Saucy: intrusive, insolent; wanton.
Savours: sweet perfumes.
Saw: maxim.
Say'd yet: who have yet essayed.
'Sblood: corruption of 'God's blood,' an oath.
Scab: low fellow (used quibblingly).
Scaled: weighed in the scales, *i.e.* tried.
Scall: scabby, scurvy.
Scambling: scrambling, contentious.
Scanted: limited, stinted.
Scapes: sallies; escapes.
Scarfed: decorated.
Scarf up: blindfold.
Scathe: injury.
Scattering: casual, chance.
Scion: off shoot.
Scope: liberty.
Scored me: 'branded me' (Steevens); conj. 'scored against me.'
Scorn: subject of jest or mockery.
Scorns: scornful expressions.
Scotched: inflicted slashes or cuts.
Scrip: scroll, corruption of *script*.
Scrivener: public scribe.
Scroll: document.
Scrubbed: stunted, small.
Scut: the short tail of a rabbit or deer.
Sea-coal fire: *coal* was a novelty at the period, and being entirely imported from over sea, was known as *sea-coal*.
Seal: the State Seal.
Seas: ceaseless troubles of government.
Season: restorative.
Seated: fixed.
Sect: cutting.
Sects: classes.
Secure: unsuspecting; credulous, over confident; 'believed to be unsullied'; "I do not so *secure* me in the error," I do not feel secure because of the errors in these reports.
Security: over-confidence; legal 'securities.'
See: Rome.
Seel: to blind (technical term in falconry)
Seeming: hypocrisy, pretence; plausible.
Seems: "that *seems* to speak things strange," 'whose appearance corresponds with the strangeness of his message.' (Clar. Pr.)
Seen the day of wrong: found myself wronged.
Seething: active, excited.
Segregation: a separated portion.
Self-abuse: "my strange and —," deception of others and myself.
Self-bounty: inherit kindness and generosity.
Self-charity: self-protection, self-defence.
Self-comparisons: an equal force.
Sennet: a certain set of tones played on the cornet or trumpet.
Se'nnight: seven nights, a week.
Sense: "to the —," 'to the quick.'
Senseless conjuration: words addressed to inorganic or *senseless* objects.

Senseless-obstinate: irrationally obstinate.
Sensible: perceptible.
Sentences: sawn.
Sequester: sequestration.
Sequestration: mutual alienation, breaking away.
Serpigo: a disease of the skin.
Set: technical term in tennis.
Set up h's rest: made up his mind; a gambling phrase meaning 'staked all he has.'
Several: divided; respective; private, enclosed, as opposed to common land where all might graze; with quibble on *several* = severed, divided.
Sewer: an officer whose duty it was to taste each dish to prove it was not poisoned.
Shag-eared: having hairy ears.
Shall deal unadvisedly: inevitably act rashly.
Shamefast: shame-faced.
Shard: scaly wing-case.
Sharp provided: keen and apt.
Shaven Hercules: probably alluding to Hercules when disguised as a woman, in the service of Omphale.
Sheen: shining, bright.
Sheep-biting: thievish.
Sheer: clear.
Shent: used for both 'soundly rated' and 'undone,' ruined.
Shift: act furtively.
Shine: radiance.
Shipman's: seaman's; sailor's; "*shipman's* card," the dial of the compass printed on a card.
Ship-tire: head-dress resembling a ship in full sail.
Shore: severed.
Shores: sewers.
Shoughs: shaggy dogs.
Shouldered in: pushed violently into.
Shovel-boards: shillings of Edward VI. used in the game of *shovel-board*, in which the counters were *shoved* towards numbered spots on the board.
Show: appear.
Shrewd: precocious; mischievous, vicious, evil; harsh; accursed: shrewish.
Shrift: confession; confessional.
Shriving work: only fit to be revealed under the secrecy of priestly confession.
Shrows: shrews.
Sicken: be surfeited.
Sic spectanda fides: so faith is to be tested.
Siege: official seat; rank.
Sightless: invisible.
Significant: sign, symbol.
Signior Sooth: Sir Flatterer
Signories: estates.
Signs of war: armour
Silken: smooth-tongued.
Silly: simple.
Simple: medicinal herb.
Simplicity: innocence; imbecility, drivelling.
Sinel: Macbeth's father, according to Holinshed.
Single: individual; weak.
Sinister: left.
Sir: addressed to inferiors of either sex; the customary title of a parson; "play the —," play the fine gentleman.
Sirrah: a common form of address to inferiors.
Sisters Three: the Fates.
Sit: weigh.
Sith: since.
Skillet: kettle.
Skipping: trivial, frivolous.
Skirn: scour.
Slab: glutinous.
Slack: neglect.
Slanders: slanderers.
Sleave: raw silk: "ravelled —," tangled skein.
Sleek o'er: smooth.
Sleided: raw, untwisted.
Slice: suggested by Slender's leanness.
Slight: paltry, puerile.
Slighted: coolly pitched.
Slipped: let pass.
Slipper: slippery.
Slivered: sliced.
Slop: wide loose trousers (usually called *French slops*).
Slower: better weighed, more considered.
Slubber: sloven; mar, soil.
Small: effeminately.
Smoking: fumigating with burnt perfumes.
Smooth: to flatter.
Smug: trim, neat.
Snatches: sallies of wit, repartee.
Sneaping: nipping.
Snipe: dolt, poltroon.
Snuff: offence, with quibbles on (1) the candle-wick, and (2) a huff, expressed by *snuffing* with the nose.
So: like itself.
Soft you: Stop! Pause!
Solace: find comfort.
Sold him a bargain: beguiled him into proclaiming himself a fool.
Sole name: name alone.
Solemn: state, ceremonious.
Soliciting: prompting.
Something: somewhat.
Sometime: } once; erstwhile:
Sometimes: } formerly.
Sonnet: ? sonneteer Hanmer's correction.
Sonties: saints.
Sooth: truth.
Soothe: flatter.
Sop: properly the cake or wafer floating in the wine-cups at a wedding feast.
Sore: a buck of the fourth year.
Sorel: a buck of the third year.
Sorriest: gloomiest, most dismal.
Sorry: horrible; painful.
Sort: pack, herd, company, assemblage; lottery; arrange; rank; occur, fall out.
Soul: liking.

Speak: bespeak, proclaim; "impatient to *speak* and not see," enraged at being unable to see as well as speak.
Speak parrot: prate meaninglessly.
Speciously: Mistress Q.'s mistake for 'especially.'
Speculation: faculty of sight.
Speculative: observant, watchful.
Speed: "had the — of," outran.
Speken: speak.
Spell him backward: ridicule him.
Spend: throw away; waste.
Spent: exhausted.
Spicery: "nest of —," alluding to the Phœnix, of which only one was said to exist at a time: this bird was burned on a nest of spices fired by the sun, a new Phœnix arising from the ashes.
Splay: castrate.
Spleen: passionate violence; convulsion of laughter; paroxysm of passion; (laughter as well as ill-humour was believed to take rise in the spleen).
Splinter: set in splints.
Spotted: evil, impure.
Sprag: sprack, alert.
Squandered: scattered, dispersed.
Square: quarrel.
Squarer: brawler.
Squash: an unripe pea-pod.
Squeaked: shrieked (without modern humorous suggestion).
Squier: square measurement ('know her humours to a turn').
Staff: lance.
Stale: strumpet; the urine of horses.
Stamp: coin (*stamped* with a cross).
Stand: station, position; remain.
Standing-bowl: a bowl resting on a foot or pedestal.
Stands at a guard with: guards himself against.
Stands me much upon: is incumbent upon me.
Stands too right, etc.: according to Plutarch, Alexander's head was set obliquely, and his body emitted a sweet smell.
Star: the sun.
Star Chamber: this Court took cognizance of offences against public order.
Start: disturb, alarm.
State: bearing, attitude; chair of State; constitution.
State of honour: position in the state, rank.
States: estates.
Statute-caps: woollen caps prescribed by Act of Parliament in 1571 to be worn by the citizens of London on holidays.
Staves: shafts (handles of the lances).
Stay: await, wait for.
Stead: serve, assist, support, aid; further.
Stealing: stealthily fleeting, unnoticeably passing.
Steerage: *i.e.* thought.
Stew: cauldron.
Still: ever, always; continual; frequently "— lasting," everlasting.
Stoccadoes: rapier thrusts.
Stock: a certain thrust in fencing.
Stomach: appetite.
Stone: harden.
Stoop: a drinking vessel; crooked; projecting, bulging.
Stops: *i.e.* on the finger-board of a lute (with quibble on 'checks' to his '*jesting spirit*').
Stout: boldly.
Stowed: bestowed.
Strain: urge, press; lineage, race.
Strange: new.
Strangely-visited: afflicted with strange diseases.
Strangeness: estrangement.
Streak: stroke lightly.
Stricture: strictness, rigorous conduct.
Stroke: "keep'st the —," keepest on striking; a ruled pen mark.
Stuffed: over-burdened.
Style: quibble on 'stile.'
Subdued: subjected.
Suborn: secure, bribe.
Subscribed: signed.
Substances: forms.
Succeed: inherit.
Success: consequences, the issue; "my —," the result of my interview.
Successively: by right of succession.
Sudden: speedy; hasty, rash.
Suddenly: speedily, promptly, quickly.
Suffer: perish.
Sufferance: suffering.
Sufficient: of sufficient capacity; proficient, able.
Suffigance: Dogberry's blunder for 'sufficient.'
Suggest: to tempt, to instigate, to incite.
Suit: apparel; possibly 'school' (in the Folios and Quartos) stands for 'shoote' (*suit*) as suggested by the Cambridge Editors.
Suitor: Folios, Quartos '*shooter*' to accentuate the pun, the two words being pronounced nearly alike.
Sullen: sombre.
Sullens: moroseness.
Summer-seeming: appearing like summer; "seeming to be the effect of a transitory and short-lived heat of the blood" (Schmidt).
Sun-burnt: dark-complexioned, unattractive.
Sun of York: a punning allusion to the device of a *Sun*, adopted as a badge by Edward IV. after the battle of Mortimer's Cross.
Superfluous riots: riotous superfluity.
Supposed: false.
Supposing: imagination.
Surcease: ending.
Sure: trustworthy.
Surveying: perceiving.
Suspect: misapplied by Dogberry for 'respect.'

Suspicion: viz.: that there are horns under it.
Sway: am guided.
Swears: swears allegiance.
Sweat: sweating-sickness.
Sweetness: self-indulgence.
Swelling: enraged.
Swinged: whipped, flogged.
Sword: as emblem of government.
Swound: swoon.
Sympathies: equality of social position.

Table: palm of the hand.
Ta'en out: copied.
Ta'en tardy: found lagging.
Taffeta: a rich smooth material of silk, here used for the taffeta masks.
Tailor: an exclamation used when anyone fell backwards off a seat.
Taint: be moved; to disparage, to impugn.
Take: strike; to strike with disease; "*take-out*" (v. *ta'en-out*).
Taken up: "*taken up* of these men's bills," (1) obtain these men's bonds on credit; with quibble on (2) arrested by these men with halberds.
Taking: mortal terror.
Taking-off: murder.
Talk me: speak to me.
Tall: valorous, bold; effective, powerful.
Tax: disparage.
Techy: peevish.
Teems: teems with: becomes productive.
Teen: grief, sorrow, trouble.
Tell o'er: enumerate, count.
Tellus: the earth.
Tempers: influences, moulds.
Temporary meddler: meddler in temporary or worldly affairs.
Temporize: comply.
Tender: offer; "well I —," with watchful care; cherish, am devoted to.
Tendering: having regard for.
Terminations: terms.
Tester: sixpence.
Tharborough: thirdborough, constable.
Thetis: the goddess of the Sea.
Thick-pleached: closely intertwined with foliage.
Thick-skin: thickhead, blockhead.
Thin: thinly clad.
Thin-belly doublet: as portraying the man in love (contrasted with the fashionable 'great-bellied doublet').
Think: "that you —," from thinking.
Thorough: formerly used interchangeably with 'through.'
Thought: "in —," but not uttered: "upon a —," as quick as thought; "always —," keep constantly in mind; "change of *thoughts*," all absorbing inversion of thought.
Thoughten: "be you —," you must believe.
Thrasonical: boastful
Thread: thread of life
Three-piled: superfine.
Thronged up: overwhelmed, pierced.
Throstle: missel-thrush.
Thrummed: made of coarse woollen cloth (the *thrums* are the unwoven ends of the warp).
Thwarting: crossing.
Tib: cant term for a low woman.
Tickle: insecurely.
Tick-tack: properly back-gammon (used equivocally).
Tied: compelled.
Tightly: promptly.
Tilth: tillage.
Time: term of life.
Timeless: untimely.
Timorous: terrified.
Tire: head-dress; exhaust; ? bed-furniture.
Tire: valiant: a fantastic head-dress.
Tired: arrayed, adorned.
Tiring-house: dressing-room.
'Tis once: once for all.
Titles: property, estate.
Toged: wearing the toga, the distinction of *civil* authority.
Toil: a net used in hunting.
To-night: last night.
Top: fore-lock.
Top-full: brim-full.
Topped: lopped.
Torn their souls: committed treason.
Touch: touchstone (for testing gold); stroke of mischief; affection, feeling.
Tourney: meet in tournament.
Touse: pull, tear.
Toy: trifle; idle fancy, whim.
Trace: follow, succeed.
Trade: custom, usual practice.
Trains: devices.
Trammel: impede.
Tranect: a ferry.
Translated: transformed.
Trash: restrain, hold back (technical term in dog-training for weighting a too impetuous dog).
Travelling lamp: the sun.
Traverse: a particular thrust in fencing; march, proceed.
Trenched: Fr. *trancher*: to cut, to slice.
Trencher-knight: serving-man.
Treys: threes (at dice or cards).
Trick: idle fashion.
Tricking: costumes.
Trifled: made insignificant.
Triumph: tournament; pageant, procession.
Triumviry: triumvirate.
Trot: Dr. Caius' pronunciation of 'troth,' truth.
Trow: do you think.
Troyan: Trojan, cant term for 'robber,' 'scoundrel.'
Truckle-bed: a small low bed that could be pushed under the '*standing bed*' when not in use.
Trust: credit.
Truth: faithfulness to the King.
Tub: sweating tub, used as a cure.
Tucket: flourish on a trumpet (Ital. *toccato*).

Tuition: guardianship.
Tun-dish: funnel.
Turn: shove; return; "— thy complexion," change colour.
Turned Turk: properly 'gone to the bad,' here 'turned against your man-hating creed.'
Turtles: turtle doves.
Twiggen: wicker-work.
Tyrant: usurper; ruthless critic.

Unavoided: unavoidable; inevitable.
Unbonneted: without doffing the hat (*i.e.* 'on equality with,' 'without deference').
Unbookish: misinformed, 'unwarranted by fact.'
Unborn: not here revealed (but in the forthcoming scene).
Unbreathed: unexercised.
Uncape: unearth.
Unconfirmed: ignorant, inexperienced.
Underborne: trimmed.
Undergoes: has accepted.
Undertaker: "his —," accountable for his despatch.
Undervalued: inferior.
Unfold: show up, bring to notice.
Unfolding: narrative, communication.
Ungot: unbegotten.
Ungracious: graceless, traitorous.
Unhandsome: graceless, unjust.
Unhappiness: evil disposition; mischief.
Unhappy: roguish.
Unhardened: impressionable.
Unhatched: "— practice," undeveloped plot.
Unhoused: free from household and matrimonial ties.
Unlace: relinquish.
Unmeritable: undeserving.
Unperfectness: imperfection.
Unpregnant: inapt, disqualified.
Unprovide: prevail against, overcome.
Unrespective: unobservant.
Unrough: beardless.
Unshapen: misshapen.
Unshunned: inevitable.
Unsisting: resistless.
Untainted: unaccused.
Unthrifts: spendthrifts.
Untitled: lacking rightful claim.
Unvalued: invaluable, priceless.
Unvarnished: unadorned.
Unweighed: inconsiderate.
Up and down: exactly.
Uproar: rouse into uproar.
Urchins: mischievous sprites.
Use: experience; usury, interest; custom, wont, usage; "in —," in trust (allowing Shylock the interest during his lifetime).
Used: continued to do; usual, constant.
Using: encouraging, nursing.
Usurer's chain: alluding to the long gold chains worn by rich merchants and money lenders.
Usurping: counterfeit, false.
Utterance: "to the —," *Fr. à l'outrance* = to the death.

Vagrom: Dogberry's blunder for 'vagrant.'
Vail: to lower, to bend down; to let fall; to do homage; a gratuity.
Vain: vanity.
Vantage: opportunity; in addition; "denies thee —," will be of no avail.
Varnished: painted.
Vast: boundless.
Vastidity: vastness.
Vaward: fore part, early portion; vanguard.
Vegetives: plants.
Veneys: bouts.
Venice: proverbially the city of pleasure and gallantry.
Venom: envenomed.
Ventricle of memory: regarded as the hindmost of three chambers composing the brain.
Venue: a single hit in fencing.
Verge: zone, circlet.
Vessel: body.
Vesture: "essential —," real garment, actual embodiment.
Via: speak up! Italian term of encouragement.
Viewless: invisible.
Viol: a stringed musical instrument, rather like a guitar but played with a bow (from which the violin has been developed).
Virtuous: effective, powerful; beneficial.
Visard, **Vizard**: a mask.
Vizaments: advisements, circumspection.
Vlouting stog: *i.e.* laughing stock.
Voice: vote; accordant voices; name; decision; sanction, approval.
Volable: nimble-witted.
Vouch: assert; bear witness; "put on the —," compel the acknowledgment; to avow, to proclaim.
Vulgarly: publicly.

Wag: fly away; 'slope,' 'scoot,' to stir, to move.
Wage: "wake and —," invite and meet, provoke and confront.
Wages: balances.
Wail: bewail.
Wanion: "with a —," with a vengeance.
Want: lack; "cannot —," can avoid.
Wanton: luxurious.
Ward: guard.
Warder: a truncheon or staff held by the umpire at a tournament.
'Ware: beware of.
Warn: summon.
Warp: deviate.
Watch: watch-candle (a candle marked in sections denoting the hours as it burns); "— him tame," tame him by keeping him awake (a practice in taming hawks).

Water-rug: a rough-coated poodle.
Watery moon: *i.e.* whose dominant influence causes flood tides.
Waved: beckoned.
Wax: grow (quibbling on 'sealing-*wax*,' above).
Waxen: easily penetrable; increase.
Weak: uninteresting, foolish.
Wealth: welfare.
Wear: fashion.
Wearing: clothes.
Weather: storms.
Weeds: garments.
Week: "in by the —," at my entire command like a hired servant, *i.e.* truly in love with me.
Weigh not: (1) am not of equal weight with; (2) Katharine replies in the sense of 'value,' 'esteem.'
Weird: Saxon *wyrd* = a fate.
Welkin: sky, the region of the air.
Well-a-day: misery, distress.
Well-a-near: old provincial form of 'well-a-day,' alas.
Well-liking: well conditioned, used contemptuously for 'vulgar.'
Well said: well done.
Whales bone: the tusk of the walrus, remarkable for its whiteness (formerly pronounced 'whales').
Where: whereas.
Whereas: where.
Whipster: one who *whips* out his sword on the slightest provocation.
White: with punning allusion to 'wight.'
White-livered: cowardly (courage and love were believed to take rise in the liver).
Whitely: ? pale, apparently an inappropriate epithet as applied to the dark-complexioned Rosaline.
Whiting-time: season for bleaching.
Whitsters: bleachers.
Wide: neglectful.
Widow: "King Edward's —," the widowed lady whom King Edward had married; give as jointure.
Wight: man.
Wilderness: wildness.
Wimpled: hooded (from falconry), blindfolded.
Windows: eyelids.
Windy side: windward, sheltered side.
Wink: blink.
Wis: know; "I *wis*," certainly, without doubt.
Wish but for't: by merely wishing to have it.
Wistly: an old form of wistfully.
Wit: intelligence, wisdom; observe, know.
With: on; by.
Withal: with.
Withering: delaying.
Without: outside.
Wits: "five *wits*," *i.e.* the five mental 'faculties,'—common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, memory.
Wittolly: cuckoldy.
Wode: distracted, mad (the Middle-English form of 'wood,' hence the quibble).
Woe: woeful offering.
Womaned: accompanied by a woman.
Woodcocks: fools, simpletons (the woodcock was proverbially brainless).
Woodman: a hunter of female game.
Woollen: in blankets, without sheets.
Woolward: with the wool next the skin.
Word: motto.
Worm: snake; toothache was formerly supposed to arise from the gnawing of a worm.
Worshipful: worshipfully, obsequiously.
Wort: unfermented beer; "*worts*," roots (playing upon Evan's pronunciation).
Wot: to know.
Wreathed: folded.
Wretch: used as a term of endearment.
Wretched: accursed, villainous.
Wring: writhe.
Writ: gospel, scripture.
Wroth: misfortune.
Wrought: worked upon.

Yare: ready.
Yawning: making drowsy.
Ycleped: yclept, called (Folio gives 'ycliped' to emphasise the play upon 'clip' in the next line).
Yead: an old abbreviation of 'Edward.'
Year: "in —," into wrinkles and 'crow's-feet.'
Yearned: grieved.
Yellowness: the colour of jealousy.
Yerked: thrust, dug.
Yesty: frothy, foaming.
Yet: at present.
Younker: youth.
Yslaked: laid to rest.

Zany: buffoon; properly the clown's mimic, a humorous character in old plays.
Zenelophon: thus given in Folios and Quartos for 'Penelophon' of the old ballad.

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